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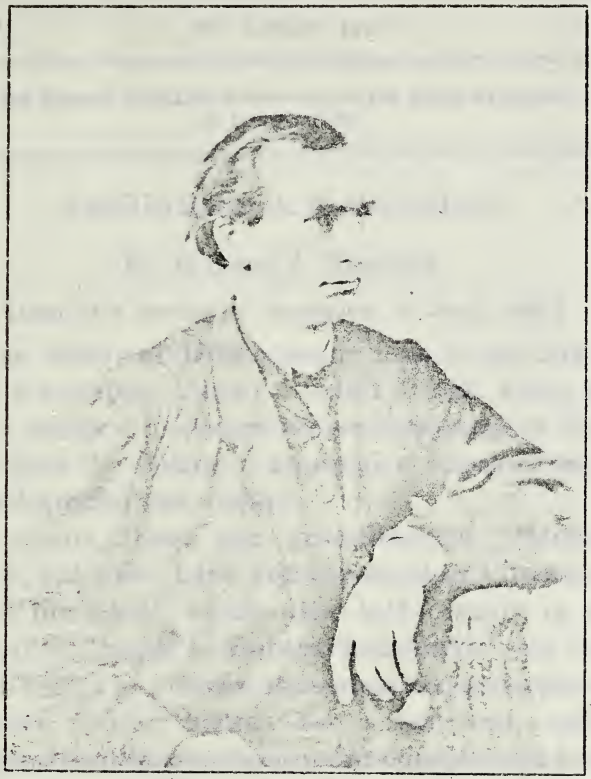

J. H. McGahan

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTIONS.

VOL. IV. ST. LOUIS, 1912. No. 1

THE SOCIETY DISCLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY FOR VIEWS EXPRESSED BY CONTRIBUTORS.

JANUARIUS A. MACGAHAN.

BY WALTER J. BLAKELY.

(Read at a meeting of the Society, 20 April, 1906.)

In the winter of 1868 a young man threw down his pen in a counting house and left his St. Louis home and his country, to change the political map of Europe and dictate the policy of an empire whose drum beat is heard around the world.

Big words, these, and grandiloquent pretensions, you say, but when I tell you the name of this man and recount his deeds, which were told eagerly in detail in every newspaper in Europe, and remind you that he was the friend of princes, statesmen and generals—men who were making history for a continent—and had been decorated by an emperor for conspicuous bravery upon the battlefield, you will marvel, as I do, why Missouri, the state of his adoption, and St. Louis, his home, allowed Ohio, his native state, to monopolize all the credit and glory that surrounded his name because of his birth and early childhood therein. Jan. A. MacGahan was born June 12, 1844, in Perry County, Ohio, upon a little farm belonging to his parents, adjoining that of the Sheridan family. He came of Irish-American stock, and his father dying when Jan. was in his seventh year, his education devolved upon his mother,

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who, out of her slender resources, laid the foundation in the boy's mind and heart upon which his future greatness was builded. Even as Bayard Taylor, in his boyhood, would climb the tallest trees upon his father's farm to look afar upon the world over which he aimed some day to travel, so did Jan. MacGahan, in his mind, rise out of his surroundings and dream and plan, even in his early youth, for the future.

Leaving at last his home, with the consent of his mother, he in a short time drifted to St. Louis, and, impressed by the city and its people, he looked upon it and planned to make it his future home. In order to maintain himself he entered into business life and became a bookkeeper in the wholesale stationery store of John J. Daly & Co., then at the southeast corner of Broadway and Pine street. During the years he was thus occupied he made his mark in business and social circles and impressed his individuality upon all with whom he came in contact to such an extent that a more than ordinarily bright future was predicted for him by all who knew him. Desiring to make the law his profession, he ascertained that he could read American and English law as readily in Brussels as he could in this country and thus, at the same time, see something of Europe and acquire a knowledge of the modern languages. Reaching Europe, he divided his time between Brussels and Paris and absorbed, rather than learned, French, German and Spanish, his quick intellect giving him command over these languages in an incredibly short time. The Franco-Prussian war having arisen, he threw aside his law books, and, after an interview with Dr. Hosmer, the manager of the New York Herald in London, and partly through the influence of Gen. Phil Sheridan, he obtained an appointment as special correspondent with the French armies. He accompanied the commands of Generals Bourbaki and Chanzy and amid many perils, being al-

ways at the front and on the battle line, his letters to the New York Herald were full of absorbing interest and attracted the attention of and were reprinted in the principal newspapers of Europe. The war ending and mutterings of a communist uprising being in the air, Jan. hastened to Paris and reached it in time to be inclosed within the walls and endure, with the commune, the siege which lasted from March 10, 1871, to the beginning of June following. He shared in all the dangers of the siege and was the only correspondent, as might well be supposed, in the troubled city. One of his letters to the Herald, smuggled through the lines, entitled "Out of the Lions' Den," gave the first authentic news to the world from within the walls and was republished from the Herald in every European language. On the entry of McMahon's army into Paris he was on the point of being shot as a communist, and almost at the rifle's muzzle was rescued through the exertions of Hon. E. B. Washburne, then minister to France.

Before proceeding to Paris, he had inaugurated the "interview" system in Europe through a series of brilliant letters detailing conversations with Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Archbishop Dupanloup, Gambetta and others, which attracted universal attention and much comment. Leaving Paris, he represented the Herald in various parts of Europe, and also accompanied the party of Gen. Sherman to the Caucasus. When Russia sent an army to Asia under Gen. Kaufman to conquer Khiva, MacGahan was ordered by the Herald to accompany it. Being denied permission by the Russian authorities, he waited until Kaufman's army was well on its way, and then pushed on through the desert after it with two attendants, followed for days by a squad of Cossacks, who were ordered to capture and bring him back. The success of this feat was deemed so impossible by the officers of Kaufman's army that

they doubted the information that it had been attempted, and the inquiry, "Have you seen the American?" was a standard joke for weeks throughout the command. Finally, defying desert sands, hostile Turkomans, hunger and thirst and the treachery of his own attendants, he reached the Russian army, and was hailed by officers and men as a worthy comrade. He rode in the front through the whole campaign, until the capture of Khiva and the end of the war. His book, "Campaigning on the Oxus," recounting his adventures and giving a history of the expedition, as well as a description of the country and its inhabitants, never before written in detail, is a fascinating and instructive work, and obtained for him a vote of thanks from the Royal Geographical Society of London, and the American Geographical Society of New York. From Khiva, in the interest of the Herald, he went to Cuba, thence for a few weeks to the United States, during which time he visited his friends in St. Louis. Returning to London, he was ordered to Spain to report the Carlist war, and rode with Don Carlos and his staff through the whole campaign, being once captured by the Republicans and condemned to death as a spy, from which predicament he was rescued by the United States consul at Bayonne, through the intervention of Caleb Cushing, then minister to Spain.

He next accompanied the ship Pandora in her voyage to the arctic regions, James Gordon Bennett, promoter. On her return he published his work, "Under the Northern Lights," which, while not dealing with the subject from a scientific point of view, was pronounced by reviewers the most entertaining work upon the arctic regions, from the author's standpoint, ever published.

Then came the crowning period of his life and the work upon which principally rests his fame, and which has left its impress upon the history of Europe. This

was done in the interests of the London News through his investigation of the "Bulgarian question." His letters, ten in number, on the subject of the Bulgarian atrocities were written with a terrible earnestness, which carried conviction with it and created an effect unprecedented in the history of journalism. In the words of one writer, "MacGahan woke up the Liberal party in England, and that party held back the Conservatives and gave the Russians a chance to do their work." Another writer states that, indirectly, MacGahan's letters caused the downfall of the Beaconsfield or Conservative ministry. There was scarcely a town throughout England in which enthusiastic meetings were not held condemnatory of Turkish rule and memorializing the ministry in behalf of Bulgaria, and each meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the daring and intrepid MacGahan.

He rode and camped with Gen. Skobeloff throughout the ensuing Russo-Turkish war, and was before Plevna with that general in the heat of the many great battles that were fought ere the war was ended. The Berlin conference then being about to be held, MacGahan, not only in the interests of the London News, but at the solicitation of the dignitaries of the conference, hastened to Berlin to take his place as one of the important factors in that most important deliberation. On his way he heard that Lieut. Greene of the United States army, a close friend, lay dangerously ill in Constantinople. He delayed his journey on this account, and, ministering to his friend, contracted typhus fever, of which he died June 9, 1878, at the age of 34. He was buried in the little Catholic cemetery close to the clear waters of the Bosporus, the sorrowing attendants at his quiet funeral being the American and English journalists then in Constantinople, a group of Russian officers, the Vicountess Strangford, an English noble-

woman who admired and paid tribute to his exalted character, and Skobeloff, the bravest of the brave, who wept like a child as the body was lowered into the grave.

In 1884, the legislature of the State of Ohio, at the instance of Representative H. C. Greiner, of Perry County, appointed a joint committee of the Senate and House to proceed to Washington City and ask Secretary of the Navy Chandler that a warship be detailed to bring to America the remains of the man whom the state desired to honor. General Phil Sheridan gave valuable assistance to the committee, and the mission was successful. The remains were taken aboard the Quinnebaugh at Constantinople and transferred at Gibraltar to the U. S. warship Powhattan, which conveyed them to New York City, where they lay in state in the city hall, after which they were accompanied by a delegation of the Ohio legislature to Columbus, where they were given the honors of a public funeral and again lay in state in the capitol, whence they were conveyed to the little cemetery at New Lexington, Ohio, where they now repose.

The czar of Russia will be known in history as the creator of the principality of Bulgaria, but the man who called the Russian army to the work of liberation was neither prince nor emperor, but this American, who, when he stood upon the banks of the stream of Batak and gazed upon the skulls of babes and maidens drying in the sun, the work of the Bashi-Bazouks, said in grim earnestness to the peasants who wept around him and begged assistance, "Before a year is past you will see me here with the army of the czar."

The Berlin congress proceeded with its work without the advice and assistance of the man who, before all others in the world, understood the Bulgarian question and who, if he had lived, would beyond doubt have been made an important factor in the future history and government of Bulgaria. To this day, in that

country, he is hailed as a patron saint and liberator, and every year, upon the anniversary of his death, a requiem mass is sung in the cathedral in Tirnova—the ancient capital of Bulgaria—for the repose of his soul.

Wisely indeed has it been ordained that the happenings of the future should be veiled from our mortal eyes. Otherwise may we not feel that the brave and dauntless soul which quailed not before the grim threats of the Paris mob, which faced the perils of the arctic seas and, alone, the still deadlier foes of the Asian desert; that even his great heart might have shrunk back, appalled, from a vision of the lonely grave on the cliffs of Pera, of the stately warship bearing its mournful burden, to his home across the broad Atlantic?

And, yet, again, might not this have been the end he would have chosen, even as his life was the one he would have lived? He knew life in its fullness; his eager feet trod the soil which had been the cradle of the world's history. He measured the strength of his young manhood against stupendous obstacles and conquered; he battled for the right and won the cause for which he fought; he tasted the sweets of intellectual power; honor and love and fame were his in no unstinted measure, and finally, with his heart brimming over with the love of life and of what life held for him, with the certain prospect of a splendid career and a deathless name, he rose to the still greater height of self-abnegation and gave up all at the sacred call of friendship.

Jan. MacGahan was never braver, never nobler, never greater than when he walked quietly into the typhus ward of the English hospital at Constantinople and took his place at the bedside of his stricken friend. "Greater love no man hath than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." And each of us who re-

members his single mind, his simple heart, his lofty principles and dauntless courage, will speak of him as

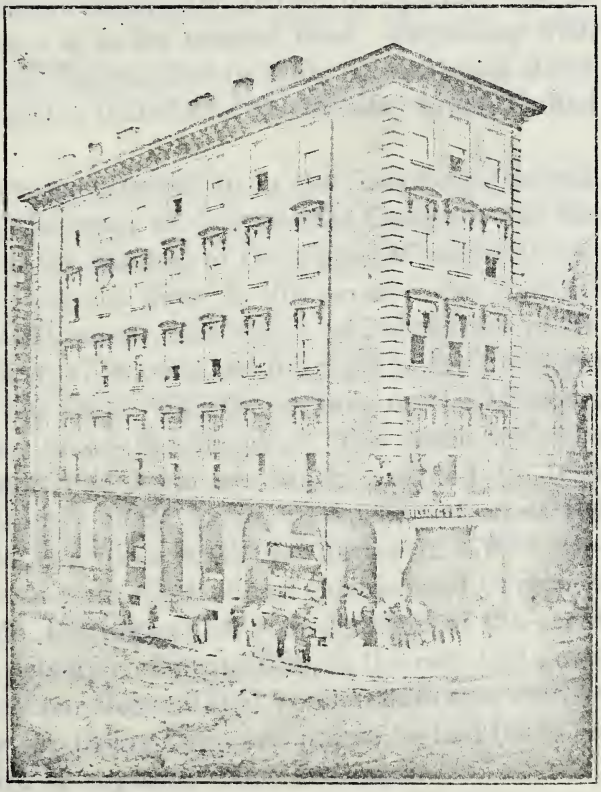
> "The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
> The best conditioned and unwearied'st spirit,
> And one in whom
> The ancient Roman honor more appears
> Than any that draws breath."[1]

INDIAN TROUBLES IN MISSOURI. Order of the General Court of Louisiana Territory, Ste. Genevieve, First Monday in May, 1809. "The Court being opened the following order was entered:

The Court having received information that the Governor of this Territory under the apprehension of hostile movements and combinations of the Indians on the Northern frontiers of this Territory has called a considerable part of the militia into actual service, and that by General Orders of the 21st of April last, another considerable part of the militia is to rendezvous at the town of St. Louis on the 4th of May instant, and the Court being of opinion that on account of the alarmed situation of the inhabitants and the necessary absence of a number of persons in the public service whose attendance would be required as parties, jurors and witnesses, the suits depending in the General Court now could not be disposed of with justice to the parties, the Court do order that every suit now pending in the same is continued until the next term."

JEAN B. C. LUCAS,
OTHO SHRADER,
JOHN COBURN,
} Judges.

[1]In connection with Mr. Blakely's tribute to his friend attention should be called to an article by another friend of MacGahan's (while in St. Louis he wrote his name McGahan)—Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. The article will be found in Forbes's book, *Souvenirs of Some Continents*, published by Macmillan & Co., 1885. For a time MacGahan lived in the same building in which was Daly's place of business; the building shown in the picture here printed. When a permanent building is erected on the site, a tablet to the memory of MacGahan should be placed upon it. (Ed.)



S. E. Corner Broadway and Pine Street about 1878.

JOURNAL OF JEAN BAPTISTE TRUDEAU AMONG THE ARIKARA INDIANS IN 1795.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. H. T. BEAUREGARD.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The conflict between freedom of trade and monopoly was as vigorous during the period of Spanish rule in Missouri, as it is at the present time. Beginning with the advent of Captain Rui in 1767,[1] it continued down to the time of the transfer of the country to the United States.

THE COMPANY referred to in the following Journal, which bore the name of Commercial Company for the Discovery of the Nations of the Upper Missouri (*Compagnie de Comerce pour la Découverte des Nations du haut du Missouri*), and which was organized at St. Louis, 12 May, 1774, obtained the right to the exclusive trade, for ten years, with the nations on the Missouri River living above the Poncas.[2] The trade with the Ponca nation had been previously granted to Jean Baptiste Monier of St. Louis, in consideration of the fact that he had discovered that nation in 1789.[3] Besides the exclusive right of the Commercial Company to the trade, there was also a recognition of the great American principle of protection, in the rule laid down by the Governor General that no merchant was eligible to membership in the Company unless he had trade relations with *la capitale*—New Orleans.[4]

[1] See *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, Vol. 3, p. 163, paragraph 56. And compare 1 Houck's *Spanish Regime in Missouri*, p. 14. See also 1 Houck's *Spanish Regime*, p. 35, and 2 *Ib.* pp. 100, 194.

[2] Transcript of articles of association in archives of the Missouri Historical Society; Papers from Spain. This company was not a corporation in our modern understanding of the word.

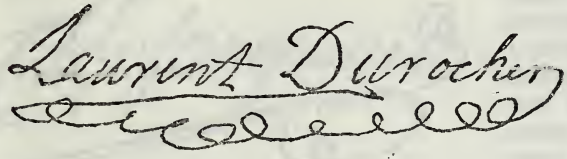
[3] 2 Houck's *Spanish Regime*, p. 1.

[4] *Reglement pour la traite des Illinois.* Document in archives of the Missouri Historical Society. Papers from Spain.

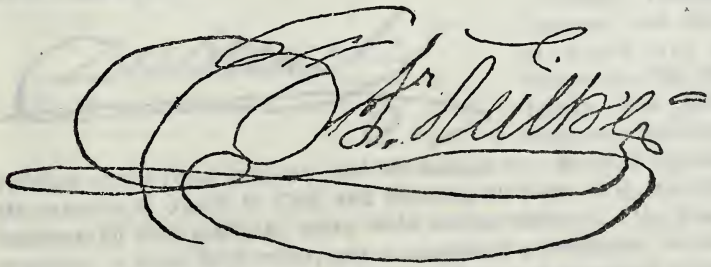
In addition to the public service to be rendered by this Company in the discovery of nations hitherto unknown, it also undertook to discover a route to the South Sea—the Pacific Ocean. For the successful accomplishment of this the King offered to pay the sum of three thousand dollars out of the royal treasury.[5]

The great majority of the merchants of St. Louis held aloof from the Company. Those who took part were Laurent Durocher,[6] Antoine Reilhe,[7] Joseph

[5]Document concerning the commerce of Louisiana, signed Montarco, 29 May, 1796. Archives of the Missouri Historical Society. Papers from Spain.

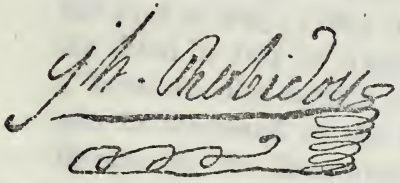


[6]Born in 1749, was the son of Jean Baptiste Durocher of Montreal and Genevieve Boucher-Darois, who was a native of Quebec. He came to St. Louis about 1778 and engaged in trade with the Indians. He married at Kaskaskia, 29 November, 1785, Marie François, daughter of Nicolas Janis and Marie Louise Tomure. In a letter written by Governor Delassus to the Marquis of Casa Calvo (1 August, 1804) about the American attempts to open trade with Santa Fé, he says: "At the same time there has been another man called Laurent Durocher, and although he is old, he is a very good and bright man, and he can show the rest how to go." And see 2 Houck's *Spanish Regime in Missouri*, p. 356.



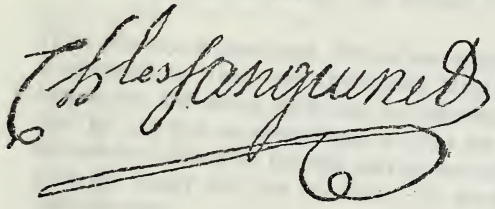
[7](Pronounced Ray) was born at Montpelier in France in the year 1735. He came to St. Louis some time prior to 1785, and engaged actively in the Mackinac trade. He married at Kaskaskia, 19 March, 1786, Stella, daughter of Rev. Ichabod and Ann (Oliver) Camp. He died at St. Louis 3 March, 1802, leaving three children, a son and two daughters. His elder daughter, Margaret, married Alexander McNair, who was first governor of the State of Missouri. Reilhe was an educated man, of good ability and high character, and was among the distinguished citizens of St. Louis.

Robidou,[8] Hyacinthe St. Cyr,[9] Charles Sanguinet,[10] Louis Chauvet Dubreuil,[11] Joseph Motard,[12] Benito

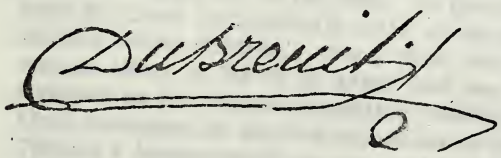


[8]For a sketch of Joseph Robidou, see 3 *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, p. 88, n. 24.

[9]Hyacinthe Rouillard *dit* St. Cyr was born at Batiscan in Canada, 2 Sept., 1751; married at St. Louis, 25 February, 1783, Hélène Hebert, and died in St. Louis County, 26 Nov., 1826. He was an active, enterprising man, and a good citizen. His wife was of the stock of the Lemoyne's and a cousin of Iberville and Bienville.



[10]Son of Simon Sanguinet, royal notary, and Angèlique Lefebvre Duchouquette, his wife, was born at Varennes in Canada, about the year 1741. He married, first, at Detroit, Veronique Cardin. She died in a short time, without children. Mr. Sanguinet then removed to St. Louis, where he married, second, Marie-Anne Condé, with whom he had a happy married life of over thirty-one years. They had ten children, six of whom lived beyond the allotted period of three score years and ten. Mr. Sanguinet died in 1818 and his widow in 1822. He was active in the fur trade, and was, at one time, a partner of Manuel Lisa. His son, Charles, was also associated with Lisa in the trade on the upper Missouri.



[11]Louis Chauvet Dubreuil was born at Rochelle in France in 1736. His father was René Chauvet Dubreuil, solicitor of the royal treasury, and his mother was Marie d' Agneau. He came to St. Louis in 1765, and married, 19 Sept., 1772, Suzanne Santous. Of this marriage there were eleven children. He was a merchant, a large land owner, and accumulated a handsome fortune. His home was on Second street, between Pine and Chestnut streets, where he had a handsome garden and orchard, and was lavish in hospitality. He died, shortly after the organization of the commercial company, 19 July, 1794. His widow died 25 October, 1825. Their descendants who now live in St. Louis are in the female line, and the name of Dubreuil is not found in the City Directory.

[12]Joseph Alexandre Jean Motard was born in the City of Carpentras, Province of Avignon, in France, and came to St. Louis before

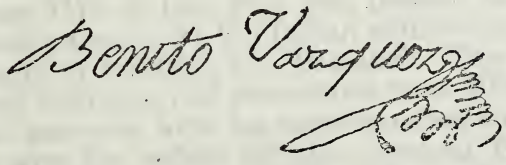
Vasquez[13] and Jacques Clamorgan.[14]

The Company sent three expeditions up the river; the first in July, 1794; the second in April, 1795, and the third in July or August, 1795.

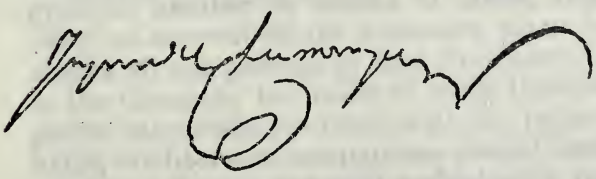
Trudeau, the author of the Journal here printed, was in command of the first expedition, with Pierre Berger as his lieutenant, and James Mackay commanded the third. Who was the commander of the second expedition has not been learned.[15]

Something of the business history of the Company may be gleaned from the letter of Joseph Robidou to

1779. He was a merchant, farmer and miller. He built and operated a windmill in what was afterwards Myrtle street near Third. His family did not come with him to America, and he says in his will that he has had no news from Europe for several years, yet he left his estate to his wife for life, and at her death to his three children. Gregoire Sarpy was his executor. He died 28 December, 1802, aged eighty years.



[13]Was born in Galica in Spain in 1750. He came to St. Louis with Governor Piernas in 1770. He married, 27 November, 1774, Demoiselle Julie Papin. He was captain of militia, farmer and trader; and was active in all matters connected with the village life of the time. In the absence of the Governor from St. Louis he frequently acted as commandant of the village. He had twelve children. Among them were Baronet Vasquez who was an officer in the U. S. Army, and was Pike's adviser and interpreter on his western expedition; Benito Vasquez, *fils*, who was Lisa's lieutenant on his first expedition up the Missouri; and Louis Vasquez a famous mountain man and Indian trader, who built and commanded Fort Vasquez, within the limits of the present state of Utah. Benito Vasquez died in 1810; he has a number of descendants now living in Missouri.



[14]For biographical sketch of Clamorgan, see 3 *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, p. 88, n. 21.

[15]2 Houck's *Spanish Regime*, pp. 177, 183.

Governor Gayoso, printed in Billon's *Annals of St. Louis,* 1764-1804, page 283. Briefly stated, the business of the Company was not successful; the members of the Company became suspicious of and dissatisfied with Clamorgan, and gradually fell away. Clamorgan succeeded in interesting Andrew Todd in the business, and it was with the money advanced by Todd that the last expedition was outfitted.

The following letter is interesting in this connection:

"Most Excellent Sir:

Among the individuals who have lately had the misfortune to be victims of the epidemic which, in the letter of October 31st, I advised you was afflicting this Province, and which at this time, thanks to the Omnipotent, seems nipped by the rains, although light, and cold spells which we are having, fate struck Don Andrew Todd, to whom His Majesty by Royal Order of June 11th of this year was pleased to grant the exclusive trade with the Indian nations established to the North of the Ohio and Missouri. This young and robust Irishman had come down from Illinois to arrange his accounts with his correspondents in this Capital, to give his orders for the shipment from Europe of the equipment necessary for his traffic, and intended to return immediately towards the North; but before he was in the town for fifteen days the contagion attacked him, and within five days he was buried.

His death, if his successors and associates do not obtain the same privilege and carry out the same projects, besides undoing the favorable results which were the cause of the granting of the privilege, is a mortal blow to the Spanish Company of Discoverers to the West of the Missouri. Todd it was who had the greatest number of shares of stock, and who, moreover, on account of the extensive plans to gather and secure all the peltries of that Territory, had advanced to the Company the value of eight thousand dollars in goods adapted to the trade with the Indians; and if his heirs, creditors or companions should demand the payment, the Company would undoubtedly remain without means to continue its operations.

I advise Your Excellency of the foregoing in compliance with my duty and in order that you may not be wanting in the intimate knowledge of the affairs of these countries which you should have so that you may better be able to take such steps as you may judge opportune in view of the best service of the Sovereign.

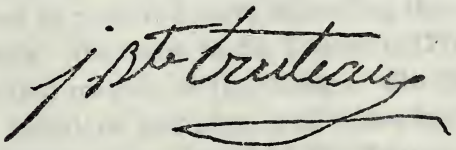
May our Lord prosper the life of Your Excellency many years.

JUAN VENTURA MORALES.

Exmo. Senor Don Diego de Gardoqui.

New Orleans, December 1, 1796."

Todd's will, which is dated 13 November, 1796, states that since he has never married, and his father and mother are both dead, he leaves all of his property to his uncle, Isaac Todd. Isaac Todd was a prominent merchant of Montreal. There was a protracted litigation between Todd's representatives and Clamorgan, Loisel and Company, a firm which seems to have taken over the business of the Commercial Company, which resulted in a compromise. Perrin du Lac, who was up the river in 1802, speaks of a fort of the Company near the mouth of the River Platte as though it was then occupied. Regis Loisel was engaged in trade on the Missouri down to the time of the transfer to the United States, and it may be that he was the representative of the Commercial Company.



THE AUTHOR, Jean Baptiste Trudeau,[16] is descended from Etienne Trudeau, son of François Trudeau and Catherine Matinier, his wife, of Notre Dame de Cogne in the Diocese of La Rochelle in France. Etienne Trudeau came to America about the

[16]In Canada the name is written Truteau, but in the South it was softened by the substitution of *d* for *t*. The author always wrote it Truteau, but he was designated by others as Trudeau, and his children all adopted that spelling.

middle of the seventeenth century, and married at Montreal, 16 January, 1667, Adrienne Barbier. They had twelve children, all sons. The third child, François, born 21 December, 1673, married Jeanne Burel, daughter of Pierre Burel of Cap St. Ignace, and went with Iberville to Louisiana. In the census of Louisiana of 1706, he is named with his wife and one child; in the census of 1721 the number of children had increased to seven. He was a man of character and ability, became a member of the Superior Council and died in 1740. From him were descended Madame Felicité Robineau de Portneuf, wife of Don Pedro Piernas, the first Spanish governor in St. Louis, Don Zenon Trudeau, who was governor here 1797-1799, and a number of others distinguished in the history of Louisiana. The fifth son of Etienne Trudeau was Jean Baptiste, born 11 April, 1680. He married at Montreal, 1 September, 1715, Madeleine Parent, and had a family of twelve children. The seventh child, Joseph Trudeau, born 20 March, 1786, married at Montreal, 12 February, 1748, Catherine Menard. They had five children only. Their eldest child, Jean Baptiste Trudeau, was the author of the Journal here printed. He was born at Montreal 11 December, 1748. From the profession he afterwards adopted, it is to be inferred that he received more schooling than was usual in those days. He came to St. Louis in 1774, and was the first school master of the village. He did not find teaching a lucrative business, and when his needs began to be exigent, he replenished his finances by a trading trip to the Indians. He married 1 May, 1781, Madeleine Leroy, widow of François Hebert *dit* Belhomme. Hebert was killed by the Indians in the *Grand Coup*, 26 May, 1780, near the Northeast corner of the present Forest Park, and his body was there buried. There were seven children of this marriage, most of whom grew to manhood and womanhood and had families

of their own, but there are now no descendants in St. Louis bearing the name.

Just when Trudeau returned from the upper river is not known. His engagement was for three years. That he remained a second winter, at least, is shown by a statement of Mackay's under date 18 January, 1796, in which he says:

"Through my fear of arriving late next summer at the Mandans, I am going to send out a detachment in a few days under charge of Monsieur Evans until he meets Trudeau who must have already constructed his fort among the above-mentioned Mandans, if he has experienced no opposition on the part of the English, who have had the audacity to unfurl their banner there."

And Lewis and Clark, under date 8 September, 1804, say: "Set out early and proceeded on under a gentle breeze from the S. E. At 3 Mls. passed the house of Troodo where he wintered in '96, called the Pania House."[17]

Trudeau was at home early in the year 1798, and on the 18th of October, 1799, the Governor Don Zenon Trudeau, who had been succeeded by Gov. Delassus, and who was about to leave St. Louis for New Orleans, executed a deed of gift in which he declares that he is "under grateful acknowledgments to Don Juan Bap'a Trudeau, school master at this town, he having for some years educated my numerous family with particular care, and I having received many favors at his hands, and he being my kinsman, and my eldest son,

[17] "Trudeau's House, also called Pawnee House, was an establishment occupied by one Trudeau in the years 1796-7. It was on the left bank of the river a little above and opposite the site where Fort Randall later stood." Chittenden's *American Fur Trade*, p. 952. This is some distance below the place where the Journal was written. The statement that he wintered at Trudeau's House in 1796-7 is based upon the Biddle edition of Lewis and Clark. It may be that he spent the winter of 1795-6 at the Mandans.

Don Renato, being god-father to his eldest son René-Louis." The gift was to Trudeau's sons, and was of the sum of four hundred dollars which Trudeau owed to the governor, and for which Trudeau gave a mortgage on his dwelling house, for the building of which the money had been used. This was a stone house on the present North Main Street on the site now occupied by the buildings numbered 18 and 20. This house was sold by Trudeau in 1810 to Manuel Lisa, and since Trudeau says that he lived in it for twelve years, it must have been built in 1798. In the St. Louis Directory of 1821, Trudeau is named as teacher and his residence given as North B Street above Main. North B Street is the present Pine Street, and Trudeau's home and school at that time were on the south side of Pine a short distance east from Second Street. Trudeau was a man of consideration in the village and his name appears along with that of Chouteau, Soulard, Sarpy and others of the principal citizens in the public documents of the time. He died in 1827, aged seventy-nine years.

The Journal here printed is designated on the copy in Washington as "*Seconde partie*"—the second part. A search was made for other parts, at the instance of the Missouri Historical Society, in the archives in Spain, but without success. All that can be found is what is here given, which is from a copy of what is probably a nearly contemporary copy of an original, which copy is in the library of the Department of State at Washington.

In the instructions given to Trudeau by Clamorgan and Reilhe he is more than once directed to keep a record of all that came under his observation. Paragraph 42 of those instructions is as follows:

"Monsieur Trudeau shall keep a daily record of all that may be done for the Company, in which he shall give information of the daily operations; as an explor-

ing expedition; a treaty with one nation or another; the arrival of strange Indians; a council; an event; a circumstance; the work done in the establishment, and, finally, everything which may be done or commanded by Monsieur Trudeau, in the daily order of its occurrence. He shall send a copy each year to the director, and retain a duplicate."[18]

The first information we have concerning the Journal, is in a letter from Jefferson to Captain Lewis, 16 November, 1803, in which Jefferson says:

"I inclose you also copies of the treaties for Louisiana, the Act for taking possession, a letter from Dr. Wister, and some information obtained by myself from Printeau's Journal in Ms. all of which may be useful to you."[19]

And again in a letter to Lewis, 22 January, 1804, Jefferson says:

"With mine of Nov. 16, I sent you some extracts made by myself from the Journal of the Agent of the trading Company of St. Louis up the Missouri. I now inclose a translation of that Journal in full for your information."

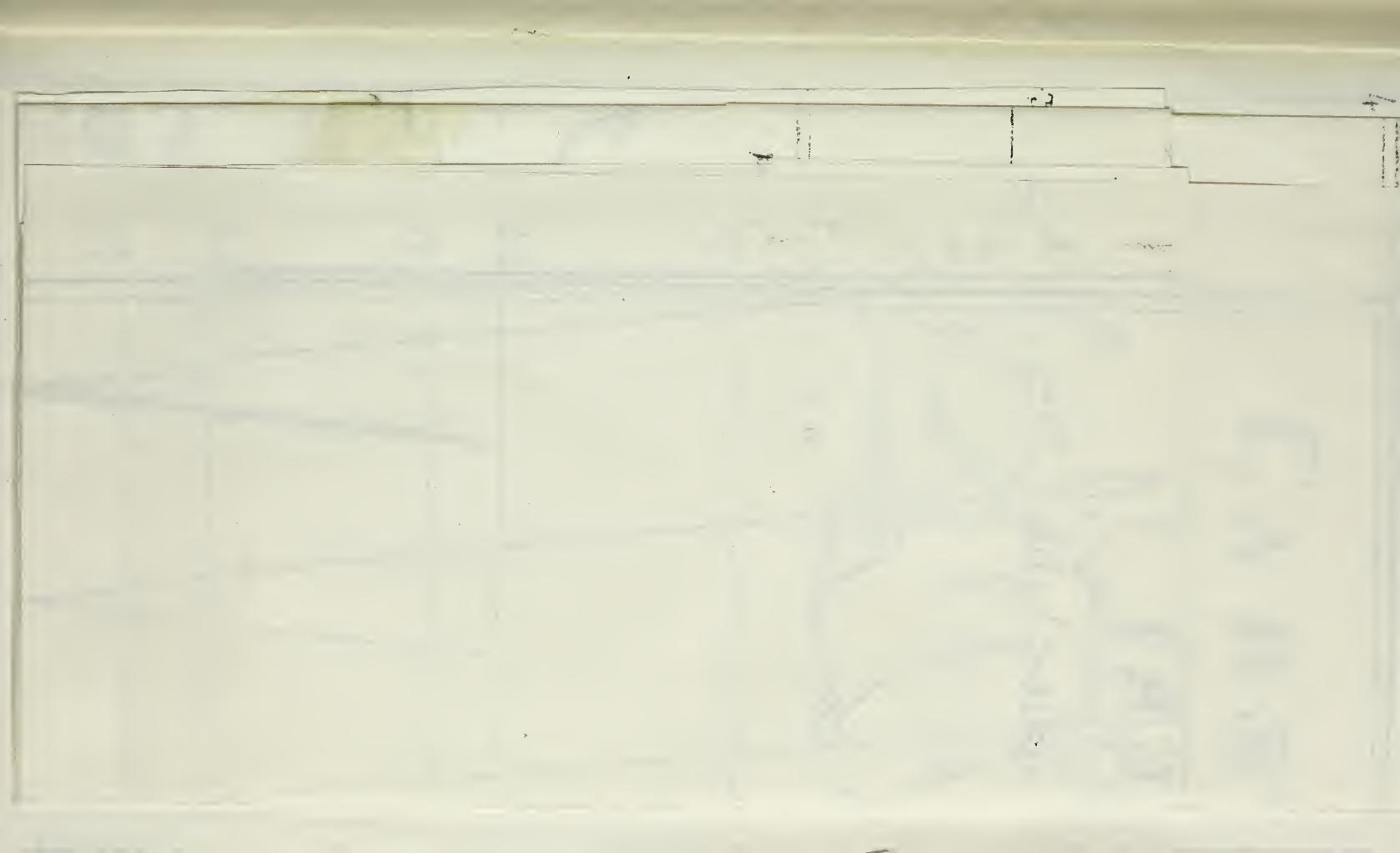
The Journal is mentioned by Robert Greenhow in his *History of Oregon and California* (Boston, 1844), and by the Rev. Father O'Hanlon in his *Life and Scenery in Missouri* (Dublin, 1890). Also by Professor Teggart in a valuable and interesting article entitled *Notes Supplementary to Any Edition of Lewis and Clark.*[20]

How this copy of Trudeau's Journal came into the hands of President Jefferson is a puzzle. It may have been sent by some inhabitant of St. Louis who wished to ingratiate himself into the favor of his new masters,

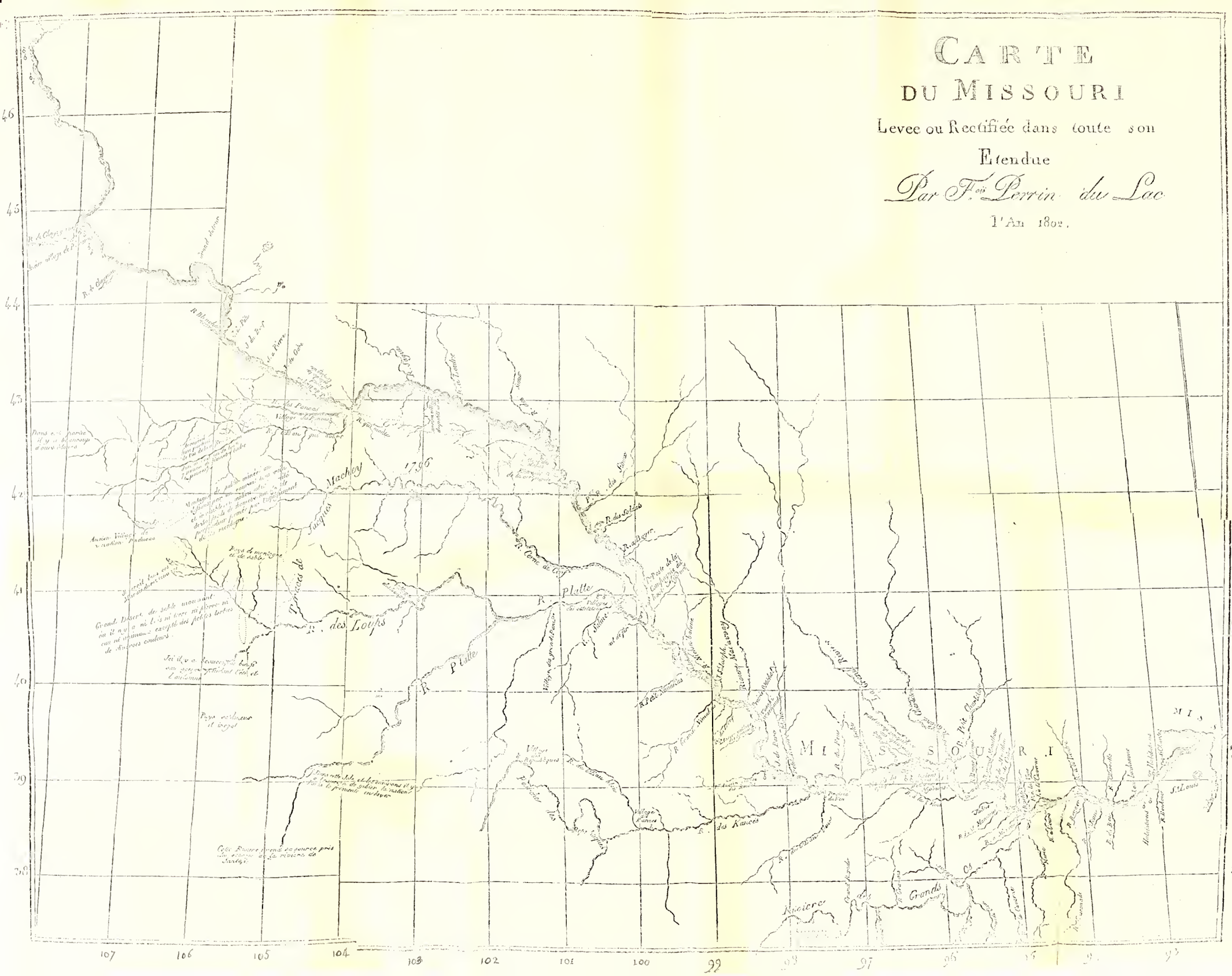
[18]Instructions of Clamorgan and Reilhe to Trudeau, 30 June, 1794, Archives of Missouri Historical Society. Papers from Spain.

[19]7 Lewis & Clark Original Journal (Thwaites), p. 281.

[20]*Annual Report of the American Historical Association*, 1898, Vol. 1, p. 185.



CARTE
DU MISSOURI
Levee ou Rectifiée dans toute son
Etendue
Par F.ois Perrin du Lac
l'An 1802.



or it may have been obtained by some agent sent by Jefferson to spy out the land which he had acquired for the United States. The truth of the matter will probably never be known.

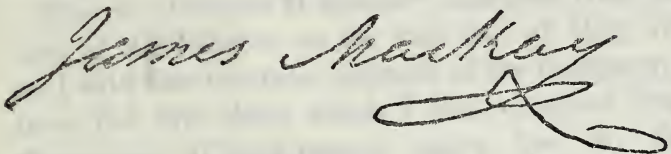
Captain Stoddard, in his *Sketches of Louisiana*, makes mention of the fur trade on the Missouri River, but does not speak of the Commercial Company or show any knowledge of this Journal.

The Map here reprinted is a *fac-simile* of that published with Perrin du Lac's *Voyage dans les deux Louisianes* (Paris, 1805). Perrin du Lac went up the Missouri in 1802, as far as White River in the present South Dakota. The inscription says that it was drawn and corrected by the author of the book, but Professor Teggart, in the article above referred to, gives strong reasons for the opinion that the map was made by James Mackay of St. Louis. Mackay, himself, says, "that during the years 1795 and 1796, he made a voyage of discovery to the upper and unknown parts of Missouri, from which voyage he has brought memoirs, and particularly a map, such as never appeared before, of this unknown part of the world; which papers he has himself delivered to his Excellency Don Manuel Gayoso de Lemos, Governor General of these provinces."[21]

But it is also said that Lewis's map, which is published with Coues's edition of Lewis and Clark, was made in part at least by Mackay. The fact probably is that every man who went in command of an expedition up the Missouri in those days, carried with him a map containing the latest knowledge of the country, and made upon it such changes and additions as his observation justified. So that, in all likelihood, the map here given, while it no doubt contains much information given by Mackay, also contains details of

[21]Public Document, No. 59, House of Representatives, 24th Congress, 1st Session, p. 31.

later date than those given in the map made by Mackay.[22]



[22]Son of Judge George Mackay and Elizabeth McDonald, was born at the family home, Arrichliney, in the parish of Kildonan, County of Sutherland, Scotland, in the year 1759. His family was an ancient one and produced many men who distinguished themselves in the service of their country. James Mackay came to America, probably to Canada, in 1776, and to Missouri in 1793. It is stated in a letter from Carondelet to the Prince of Peace that he had been employed by the English with great success "in the explorations of the countries located north of the Missouri, with the intent of opening communication with the South Sea." He went up the Missouri, in 1795, as commander of the third expedition sent up by the Commercial Company. His letter giving some account of his voyage is printed in Houck's *Spanish Regime in Missouri*, Volume 2, page 182. He returned to St. Louis in 1797. He was in that same year appointed Deputy Surveyor by Antoine Soulard, the Spanish Surveyor General. Shortly thereafter he was commissioned as commandant of the settlement of San Andrés in the northwest part of the present St. Louis County, in which position he was very acceptable to the Spanish government as well as to his people, who were mainly Americans. He was also captain of dragoons. (See Commission, 2 Houck's *Spanish Regime* 245; captain before appointed commandant.) He was for a short time, it is said, commandant of the district of St. Charles, which extended from the Missouri River to the British possessions and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, excepting the little district of Portage des Sioux, of which Saucier was commandant. He married, 24 February 1800, Isabella, daughter of John Long and Elizabeth Bennet. Of this marriage there were nine children, and many of their descendants are now living in Missouri. Captain Mackay held his appointments under the Spanish government up to the time of the transfer of the country to the United States. Under the American government, in 1804, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions along with Charles Gratiot, Colonel Chouteau, David Delaunay and Jacques Clamorgan. In 1816 he was a member of the legislature of the Territory of Missouri. He had several large grants of land from the Spanish government situated in various portions of the present State of Missouri. Upon one tract, in Howard County, there was a saline or salt spring, and for a time the name of Boon's Lick seemed about to be supplanted by the name Mackay's Saline. He lived for several years in what was known as the "Gravois Settlement," near Grant's farm.

JOURNAL.

The Sr. Jacques D'Eglise[23] departed from the village of the Ricaras on the 24th day of May, 1795. I sent with him two men, *engagés* of the Company, to deliver the few skins which I had obtained from the Cheyennes (*Chaguiennes*) only; the Sr. Jacques D'Eglise, before my arrival here, during the winter and also in the spring, having traded for all of the peltry of the Ricaras. Then I sent four men, two of whom, named Quebec[24] and Savoie,[25] are men capable of making pirogues to search for a tree sufficiently large for the construction of a boat (*voiture*) in which I might transport, as soon as possible, my remaining goods to the Mandans. I hoped that the Ricaras would

His St. Louis home was south of Mill Creek, a little distance west of the Carondelet Road, which at that time connected with Second street. In the City Directory of 1821, it is referred to as a brick house west of the Church street bridge. Captain Mackay died in April, 1822. He was a man of great natural ability, well educated for that time, honest and fair in all his dealings, and a notable power for good in the community.

[23]The name of Jacques D'Eglise does not appear in the St. Louis Archives, nor is it to be found in Tanguay's *Dictionnaire*. In the instructions given by Clamorgan to Trudeau it is said,—"If Senor Truteau should be pillaged by the Mahas Nations on his trip on the Misuri (and the nation does this in order to avenge the damages and injuries which Jacques D'Eglise and Garau did at their village in passing there last year), he shall promptly notify the director"—Later on in the instructions Trudeau is told that by virtue of his passport from the Lieutenant Governor he shall stop the trade of Jacques D'Eglise and Garau if he finds them among the Mandans. But in a letter of Carondelet to Clamorgan dated 18 Sept., 1896, Carondelet says,—"We will see if Leglise gets the prize of $3,000," referring to the money offered by the King for the discovery of the South Sea. And see letter of Casa Calvo in 2 Houck's *Spanish Régime in Missouri*. p. 356.

[24]The Quebec family was of St. Charles, where the name is still extant. There were at the time of this Journal several men of the name of the adventurous age, but which is here referred to it is not possible to determine.

[25]The Savoys were Acadians. There were two of the name at St. Charles in 1791, Isidore and Jean Baptiste. The one here mentioned cannot be distinguished.

consent to this upon my leaving a man here with powder and other necessities, while awaiting the arrival of the pirogue which the Company is to send up during the summer.

Na Lecuyer[26] and the Srs. Quebec and Savoie, wishing also to reach the upper Missouri for beaver hunting this autumn, would have helped me with my pirogue as far as the Mandans. They returned after fifteen days of fruitless search, having traveled through all the woods along the Missouri River for a distance of about seventy-five miles above the Ricara village. It is true, indeed, that for the distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles below the village of the Ricaras and for the same distance above, the country is composed of hills and prairies, with an occasional patch of woods, the trees being willows and short and slender cottonwoods. For fuel and the building of their cabins these nations use only the drift wood which is piled up by the rising waters of the Missouri. Because of this lack of timber it would be most difficult for us to construct either houses or forts in this locality; we would need many people and much time to succeed.

I remained here without a pirogue, as it is absolutely necessary that I stay until the arrival of the boat which is due here this summer. Besides, my presence here is needed in case of emergency as much to preserve peace and union between these nations and those situated on the upper Missouri, as to prevent their going to war with those who wander through the country west of the river, who are very numerous.

A war party of the Ricaras arrived on the fifth of June with the scalp of a man of the Crow nation, a people who live near the Rocky Mountains.

[26]Lecuyer was the captain of one of the Company's boats, and had trouble with the Poncas in 1794. Nothing further has been learned about him.

The eighth of the same month another party which had gone to avenge the death of three of their people whom the Sioux had killed last winter, returned after having killed a man of the Sioux village called Ysanty, the people of which are sworn enemies of the Ricaras.

A few days later two men from another Sioux village called ta Coropa brought the news that three villages belonging to that nation had assembled and formed an army of five hundred warriors, intending to attack the village of the Ricaras.

The Ricaras have fortified their village by placing palisades five feet high which they have reinforced with earth. The fort is constructed in the following manner: All around their village they drive into the ground heavy forked stakes, standing from four to five feet high and from fifteen to twenty feet apart. Upon these are placed cross-pieces as thick as one's thigh; next they place poles of willow or cottonwood, as thick as one's leg, resting on the cross-pieces and very close together. Against these poles which are five feet high they pile fascines of brush which they cover with an embankment of earth two feet thick; in this way, the heighth of the poles would prevent the scaling of the fort by the enemy, while the well-packed earth protects those within from their balls and arrows.

The Sioux nations are feared and dreaded by all of these others on account of the fire arms with which they are always well provided; their very name causes terror, they having so often ravaged and carried off the wives and children of the Ricaras. Our being here gives them great assurance, consequently they every day await the coming of the Sioux with courage, and with the resolve to make a strong fight.

It is *apropos*, for the lucidity of this Journal to make known to you the Character of the Ricara nation, their number, the way in which they are divided, the position of their villages, as well as those of the neighbor-

ing nations; for they hold, so to speak, the key to the passages which we must traverse to reach all of the nations higher up the Missouri, where lie their villages which are in great number.

CHARACTER.

The Panis Ricaras are of a rather gentle nature; they respect and defer to the White Men. (I will hereafter make use of these words in the continuation of these *memoires* to designate civilized people; as the Indians of this country do not know any distinction between the French, Spanish, English, etc., calling them all indifferently White Men or Spirits.)

It is said that formerly the Ricara nation held us in such great veneration that they gave us a sort of worship, having certain festivals at which they offered us the choicest morsels, and even threw into the river robes which had been dyed, and dressed skins decorated with feathers, as a sacrifice to the White Man.[27]

I have been assured that the Cheyennes and other more distant nations still practice this custom; while the Ricaras, through having for so many years associated with the Sioux and the Panis Mahas have changed the ideas which they had inherited from their ancestors in regard to the White Men whom they regarded as divinities. Now they consider us only in so far as we supply them with the merchandise which we bring, and which is so necessary to them, particularly ammunition which they obtain from us and which protects them from the onslaught of so many formidable enemies who so often carry off their children.

I have never discovered in them any malice towards us. Up to the present time we have been able to freely enjoy our possessions without fear that there are any who will harm, molest or tyrannize over us. He who is

[27]Several old people of this tribe have told me this as a fact. *Marginal Note on Original Journal.*

not satisfied with what is offered him in exchange for his peltries carries them away without a murmur or a threat. Indeed, I will say that having frequented all of the Indian nations living East and West of the Mississippi as well as those living on the lower Missouri, I have found none who approach these in gentleness and kindness towards us. There is as much difference between these and the others as there is between day and night. But, according to some French hunters who are here and who have seen much of the Cheyennes, Mandans and Gros Ventres, they far surpass these, in goodness, kindness, and in reverence for the White Man.

The French who came to trade with the Ricaras nation two years before me described them very unfavorably; they accused them of being thieves, slanderers, liars, cheats, and capable of all sorts of wickedness; giving nothing for nothing, refusing to render any service to the French without pay, and even willing to let them die of hunger if found empty handed.

I believe them, but——

From stealing, slander, lying and cheating, I say that one can easily protect himself and avoid being duped, by being careful of his acts, moderate in his conversation, especially with young people (in which the French are too commonly at fault). As to any actual malice I have, up to the present time, experienced none. It is true that they are dour towards the French in the matter of food, giving nothing for nothing, and never doing us a service without reward, but they have these faults in common with all savage nations who have intercourse with civilized ones and become infected with their peculiar faults and vices. Those Indians who have had little or no intercourse with us are more civil, kinder, and more humane than those whom we habitually visit, for they observe in their manner of life the laws dictated only by reason,

nature and humanity. Certain it is that if these people whom we call barbarians and savages knew the disposition of the White Men whom they class with divinities, if they knew their manners and customs, their ways of living and their lack of charity for one another; if they could witness all the vile and contemptible deeds done by them for the sake of money, the worries and torments of body and mind imposed upon them by the sword, the gown and the counting-house; if they knew the tricks, the frauds, the crimes even which they practice against the rights of nature, of blood and of humanity in order to satisfy their ambition and to accumulate riches, they might justly apply to us the designation of savages and barbarians which we have given to them.

Those same Frenchmen (Garraut[28] and his companions) who, as I say, had come among the Ricaras two years before me, have contributed largely by their bad conduct to diminish the favorable opinion and good will which they formerly had towards us.

Instead of finding these White Men, as they had believed, incapable of folly or unreason, they found them dissolute, prodigal and wicked. They quarreled among themselves to such an extend that some counselled, begged and even paid the Indians to maltreat, to rob and to kill the others. The Indians, more reasonable than the Whites, without performing the evil deeds to which they were urged, profited by the liberality and the discord of the Whites and took their merchandise whether it was spent for women, or for other fol-

[28]This was probably Joseph Garreau, who was, in 1787, an *engagé* of Don Andres Fagot la Garcinière of St. Louis; he was then twenty-three years old. In 1812-13, he was in the service of Manuel Lisa. Pierre Garreau, his son (or stepson) by an Arikara woman, was for many years interpreter at Fort Berthold and a well known character on the upper river. See, concerning him, Boller's *Among the Indians*, and Larpenteur's *Forty Years a Fur Trader*. See also Lewis and Clark, under date 16 March, 1805, for the Garreau here mentioned.

lies and excesses which they gloried in committing. Instead of bringing peace among the Indian nations, which should be the first aim of the White Man when he goes among them, these people were the cause of quarrels and dissensions among the chiefs and families with whom they lived, and even embroiled them with their allies. Far from upholding these people in their former simplicity and in their estimation of the value of our merchandise, they made them believe that we considered it no more than grass growing on the prairie, and that we preferred to use it for bad purposes rather than to trade it for peltries. They also paid the Indians three prices for food, a habit and rule which took such deep root in the minds of these people that had I not taken the precaution to provide myself with dried meats from the Cheyennes and the Sioux, who sell them more cheaply, I should have run great risk of fasting; having abandoned, on my arrival here, the pernicious custom of paying at each meal for each dish, be it soup, corn or cooked meats, as it was served, which had been followed by my predecessors.

The Sr. Jacques D'Eglise failed to reform this way of living, which must involve any one who finds himself obliged to remain for any length of time with this nation in very heavy expense.

I will say, however, to the credit of the Sr. Jacques D'Eglise, that he regulated thoroughly the fur trade with the Indians; having established a very high price for merchandise, and having held to it with firmness. But, since I am impartial, I will say of him that he did not search out ways of attracting strange nations to him, nor of maintaining this nation in union and accord with its allies by speaking or sending proper words (*quelques paroles*) to that end. I will say, further, that he neglected to encourage the hunting of beaver and other good furs, being too much bent upon

trading for robes, leggings (*mitasses*), moccasins, women's garments, dry cow hides, etc., which sufficed to meet the needs of the Indians. They find it extraordinary that I refuse to trade for this sort of articles, as well as to submit to their method of selling us food.

It will be easily seen from what I have reported that we often contribute to the wickedness and depravity of heart of the Indian nations. It would only require a second Garaut and like companions to make these nations like all the others living on the lower Missouri, which is to say crafty and bad. There is no gainsaying that there are some Indians of a gentler and kinder nature than others. The Ricaras nation, which I consider as having a good character, is said by some to be less docile and more wicked than any of the nations living beyond them; that the young people do not heed the old ones; that the remonstrances of the elders, urging peace and harmony with their neighbors, are listened to without contradiction, but the young men continue to act as their whims and caprices prompt them.

NUMBERS AND DIVISIONS.

The many families or tribes of which these villages are composed, each having its own Chief, proves a great obstacle to keeping harmony amongst them.

In ancient times the Ricara nation was very large; it counted thirty-two populous villages, now depopulated and almost entirely destroyed by the smallpox which broke out among them three different times. A few families only, from each of the villages, escaped; these united and formed the two villages now here, which are situated about a half a mile apart upon the same land occupied by their ancestors. The differences of opinion and the wrangles for authority which arise among the Chiefs, although the Indians live independently and without subordination, cause discord and misunderstandings among them, and give to the

young men occasion to make trouble and attack nations, which otherwise would wish for peace and union. This nation formerly so numerous, and which, according to their reports, could turn out four thousand warriors, is now reduced to about five hundred fighting men,[29] as I have said, and what is more the lack of harmony which exists among the Chiefs has caused the nations to be divided into four parts. Two of the Chiefs, jealous no doubt of the kind of superiority and consideration acquired by the two Chiefs who now dominate in these villages, as well with us as with the other nations, seceded last spring with their bands; one is gone to make his residence with the Pani-Mahas, the other with the Mandans.

Jealousy among the heads of this nation is the sole cause of their discord and their divisions, for they know no interest and are without ambition to accumulate riches; they live in a sort of equality conformable to the dictates of nature, in such a manner that it might be said that what belongs to one belongs to another, each priding himself on helping his neighbor whether it be with food or other necessaries. They are far removed from the sentiments prevailing amongst civilized nations, where a man is esteemed and respected only according to his wealth; with them, to be a man and honored it is necessary to be dignified, courageous, generous, charitable, and wise in counsel; therefore they have no quarrels or feuds caused by theft, slander or cheating. If any one among them is discovered to have been guilty of such conduct they content themselves with telling him that he has no sense, or that he has a wicked heart, and usually in a case of theft, they say that the thief must have been in sore need, and do not carry the matter further.

[29]See 1 Original Journals of Lewis and Clark (Thwaites), p. 188.

It is perhaps surprising[30] that these people who have no knowledge of the written law, whether human or divine, and are therefore fearless of the punishment which God has destined for the wicked in the next world and of the corporal punishment in this, should not be more addicted to stealing and other crimes so common to the civilized nations. But one rarely hears of robbery among them, and never of assassination or murder; although their cabins are open all night as well as by day, and every one goes in and out freely. And, besides, several families live together in one house; a thing which we Europeans could never do without a multitude of laws, a throng of judges, lawyers, notaries, and a train of police, who, while they should be the foundation and support of our societies, are often leeches and tyrants because of the wrong use they make of their power. We must ask of the free thinkers (*esprits forts*) of the century, who are more familiar with the systems of morals than I am, the reason for so great a diversity of manners and sentiments between animals of the same species (men) who have equally at birth the germs of justice and equity at the bottom of their souls.

The women never cause battles among them, for not having that kind of blind frenzy which we call love, they are not susceptible to jealousy and do not know that passion.[31] When a man dies, they say, he has not even his wives with him in the land of the dead, so that those who fight and kill each other for women are fools and mad men.

The girls and young women who seem to be common property among them, living in full liberty, are so dissolute and debauched that according to the reports of

[30]A marginal note on the copy at Washington says that this paragraph is misplaced, and should come in later on.

[31]I except the Sioux and the Cheyennes, who are jealous to the last degree. *Marginal Note by the Author.*

those who have studied them, there is not one whose modesty is proof against a bit of vermillion or a few strands of blue glass beads; what is more, the fathers, brothers and even the husbands offer and take the youngest and most beautiful daughters, sisters and wives to the White Men for their diversion, in exchange for the few trifles which they receive.

Our young Canadians and Creoles who come here are seen everywhere running at full speed, like escaped horses, into Venus' country, from which they rarely emerge without being afflicted with the ills which are almost inseparably connected with it, for the foul distemper is more common here than the smallpox is in the northern countries of Canada. The Indians cure themselves of it very easily; they showed me some who six months ago were rotting away who are now perfectly cured.

The two villages belonging to the Panis-Ricaras are situated near the Missouri; the first one at a distance of eight hundred paces from the river, and the other about one hundred paces further on; both are at a distance of nearly four hundred and thirty leagues from the Illinois. South of them on a fork of the Platte River live the Pados (Comanches), a great nation living at a distance which the Ricara warriors would cover in a seven days' march, which would mean about eighty of our leagues.

On the Southwest and to the West, on the branches of a large river (which I name the river of the Cheyennes) which empties into the Missouri about three miles above the second Ricara village, are situated several nations called the Cayoguas, the Caminabiches, the Pitapahotas, etc., all of different speech.[32] The

[32]What are here called the Cayoguas, we know as the Kiowas and the Caminabiches as the Arapahos. Pitapahotos is probably a way of writing Pitahauerats, the name of a tribe of the Pawnees. In a treaty made at St. Louis in 1825, Gov. Clark and Col. Chouteau,

Cheyennes wander over the country along the river; a little below those first named (*plus bas que les premiers*). The vast country, not far from here, over which these different nations roam, abounds in beaver and otter, since they have never hunted these animals, not having had any intercourse with the White Men. It would be easy, by means of the Cheyennes who are their friends, to extend our commerce with these nations and obtain from them fine furs. To this end, however, some expenditure would be necessary to get horses and people to transport the kind of merchandise that would attract them most; for this river, of which I have just spoken, thought sufficiently wide, is so very shallow that one can not venture on it in a pirogue; it could be traveled only in the spring, when the snow melts, or after abundant rainfalls, and then only with boats made of buffalo skin, such as are used on the Platte River. To attempt to have them come by way of the Missouri to the place where the merchandise depots are established would be an impossibility; not that the Ricaras or Mandans would offer any opposition, but owing to the fear which they have of the Sioux, their sworn enemies, and whose very name causes all of the people of this continent to tremble.

The northern part of the Missouri is inhabited by the great Sioux nation, almost all of whom are enemies of the Mandans, the Gros Ventres and the Ricaras, and other nations also. The Sioux nation are of those who hunt beaver; and almost every spring they obtain great quantities from here, which they trade with those Sioux who frequent the St. Peter's River and that neighborhood.

The high price held here on merchandise [is the cause of this]; and above all the amount of powder

representing the United States, call them the Pitivirate Noisy Pawnees. See Perrin du Lac, *Voyage dans les deux Louisianes*, 257, 1 Lewis & Clark Original Journals, 190.

which we give for beaver; which until now, has been only ten pounds for each pack,[33] and some trifle for *lagniappe;* now they demand a double handful for each beaver and each otter, and unless we yield they will never consent to trade their furs with us.[34]

As for me, my orders being to maintain very high prices on merchandise, though I see with much regret so many fine skins being taken out of our territory to strangers, I cannot, without a new order from the Company, better the price.

One thing is certain; if the English merchants, who are unquestionably much more enterprising than those of Illinois and Louisiana, were in possession of this river (the Missouri) on which from its mouth to its source navigation is so easy for the largest pirogues, having no cataracts or portages, they would establish a large trade with all the nations, those which are known to us as well as those which are still unknown, and obtain from them a great quantity of fine peltry; a thing which these gentlemen, the merchants of the Illinois, have never dared and may, perhaps, never undertake, because of the reluctance they have always had and still have of making expenditures, and because of their fear of failure, they being too easily disheartened by the first obstacles and losses which are encountered; things which have never stopped the English in their commercial ventures.

It will doubtless be said that the company formed in St. Louis for the purpose of doing business on the upper Missouri has for its aim and object, in establishing a store house at the Mandans, the discovery of dis-

[33]The French is "*dix louis les chacque*"; the translation is a guess.

[34]"Each skin has an established value with which all are acquainted. They call *plu* the equivalent of one piastre [dollar]. Two skins of an antelope or a kid make one *plu;* one deer skin or one beaver skin make one *plu;* one otter skin makes two *plus*, etc., etc. Since the prices are made in *plus*, there is not the least difficulty in trading." Perrin du Lac, *Voyage dans les deux Louisianes*, 201.

tant nations with whom it might open a fur trade. Such is, indeed, the intention of the Company; and I have been instructed to send out the *engagés* of the Company on voyages of discovery North, South, East and West. But will these *engagés,* who, for the most part, come from Canada, and who have been chosen because of the small wages they are willing to accept, and who are unfamiliar with the Indians and with the routes, will they, I say, make discoveries without leaders and without guides? Will the guides and leaders cost nothing? Will they be able to pass from nation to nation, unsophisticated as they are, without some cost for little presents to the Chiefs? It is required, however, that I execute all of these projects without expense, according to my instructions.

The Director has enjoined upon me to retain only (word blotted) men with me, and to send the other *engagés,* after the winter season is done, back to the Illinois. These two men, will they be ubiquitous? Will they be able to render the needed service at the post, and explore the country from sunrise to sunset and from South and North? Such a thing does not stand to reason.

The greatest obstacle to the voyager on the upper Missouri is the pass at the Mahas and at the Poncas. Will the Company make the necessary effort to free these passes? There is little risk of meeting the Sioux. They are easily evaded by proper precaution in passing the places where they frequent. Above all it is necessary to know how to choose the time to make the passage when they are away, which is in the early spring.

I conclude by saying that if the ways were once opened, and if Messieurs, the merchants of the Illinois would employ the necessary forces to reach the many different nations who live on the upper Missouri and in the neighboring country, and the means to prevent

the people North of the river from carrying their furs to the English merchants, it would double and treble the value of their own trade. The capable men among the Indians, and the young men who are accustomed to remain inactive, would have a better chance to earn a livelihood and pay their debts, and in consequence this country which can barely support itself by its fur trade and its hunting, would be much better off than at present. (In the copy at Washington there is a page following this which has been so carefully erased as to be illegible.)

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CONTINUATION OF MY JOURNAL.

On the twelfth of June, several horses were stolen during the night, from the second village of the Ricaras. This horse robbery caused a great tumult in the village as it was realized that it had been committed by the Nations of the Upper Missouri. They accused the Mandans and the Gros Ventres, and were much inclined to go to war against these nations. I begged the Chiefs to calm their young men and made them understand that it were far better to hold them back than to allow them recklessly to make war. I urged them to send to some of their own people among the Ricaras who are harboured by the Mandans to find out exactly who was the author of this theft; that I myself would write on this subject to the Frenchmen living among the Mandans, and that I would send some tobacco to the Chiefs of those Nations, entreating them to have the horses returned if they had been stolen by any of their young men. They consented to this, and on the seventeenth of the month, three Indians started out on this errand. They returned the following day and reported having seen a great number of men on horseback, who seemed to coming on, ready for war, either with them or the Sioux who are their allies, which statement proved to be false.

On the twenty-fourth of the same month, two Frenchmen named Quebec and Chorette[35] started out on the same trip; they returned on the third day, saying that they had seen a warlike party, whom they thought might be Sioux, by whom they were not discovered, as they left under cover of the night.

On the second of July, six other Indians started out on the same errand, carrying the words of the Village from which the horses had been stolen, and three pieces of tobacco which I was sending to the Chiefs of the Mandans and Gros Ventres and the band of Ricaras who had taken refuge with the first.

These words were to this effect: that being friends and allies and having given no cause for having had their horses stolen, they were sending their own people to ask for them and they believed that the Chiefs, be they Mandans or Gros Ventres would have them returned, owing to the regard in which they held the White Men and in consideration of the words of their Spanish Father who advised them to live in peace and harmony, he who had made them restrain their young men who lacked neither courage nor legs to avenge this robbery.

I sent a letter by them to Menard[36] and Jussaume[37]

[35]Joseph Chorette, son of Jean Chorette, lived on the Mississippi below Carondelet in 1787. He was then twenty-nine years old. The name as written in old documents has the variants Choret, Charet and Charette. The Chariton rivers were named, no doubt, for some member of this family.

[36]Menard. This was perhaps François Menard, who lived at Florissant in 1787. He was at that time aged thirty-six years. Menard was robbed and murdered by the Assineboines in what is now Renville County, North Dakota, in 1803. Clark writes, "a frenchman has latterly been killed by the Indians on the Track to the trading establishment on the Ossineboine R. in the North of this place (or British fort). This frenchman has lived many years with the Mandins." 1 *Original Journals of Lewis and Clark*, 205. 1 *Henry-Thompson Journals*, Coues' Ed. 311.

[37]René Jusseaume *dit* St. Pierre. This man cannot be definitely traced. The family came from Saintonge in France, and men of the name were in Canada about the beginning of the Eighteenth

who were living among the Mandans, in which I impressed them with the fact that the intention of the Lieutenant Governor of the Illinois was to provide all the necessaries of life, to all the Nations situated along the upper Missouri, and for this reason, had formed a Company, composed of several merchants of St. Louis, for whom I was agent, to establish a trading post among the Mandans for several years; that unfortunate and unforeseen events had prevented my reaching there last Fall, that I would certainly reach there during the coming Summer after the arrival of a pirogue laden with merchandise which I was expecting during the coming months of July or August. I assured them that the Company of the Missouri was ready to favor and help them, that it was hoped that they on their part would contribute with enthusiasm to the success of the proposed undertaking; and that they must stop trading with the English on the Red river. I begged them to spare no pains in maintaining peace and harmony among all the nations, par-

century. There were several members of the family at Kaskaskia and at St. Louis prior to 1795. In 1806, René Jusseaume is said to have been for more than fifteen years an independent trader on the Missouri (1 *Henry-Thompson Journals.* Coues' Ed. 303). He was interpreter for Lewis and Clark at Fort Mandan, and when on their return Journey, they brought the Mandan Chief Shepaka down the river and took him to Washington to see the President. Jusseaume accompanied them. On the first attempt to carry the Chief back to his home Jusseaume was wounded by the Arickaras. He was brought down to St. Louis and cured, and finally, along with the Chief, reached his home among the Mandans in 1809. In 1811 and later he was in the employ of Manuel Lisa. On 24 August, 1817, Toussaint Jusseaume, son of René and Catherine Des Bois (Catherine of the Woods?) married Marguerite Bergan at Cahokia, and on 3 January, 1820, Josette Thérèse Jusseaume, daughter of René (her mother's name is not given), married Eustache Carrière at Florissant. Carrière was also on the Upper Missouri with Lisa. No account of Jusseaume's death has been found, and the date is unknown.

Alexander Henry (1 *Henry-Thompson Journals.* Coues' Ed. 333) gives an unfavorable description of Jusseaume's character, but much allowance should be made for race prejudice and that engendered by trader's rivalry.

ticularly those of the Mandans, Gros Ventres and Ricaras; to make the Mandans understand that the route which the French must take to reach them, depended entirely on the Ricaras. I implored them to have returned to these last, the horses recently stolen from them and to assure the Chiefs of the Mandans and Gros Ventres, to whom the Great Chief of the Spanish, and the universal Father of the Red Skins, was sending by me medals, flags and swords with which to bind their friendship and to insure benefits to all their villages; that, I say, should they insist upon keeping the horses, they will infallibly light the torch of war between them and the Ricaras and ultimately prevent our reaching them despite our desires to do so. Above all, I pleaded with the Sr. Menard who has the reputation among the Indians of being a man to be depended upon, frank and honest, to distribute in person the tobacco which I was sending to the Chiefs of the Mandans and Gros Ventres, until I myself could deliver to them the words of their Spanish Father. These new Ambassadors promised me to be back by the thirteenth day, taking five days walking to reach there, three days to remain and five in which to return.

On the sixth of the month three men of the Cheyenne Nation, from a village called Ouify (Ouisay), which has not yet come here, arrived, having heard the news that among the Ricaras, had come some strange white men, bringing with them much powder and merchandise; their Chief had sent these here to find out if the truth had been told them; they reported that the Cayoguas, the Caminanbiches, the Pitapahotos of whom I spoke above, had drawn near, and were camped just beyond them, that on the reports they had received concerning the arrival and residence of the White men among the Ricaras, they wished to form an alliance with these last, in order to obtain from them ammunition and knives, of which they were so much in

need, but that the dread they felt, either of the Sioux or the Ricaras, who often killed them without provocation, prevented their approaching.

In the meantime some young men, belonging to the Ricaras, formed a war party, in order to attack the Nations on the upper Missouri, among whom were possibly those just mentioned. I reproached the Chiefs and the old men, that they should allow their young men to become so unmanageable and show such hostile feelings, wishing to do harm and to make war on the neighboring nations who were seeking only peace and harmony.

I proved to them their poor policy in antagonizing every one, retaining no allies or friends; that if on the contrary they would but form closer ties with the nations west of them and who are well supplied with horses, they would derive great benefit from them and acquire many things which were lacking to them; that we White men would trade with them in beaver and other furs, which were so plentiful in the country.

The chiefs and the old men approved all that I said but seeing their young men obstinate and determined to go to war, the Chief of the first village of the Ricaras, named the Crazy Bear, in whose cabin I lived, became angry and remonstrated with them sharply, telling them to go on and make war and so drive back the White men to their own villages, with all of their powder and other merchandise, while he and his family would withdraw with the Cheyennes. In order to reduce these turbulent young men to tranquility I proposed to this Chief that we should ourselves go with the Calumet to the nations who were making instant demands for peace. He applauded my plan, but he said he must first call a meeting of the principal men of the Nation, to impart to them our plan and obtain their approval.

The following day on the 7th of the month he bade

all ot the Chiefs and *considerés* to his Cabin, he placed the flag before the door and placed his medal around his neck. At the furtherest end of the hut, exposed on a mat, the letter patent which his Spanish Father had sent him by me, having had placed before it some live coals on which was burned a certain kind of dried grass the smoke of which produces a very strong odor, and which they use as we use incense. They hold such things as medals, flags, and letters in such deep veneration that whenever these are taken from their wrappings, they are smoked and hold the most important place at their feasts.

To this assembly, he recalled the desires and advice of the great Chief of the White Men (of which they saw the evidence), which was to make peace and not war on the neighboring Nations. I repeated to them what I have already said on page —— about acquiring horses from the Western people; for in order to win over all sorts of Nations to our views, it is well to mix in their own interests and clearly show them their own advantage to be gained.

The whole assembly applauded our speeches and approved the plan which the Crazy Bear and I had formed, of going to the Nations which I have named, bearing the Calumet. They summoned the war Chief of the party, who was preparing to go; they induced him to smoke and he consented to remain quiet. They called the three men of the Cheyenne Nation who had just arrived and, having found out through them, just where these strange Nations had stopped, decided that they were still too far away to go to them at once, and that it would be more suitable to send them tobacco, to make them smoke to the White men and the Ricaras Pawnees, urging them to approach without fear and assuring them that the White men desired to see them and that the Ricaras unanimously wished to make an alliance with them, that here they would find guns,

powder, knives, etc., in exchange for their horses to the Ricaras and their furs with the White men, who advised them to hunt beaver during the Fall, Winter and Spring.

That as soon as it should be learned that they were near here, the Chief "Crazy Bear" with a few *considerés* among the Ricaras, and myself would go to them with the calumet to form a sincere alliance with them, and, if instead of approaching, they withdrew, it would prove that they cared little for the White men or for peace with the Ricaras.

All of these words were repeated to the Cheyennes by an interpreter, for their language is entirely different from that of the Pawnees. I gave them three pieces of tobacco, to be delivered to the three Nations which I mentioned above, and after having given to each one a knife, a bit of Vermillion and a piece of tobacco, which they might show in their village, to prove the good faith of the White men, they left on the morning of the eighth.

On the tenth of July, I unfortunately lost one of my Frenchmen, named Joseph Chorette, who was drowned, while bathing alone at dusk, in the Missouri.

Two little Indians aged about ten and twelve years old, came running to us to say, that they had seen a white man, who was washing his body on the bank of the Missouri, and while playing had wandered a little farther away from him; a few moments later, they looked towards the spot where he had been and had seen him no more; then going to the spot where he had gone into the water, they found his clothes, which were still there.

Accompanied by the other Frenchmen and several Indians, I ran to the edge of the river; we found his clothes, just as these children had told us.

The Indians jumped into the river just at this spot, also some distance below, to make a search, but with-

out avail. For the last few days this man had taken the habit of going to bathe in the Missouri, in spite of all we could say, telling him that the bed of the river being uneven, full of holes and precipices and he being unable to swim, he would undoubtedly be drowned; but incredulous to the last, he obstinately continued his bathing and unfortunately was drowned. I was most unhappy over this misfortune. During the twenty-six years and over, in which I have been making my trips, neither I, nor any one of my companions, has met with a serious accident. I had him searched for, during several days, but without success.

On the fourteenth of the month, the six Indians, whom we had sent to the Mandans, returned; they brought me two letters from Messrs. Jussome and Menard, assuring me that the Mandan and Gros Ventre Nations had received and smoked the tobacco which I had sent to them with inexpressible joy, incessantly raising their hands towards their Father, the Chief of the White men, in thanksgiving for his benevolence, and that they had promised to do nothing against the will of the White men. They tell me that all of the Indians and the French who make their residence there are impatiently awaiting my arrival, being disposed to do all in their power to serve the Company; that so far as the stolen horses are concerned, which I and the Ricaras claim, there would be no difficulty whatever in returning them had they been stolen by the Mandans or Gros Ventres, but that the robbery had been committed by some young men of the Ricaras Nation who had taken refuge among the Mandans, and they would not consent to return them, saying that the stealing of these horses had been done in revenge for some other horses, which had been withheld by those from below, at the time of their separation, and that besides, these discussions and controversies between those belonging to the same Nation was no business of the

French or the Mandans, and that they scorned the threats of their own kind.

So our so-called Ambassadors returned without horses. The discontent of the second Ricaras Village may be easily imagined.

On the sixteenth of July, one of the great chiefs of the village from which were taken the larger number of the stolen horses, and who since my arrival here, had always shown us much consideration, came to visit me; he said that he was leaving with many young men, to war on the Nations above; that since my arrival, they had consented to all for which I had asked, for the sake of peace, but since the Indians above us had not heeded my words, nor theirs, they intended to avenge the stealing of their horses; that he being Chief and not being in sympathy with the movement of these young men of no sense and no ears, had not wanted to leave, without warning me, and to find out from me my views on the subject.

I easily understood the object of his discourse, which was, to be retained by me or to get my consent to make war on the nations farther up.

I was undecided as to how I should answer this man. Stop him? That would be expensive, for you will notice that among all savage people the most wise words and discourses, whether for peace, whether for war, or in regard to the reception of strangers, are not fruitful, if unaccompanied by feasts and by presents of horses, of guns or other merchandise given at the end.

After so many losses and expense due to unfortunate events, since my departure from the Illinois, by which the Company finds itself much aggrieved, and those which I have made and am obliged to make since my arrival here, whether it be to maintain peace with the Cheyennes and the village of the Sioux settled here, who were at variance with one another and whom it is

necessary to keep on friendly terms, they being the ones who can best furnish us with good furs.

What with food and small gifts which I cannot refuse, now and then, to the two Chiefs decorated with the Ricaras medal, when they ask me. It being wise to propitiate and not offend them too much, by unnecessary refusals while not seeming to grant them too readily. So I take good care to not only avoid heavy expenses, but also not to give to these newly bemedaled Chiefs, the bad habit of exacting from traders, a quantity of merchandise as due to their positions of Chiefs, a custom which the French have unfortunately introduced among all the nations situated along the lower Missouri. I try to yield to their demands only on necessary occasions, where it is a question of giving a few trifles to strangers, who come to visit them, or when it is to appease some mutinous or discontented ones of their own nation, who would insult or maltreat their allies. To refuse them under such circumstances, would be to cause them great displeasure and change their kindly sentiments, with which we wish to inspire them, such as peace amongst themselves and kindly feelings toward strangers and, above all, not to alienate us in their minds.

All of these losses and expenses made me hesitate as to how I should act this time towards this Chief. To recall to him all the advice of his Father, the Chief of the White Men, and to repeat my usual arguments for maintaining peace and free passage among the Nations of the upper Missouri, without at the same time giving him anything, was to throw my words to the winds, especially to a man who had just lost all of his horses, by which he counted his wealth, and who would not have failed to reply as he had already done, that these same Nations from above had been the first to disturb the peace and harmony which I was anxious to maintain.

To tell him that he should do as he pleased, was to countenance all of the evil which he intended doing, besides trying to check all the youths of this Nation without being able, when the time came, to hold them back. I therefore thought fit to make a few more sacrifices, although burdensome, by giving out some more merchandise to stop this war party, rather than allow it to proceed, for one thing is certain, that should war break out between these Nations and those farther up, all passages leading to the latter would be closed to us, which would only bring great harm to the Company, by putting obstacles in the way of Commerce which it had planned and which was to extend to all the Nations on the upper Missouri. I summoned the Chief "Crazy Bear" and some *considerés* of the Ricaras, who made him smoke with me in order to divert him from his purpose. I gave him a present and bade him to make known to the others of his village who had lost horses by robbery.

In order to displease no one, he accepted the Calumet and the gift, saying that it was not on account of the booty which I gave and which was but small in comparison to the loss of his horses, if he agreed to remain quiet, but in consideration of the White Men, whom he did not wish to displease, that he would forget them and would make every effort to appease those, who like himself, had lost their horses.

This Chief did at once all that he had promised me, and there was no more talk of war with the Nations higher up.

On the eighteenth of the same month ten men of the Cheyenne Nation arrived; they reported that their entire village was approaching, traveling by slow stages, being too heavily laden to move faster. That the young men of their Nation had started off, carrying tobacco to the three Nations which I had named, the

Cayoguas, the Caminanbiches, and the Pitapahotos, and that they had not yet returned.

They also told me of a most wretched accident which had happened to them recently; I would not repeat it to you, if the cause of it were not attributed to us, on account of the high opinion they have of us and all that belongs to us.

When I had summoned the most important ones from both Cheyenne villages on my arrival here last Spring, to announce to them the words of their Spanish Father and to deliver to them the medal, the flag, the letter patent and the present which he sent them, I asked them to choose from among their number, the one whom they deemed most worthy to wear the medal and to be made the great Chief of their Nation. They had me to give it to a young man whom they called "The Lance," who accepted it and promised to do all the good which had been recommended to him, in the letter which his Father, the Chief of the White Men, had sent him.

These newly arrived Cheyennes youths reported to me, that this young Chief, far from having followed my advice after taking possession of the medal, flag and letter which came from the great Chief of the White Men, had continued with a wicked heart for strangers, and even for his own people, getting angry and treating them badly on every occasion; that he was the author of a recent murder committed in their village, that of a Sioux, his wife and three children, who were living among them, in spite of the fact that he had promised me to live in peace with those of the Sioux village who lived there, and to which belonged this man and his family. They had even eaten and smoked together.

Instead of maintaining peace with the Mandans and Gros Ventres, he had had their horses stolen. That without doubt the medal, the flag and the letter, who

were great spirits, had become angry, for three of his children had died, and what is more, lightning had struck the hut of his own brother who, with his wives, children, dogs and horses tied before the door, had been reduced to ashes.

This accident happening to befall this man, above all others, known to have broken his promise to the White Men, and not having behaved in the manner imposed upon him, in the presence of all the esteemed ones of his Nation, had a terrible effect on the minds of all these Nations and confirmed anew their belief that the White Men were great spirits and all powerful.

Most of the old men of the Cheyennes, according to reports, openly denounced the conduct of this young Chief, reproached him for his wicked heart, his lack of attention and submission to the words of the White Men by whom they were now visibly punished by the Master of Life, just as I had predicted.

The Ricaras Nation, as I have said, is a little more enlightened than those farther away and yet this occurrence gave them much to think about.

On the 20th of the month, a Sioux village which they call "Ta Corpa," numbering eighty huts, came to join the Sioux village, which has settled here, and who are really the only friends of the Ricaras, having the same sentiments and character; these newly arrived Sioux, as well as another band called Chahony, who are soon to come here, usually wander over the country North East of the Missouri, but not finding any wild oxen or cows thereabouts, are forced to the West of this river, where these animals are found in great numbers.

The Ricaras and this Sioux Nation live together peacefully. The former receive them in order to obtain guns, clothes, hats, kettles, cloths, etc., which are given them in exchange for their horses. They humor

them through fear and to avoid making too many enemies among the Sioux, who would inevitably overpower them.

The last frequent the Ricaras and make them great promises to live with them in peace and harmony, in order that they may smoke their tobacco, eat their Indian wheat and hunt freely the wild oxen and beaver, on their lands during the Fall and Winter. In the Spring they withdraw to the other shore, from whence they usually return to steal their horses and sometimes to kill them.

It is their custom every Spring to meet the other Sioux villages, situated on the St. Pierre and De Moines rivers, with whom they trade their furs for merchandise.*

Journal kept by J. B. Truteaux, Agent for the Company of the Upper Missouri, addressed to Messrs. Clamorgan and Reihle, Directors of the Company.

Commenced the first of June, 1795.

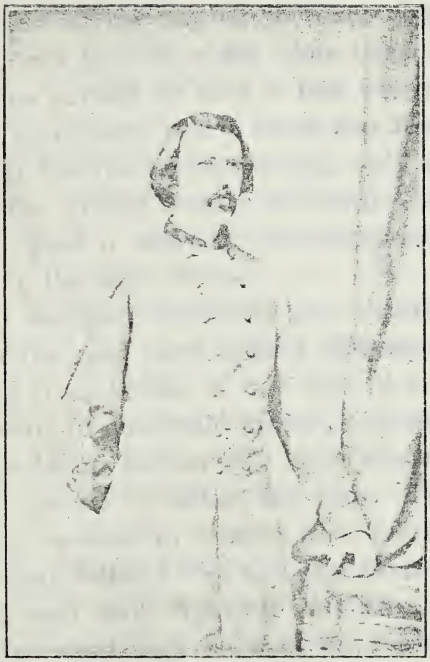
Howard County: Commonly called Boons-Lick Settlement.

A report having been circulated that provisions in this part of the country are extravagantly high (probably for the purpose of preventing emigration) the undersigned pledges himself to those who wish to settle at the above-named place, that the crop of corn is tolerably good and can he had at two shillings per bushel, pork and beef at three dollars per cwt. (particularly beef). Pork is not very plenty, and may probably be higher: that article may rise to $4 per cwt.

Oct. 22, 1816. Asa Morgan.

Missouri Gazette, 26 Oct., 1816.

*Following this line, are three more lines that have been so carefully erased as to be illegible.



Edward B. Hall

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE LINES IN 1863.

By Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Hull.

(Read at a Meeting of the Society, 12 December, 1905.)

You have kindly but most unexpectedly requested me to write for your entertainment some reminiscences of a trip made by me through southern Missouri and northern Arkansas during the Civil War. The flood gates of memory are hard to close when once opened, but I shall confine myself to only a few weeks of all those long days and years, and I warn you that there will be nothing of historic value therein; only a young girl's glimpse of a life so totally different from that she left at home that it scarcely seemed possible the two could exist in the same State.

The people of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas were, for the most part, utterly illiterate at that time. The raids from bands of one side or the other kept them in a state of continual unrest, and made conditions of life on farms harder and more discouraging than they were before or after the war. Then too, those with whom we came in contact were not the wide awake bright young fellows who had cast their lot with North or South and were fighting valiantly, offering up their lives for what they deemed the right on far off battle fields. Those we saw were at home for various reasons; inertia, indecision as to which side were really the safer to drop on, or inability to leave large and helpless families. For the size of those families was something remarkable. Not a one-room cabin but sheltered, after a fashion, its quota of from seven to fourteen white-headed children. Boys seemed to predominate, and George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were met with frequently.

An entire brigade of small Sterling Prices were along that road, but I noticed, with some amusement, that those little citizens seldom enjoyed their full patronymic in public. At least, near Federal camps they were usually addressed as "Ster", which might easily pass unnoticed and was less compromising.

After securing passes and very commendatory letters of introduction to the officers in command of the intervening Federal troops, from Col. Dick, General Blair and President Lincoln, all personal friends of my Mother, we went down one frosty morning in November, 1863, to the little town of Ironton on the Iron Mt. railroad, where we found an ambulance with two strong mules and driver, waiting to take us on a long journey overland, "through the lines", to find my husband, a Colonel in the Confederate Army, stationed somewhere in this State or in Arkansas. Very hazy it seems now, but to my inexperience it seemed that "through the lines" was a tangible barrier of blue coats, to be slipped through a dark night, or boldly faced with pass and letter, and, once on the other side, the Confederate Army would obligingly unfold itself to view, immediately in front. I was younger than I need to have been at my age.

Perhaps a little very personal history just here may be pardoned, as it shows the usage of the underground, or grapevine telegraph of those days, and explains the reason for this trip. By means of one of these mysterious messages, received two weeks before we started, my Mother was bidden to come to a certain house on, I think, Biddle Street, go up the outside stairs, knock twice, wait, then knock three times and she would see some one and hear something of importance to her from the South. She was to come alone and I was to know nothing of her coming, unless she decided to tell me afterward. Without hesitation, she went alone to Biddle Street, knocked as directed, and

was ushered into a small room, where there was a Confederate blockade-runner, who brought in and took out letters and parcels. He had letters for her from two southern officers, telling of my husband's illness from typhoid fever and that he had been left on the border, apparently dying, when his regiment went into Arkansas. They said if she decided it was best to bring me down there to hunt him up (for they had not been able to return to Missouri for the purpose), an ambulance with a trusty southern soldier as driver, would be waiting for us at Ironton, on such a date, and that Colonel ———— of this city would give her all other particulars. She then visited Col. ———— who had received the same grapevine message and was expecting her. He explained to her the safest route to follow and what things we must be sure to take, for, after we left the railroad, there would be no other chance to replenish our commissary or medical stores. He said he received almost nightly communications from the South, and as no farther advices had been sent, he was of the opinion that we should find my husband convalescing.

A stranger would greet us as an old friend when we stepped from the train at Ironton, he said, who would take us at once to our ambulance; that a young man, quite rural in appearance, would, apparently accidentally, join us about two miles out from Ironton. He was a St. Louis physician, southward bound, who would continue with us until we reached the southern lines, if possible. All of which, mysterious as it sounded, came to pass exactly as planned.

A Federal officer came forward at Ironton, for the purpose we presume of inspecting our passes, but the expected stranger was there ahead of him and volunteered the surprising information that we were his mother and sister, "down for a little visit", and before we had time to collect our thoughts, he had

whisked us off out of sight, tucked us and our various parcels securely away in the waiting ambulance, bade us God speed, and our long journey had begun. The young physician joined us a few miles out, and, by dint of good driving, we made our first stopping place by "early candlelight", as they called it down there.

After the very first day, the roads grew rougher, the accommodations more uncomfortable and the fare more unpalatable. I had been let into enough of the secrets of our leaving to weave out of them a most delightfully exciting romance, which served to buoy up my spirits, never inclined to droop, through many days of dire discomfort. But, after the dull blankness of the lives of those we met was fully realized, all the romance I had so elaborately conjured up out of the journey, completely vanished, and our only excitement was to guess if we should make our next stopping place before dark, if they would take us in, or force us to go on still farther, or if we should run across any foraging Federal or Confederate troops during the day, always more to be dreaded than regulars. Strange to say, we met none. At noon we would stop near running water, when our good driver would first feed and water his mules, then he, or the Doctor, would build a little fire on which we made our tea or coffee, tin cans were opened, and we sat around in quiet comfort for an hour or more. Later, as the want of ordinary cleanliness among the people was borne in upon us, we made this our bathing time as well. And the clear cold water washed away many a heart ache with the dust.

The houses along the way consisted of one room, usually, and as I have said, always an immense family. It must have been a constantly recurring mathematical problem to stow them away of nights. These ignorant, ague-ridden poor little mortals were being "raised" precisely as the pigs. Occasionally, a knife,

pencil or piece of candy gladdened the heart of some child who had never before, perhaps, received a present. There were no "thank you's" heard, but a firmer grip on the insignificant gift, an unconscious drawing-in of the breath and wider-opening of the eye, showed the silent rapture. They were stoics, these little martyrs. There seemed a strange lack of tender mothering, and, so far as I could see, these pale, sad-faced babies made no complaint of their incessant "agey-fever", shook when they had to, and crept off alone to the spring to get a cool drink when the fever came on.

We were always given the best these poor people had to offer, and in return, we gave them, of course, money, and occasionally flannel and quinine, for of the former, we had all of our lap robes and blankets made of yards of grey, lined with more yards of white or red, and quinine filled each tuck and hem of every garment we owned, as both were contraband and exceedingly prized. Beds in these cabins were primitive, made of poles pushed through holes in the walls and propped up with forks of trees, to which the leaves were sometimes still clinging. On these poles were laid beds of coarse ticking filled with straw. When the beds overflowed, the floor, even under the beds, was utilized. On one occasion, I amused myself by putting my foot through a hole in the wall by our bed, to watch the hungry pigs outside rear on their hind legs in a vain attempt to reach it.

At another time, we were buoyed up for days by glowing reports of a fine house and farm we should reach near the border, and where, from the description, we hoped to enjoy a room to ourselves, and, possibly, attain the luxury of an indoor bath. As we drove down a long lane, that eventful afternoon, at dusk, we saw on either side a plank fence, which we had never met with before, and which had once been painted or whitewashed, for it shone beautifully white

in the hazy twilight. When we reached the door-yard, it was a little discomforting to see the front gate off its hinges and lying in the weeds by the side, and the steps to the front porch badly broken and pieced out with log and stump. But the house was unquestionably a two story frame, which had also once been painted, so we took courage, climbed the rickety steps, walked gingerly over the broken boards of the porch and knocked at the front door, or that which we presumed to be the front, for there were three, in line, opening on to the porch, and no window. A swarm of the usual dirty pale-faced children fell over each other to answer the unusual sound, for it appeared it was not the custom to knock, but as our host said, to "lift the latch and walk right in". When the door was opened and they caught a glimpse of us, the swarm rushed off pell-mell into some outer darkness to spread the news. Then a tall, thin, slow-speaking woman appeared, wearing a blue sun-bonnet, followed by a taller, thinner, slower-speaking man, wearing a battered old felt hat pulled down over his eyes, and little children, all with hats or sun-bonnets although it was dark, darted about in the intervening spaces. The woman explained, later, that, in addition to the usual "shakes", they were having "a spell o' sore eyes", hence the use of hats and sunbonnets.

As we stood on the uncertain porch, we said, with all the insinuating grace at our command, that, having heard for days of their fine farm and comfortable home, we should deem ourselves truly fortunate if we might be allowed to remain with them until we should be sent for from Pocahontas, for our driver was to go back to the railroad from here, on some secret errand; that we had had a long hard trip from St. Louis, and should like, if possible, to have a room to ourselves, for which we were willing to pay well. No answer—not even a slight change of expression, so

far as we could make out in the gloom. We were ushered immediately into a large room to our right, entirely bare of furniture, except three wooden bedsteads in three separate corners of the room, with the inevitable straw beds, and, what was worse, dirty feather beds on these; two boxes for seats and a broken chair drawn up to the empty fireplace. Our spirits fell at sight of the accommodations, and, when we made them understand that we wished to wash in our room before supper instead of going out to the pump, there ensued an animated argument at the back door, whence emerged, after a while, a small girl bearing aloft, with evident, though suppressed, triumph, a rusty, diminutive tin basin, half-full of water. The basin when placed on the hearth was wobbly and very leaky, because of a hole in the bottom plugged up with a dirty rag. And this was our only hope for a bath! Foot-tubs they had never seen, wash-tubs were not used, for it was less trouble, when laundering became imperative, to take the clothes down to the "branch".

The ménu here, as elsewhere, was invariably fat pork or bacon, fried and served in an unnecessary quantity of grease, corn cakes and coffee made from everything but the coffee bean; corn meal, rye and sweet potatoes being most used, the latter the least objectionable for the fumes of the rye and meal often assailed our nostrils most unpleasantly before our stopping places were even in sight. Occasionally, a cabbage boiled or fried very greasily made some variation. Sorghum molasses took the place of sugar and, toward the close of the war, even that grew scarce. There was never milk or butter on these country tables. We asked our imperturbable host why was it the case here, when he had large herds of cattle on his thousand-acre farm. He acknowledged having a "power o' cows", but they were never milked, he

explained, "coz, looked like Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson an the rest o' the boys, was allers a' shaking too hard to run down the cows, an' he hadn't no cow-dog to set on em", so luckily for the cows, if they had to be brought home after that fashion, they were left, with their calves, to browse in peace in the green pastures.

At bedtime a troop of men came, single-file like Indians, into our exclusive apartment, and, when we asked the reason therefor, our hostess assured us that no-one should sleep in there with us, "cepen your two men an our four boys", "your two men" meaning the young St. Louis physician and our driver and "our four boys", four rough uncouth, scared youths from ten to sixteen years of age.

I often wondered if these stolid, unseeing people realized that Nature had been most prodigal in her gifts to them. Their soil was of the finest, their hills and valleys in early morning sunlight, or softened by the mists of evening, were gloriously beautiful, their streams so clear and cold and rapid. Spring River, for instance, rises at once full-panoplied, like Minerva, from myriads of strong mighty springs in the space of an acre. Current River is so swift and sinuous in its windings that an Indian, in his canoe, might find it exciting. Black, which, later, becomes a branch of White River, in Arkansas, rushes deeply and darkly by overhanging cliffs. And woods and prairies alternate most agreeably throughout. Was all this wealth of beauty to be forever as unappreciated by man as by the cattle in his fields? Perhaps, the blackened chimneys, standing sentinel over ruined homes, burned by Federal or Confederate in these counties, might have told of tragedies so deep enacted there that brains were seared, and hands, thereafter, found it not worth while to labor. Where Nature had been so kind, Man had been so cruel and pitiless War had drawn its black mantle over all this fair spot.

I hear that that part of our country is blossoming as the rose; that school houses rear their roofs through the woodlands and the whir of steam mill and rush of locomotive is heard there now. The inhabitants thereof, they say, have taken on so much animation under the new order of things, that they no longer require a post or tree for support when entering into a short conversation with a stranger. They no longer silently whittle three minutes by the watch before they finally give such explicit directions to Pocahontas as the following: "Wall, if you-uns is a goin to try to git to Pokie, you'll have ter travel right smart. Go two miles on the big-blaze, turn a quarter or so till you-uns pass the barns, then take the two-blaze to the crossin on Leven Pints. An ef you-uns kin cross it, but it is mighty onsartain, this time o' year, git back to the big-blaze the fust chance you git, an keep right on till you-uns git thar". Big-blaze and two and three-blaze, we found, meant State and county roads. Eleven-Points River was more or less treacherous, and "the barns" were desolate, wind-swept, barren prairies. Had not this Greek been easily translateable to our driver, we had been searching, still, possibly, for barns and blazes.

"We-uns", however, did reach "Pokie", in spite of peculiar instructions, where we were comfortably housed for the first time since leaving home. When Col. Burbridge's command fell back we accompanied it to Batesville, where finally, we came upon the long sought officer. And from there my Mother returned to Missouri to General Davidson's command, who most courteously sent her, under full military escort, safely and comfortably to the Iron Mt. railroad. While I, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, began my most inglorious military career, sometimes in wagon, sometimes in ambulance, oftener on horseback, because of dangerously swollen streams, but, always and every-

where, in advance on a retreat and far in the rear on an advance.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

Pres. Mo. Hist. Society.

DEAR SIR:

I have been exceedingly dilatory in replying to your kind note of May 10th because of many other less pleasant duties. Yet, it seems rather appropriate, after all, that I should write the sketch you asked for on this particular day, for on the 18th day of July, 1861, Edward Brodie Hull, the subject of the sketch, then of Auburn, Lincoln Co., Mo., was married to Lizzie Chambers of St. Louis at the residence of her brother-in-law, Archer Bankhead, of "Hillwood", Pike Co., Mo.

Because of Mr. Hull's pronounced Southern sympathy and consequent danger of arrest, the date of the wedding was announced as one week later than intended and on that particular evening pickets were stationed on all the roads leading to the house, that warning might be given of the approach of Home Guards from Bowling Green. Such warning was duly given a few hours after the ceremony and the groom precipitately fled to the safe shelter of the near-by woods, mid a clatter of horses' hoofs and excited tongues. The next day he left for camp in Lincoln Co., whence he made very infrequent sorties, until the company left for the war, never to return until after Gen. Buckner's surrender in 1865.

Mr. Hull was born on his Father's farm in Lincoln Co. on the 30th June, 1839. At the first mutterings of impending war, he returned from Oxford, Miss., where he was attending college, to raise a company in Pike and Lincoln counties in 1860, of which he was elected captain. They drilled at first openly on the prairies of Pike, where, during that summer, Gen.

Grant who was visiting his brother-in-law, Dr. Sharpe of Auburn, met the men and, at Capt. Hull's request, drilled them in cavalry tactics.

These were pleasant gatherings and probably few, if any, of those present believed there would be actual war. In fact, their ideas of war between the States were exceedingly hazy, as was war of any kind, and, because of their firm belief in State sovereignty and the constitutional right to secede, not one voice was ever raised, in those preliminary days, to counsel compromise, or a bloodless war of words on the floors of Congress, rather than a resort to arms to settle differences of opinion. Later in the summer they drilled wherever they could gather in safety in either county, friends cheerfully offering as scouts or pickets on such occasions.

This little company answered Jackson's first call for troops but went only as far as Fairview, Saline Co., when news of Price's retreat reached them and they returned home temporarily. They then united with five other companies recruited in Pike, Lincoln, St. Charles, Warren and Montgomery counties forming a battalion, of which Mr. Hull was made Lt. Col. and Mr. Dwyer of St. Charles, Major.

On the 3rd of September, 1861, they broke camp at Big Creek, Lincoln Co., at the call of Gen. Tom Harris, District Commander State Guard, to join Gen. Sterling Price at Lexington, Mo., where these country boys, for the great majority were only boys, had their first taste of genuine war. They fancied they had "roughed it" on the march to Lexington and had enjoyed the new experience. Their letters home were bubbling over with enthusiasm; they intended making short shrift of "the enemy" and would soon, very soon, return. But the oldest, wisest head among them had not even guessed what real war meant; what it meant to be sick, wounded, hungry, penniless and in

rags, hearing occasionally or not at all, from those they had left behind, gleaning sometimes from a belated newspaper of a home burned, a family banished, an aged father thrown in prison, vicarious punishment for the absent one. Yet, these boys, fearlessly and faithfully, trudged on. There were few desertions, no complaints. They were doing what they felt certain was their duty and when death, from privation, disease or wounds, drew near, the invariable message was, "tell them at home when you get back, that I died as a patriot should". At the same time the same messages from the Federal side were finding their way back, usually more speedily, to the sad-eyed watchers at home. Mistaken patriotism and blinded statesmanship were burying this beautiful land under a sea of brothers' blood, the awful memory of which may never be effaced.

At Lexington this battalion aided to the best of its ability, in the defeat of Col. Mulligan and capture of his arms and stores. In Gen. Harris' report of the engagement "Lt. Cols. Brace and Hull" and "Hull and Brace" figured largely for meritorious conduct. But here Col. Hull was severely wounded, while looking over the pile of hemp bales which the State troops had rolled up as a breastwork close to the Federal fortifications. He continued, however, with the command and at Springfield, Mo., they went into their first winter quarters.

At this time Gen. Little enrolled as many of the Mo. State Guard as would go into the regular Confederate service "for the war", the 1st Brigade, Gen. Little commanding being composed of 1st regiment infantry, Col. Burbridge, with Lt. Col. Hull and Maj. Dwyer, 2nd regiment infantry, Col. Reeves, cavalry regiment, Col. Gates and two batteries of artillery Capt's Wade and Churchill Clark respectively.

The long march to Springfield was attended, neces-

sarily, by unusual discomforts, one of the many unpleasant happenings, being, that, when the men made their beds, if so it may be called, across or between corn rows, they would find, on waking the next morning, that the snow which had somewhat softened the downy couch the night before, had nicely melted into a clear cold pool about them! These untoward occurrences brought to Col. Hull the only attack of acute rheumatism he has ever had and, not being able to ride, he had to submit to being hauled in an ambulance. This stiffening of the joints was the cause of a good joke on himself which he often tells. When Gen. Curtiss with 16,000 men advanced on Springfield, Gen. Price was forced to fall back to Cross Hollows, Ark., to join Gen. McCulloch who refused to come into the State. The evening before they expected to begin the retreat a group of officers were sitting around the camp fire, presumably smoking, when a bomb from the supposedly distant enemy fell in their midst, followed by another and still another. A wild scramble ensued to get out of range, the Col. as spry as the best. The next day it occurred to him, while riding along, that, for a lame man, he had mounted his horse the night before with exceeding agility and had never once thought of rheumatism since! He therefore always gives this as a tried and sure cure for stiff joints; an unexpected bomb (preferably three) thrown by a concealed enemy into an unprepared camp! For my part, I prefer the rheumatism and shall never try the remedy.

After the union with McCulloch the army went into quarters at Fayetteville, Ark., until Gen. Van Dorn, who was sent from the other side of the Mississippi, joined them and took command of the entire Trans-Mississippi troops.

I should very much like to tell of the hurried march back to attack Curtiss, encamped at Pea Ridge and

Elk Horn Tavern, from which two places the ensuing battle received its two names, the Missourians fighting valorously and successfully at Elk Horn; of their driving the enemy slowly back after an all day fight and resting that night on the battle field; of their capture of the Tavern with its much appreciated sutler's stores, also, incidentally, two loaded caissons, intended for Sigel, which were driven into their camp by two unsuspicious Germans, the ammunition badly needed; of their amazement at being ordered to retreat the next day; of their unwilling departure from their beloved state and, soon after, from the Trans-Miss. department to Corinth, Miss.; all this and much more; but, fearing I have already overstepped my limit, I shall leave that for, possibly, another time.

Few of the opposite side can understand, even now, how the men of the South could have fought against their country conscientiously. They do not know that State Sovereignty was the Southerner's earliest political creed and that many—oh, so many!—went into the war with anti-slavery and anti-secession sentiments, but every one was firmly convinced that, as his State commanded, so must he do. And they did their best! Now that the blackened page is closed in forever it is well to judge dispassionately.

Most respectfully,

Lizzie Chambers Hull.

July 18, 1912.

Hannah Isabella Stagg

LOCAL INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Mrs. Hannah Isabella Stagg.[1]

My subject suggests the sentiment expressed by the immortal Lincoln—"With malice toward none, and with charity to all," and, with this in view, I will relate some of the local incidents of that tremendous struggle—the Civil War.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath morning in April, 1861, that the telegraph bore the message that Fort Sumter had surrendered to General Beauregard. This startling news unfitted many for going to church, while all were anxious and excited.

That the flag was down, was a signal for war; but no one dreamed that it would be so costly in blood and treasure, or that it would last for four long years.

Those who lived in the border States occupied a critical and uncertain position, as these States had cast their lot neither with the North nor the South; but soon the line as to sentiment was drawn, with the Unionists on one side and the Secessionists on the other, and nowhere was the conflict sharper than in our own State and City.

A memorable day was that of the capture of the rebel Camp Jackson, which occupied the open country at what is now Olive Street and Grand Avenue, and which extended southward and eastward. Schools and houses of business were closed, and men, women and children thronged the streets bareheaded and excited. A neighbor, who was a Secessionist, on seeing the Home Guards approaching the camp, demanded a

[1]This paper was presented to the Society by Mrs. Stagg in 1907. Mrs. Stagg died at her home, 3625 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, on Saturday, the fifth day of December, 1908. A sketch of her life will be found in Hyde and Conard's *Cyclopaedia of the History of St. Louis*, Vol. 4, page 2115.

gun with which to shoot them, at the same time unfurling a black flag. Another brother prayed the Lord to cause the earth to open and engulf both North and South, as neither was fit to live.

From the day of the capture of Camp Jackson there was an estrangement between friends and neighbors—a condition that extended, more or less, to all departments of social and business life.

Nor did the fires of dissension burn less fiercely in the churches. The ministers were as intensely partisan as were their parishioners, and, while the same God was worshiped by those opposing each other, it was in separate sanctuaries. While the Secessionists prayed for the success of their cause, the Unionists prayed for its defeat.

Some of those who had discarded the flag instructed their children to walk around and not under it, should they meet it on their way to school, while the Unionists taught their children to keep as near to it as possible. With these counter influences, the children of '61-'65 were veritable little warriors, with their tongues, if not with more deadly weapons.

No Unionist ever displayed the old flag without the knowledge of the fact that it was an unwelcome sight to those who had ceased to love and honor it. That it had a rival that was seeking to subvert its power and prestige was a source of grief and anxiety to the loyal citizen, and thus it was he held it with a death grip—a condition of affairs of which those of to-day, when the flag is universally respected, have no conception.

The first time the national colors were displayed in churches was during the Civil War, and that by a few Unionists who timidly made the venture, as there were those even of their own party who doubted its propriety. Our Southern friends objected, on the ground that it was a political demonstration and a sacrilege.

Many things were said and done, on both sides, in

those unhappy years that were unworthy of an enlightened and Christian people. This anomalous condition was owing to the fact that the angel of peace had departed, and the demon of war, who robs us of our better nature, was ruling in our hearts and homes.

The defeat of the Federal army at Bull Run was a severe blow to Unionists, some of whom were so deeply affected they retired to their homes and their beds; nor was the cry "On to Richmond!" heard quite so often during those dark hours. Meanwhile, our Southern friends were jubilant, declaring the war was over and they the victors.

Typical hero worshipers were our Southern friends, to whom the names of Robert Lee and Jefferson Davis were the synonyms of all that is best in the soldier and the statesman. If confidence in leaders were the only essential to success, the Southern Confederacy would to-day be among the sisterhood of nations.

The Spanish-American war was fought on foreign soil; the Civil War was at our doors, if not in actual battle, its paraphernalia everywhere visible, and the tread of the soldier and the beat of the drum proclaimed that we were not far from the scene of conflict.

Above the roar of battle was heard a voice urging woman to assume a new and important role in the great drama that was being enacted; not as an aspirant of fame and applause, but as a helper to those who, through stress of war, were far from home and kindred. The call was the more imperative from the fact that neither the trained nurse nor the Red Cross Society had come, with their beneficient service, to the hospital and battlefield, and the call was soon answered by the formation of the Ladies' Union Aid Society, with Mrs. Alfred Clapp as President, and Mesdames T. M. Post, Samuel C. Davis and Robert Anderson, Vice Presidents.

Under the able leadership of Mrs. Clapp, the Society attained prestige and success, and was a nucleus around which centered the loyal element of the City and State, resulting in a large and enthusiastic membership. The Society occupied rooms on Fifth and Chestnut Streets, the site on which now stands the Laclede Hotel. Every day committees were present, making garments and bandages for the sick and wounded soldiers, and conducting an extensive correspondence. The official paper was bordered with red, white and blue; in the left hand corner were a flag and a streamer; on the latter was the legend "Union forever."

Each member owned a small silk flag, which she displayed on occasion. In many homes this memento is found to-day, carefully preserved.

In the building in which the Ladies' Aid Society was held was a hospital. When the members first saw the dead soldiers placed in a rude wagon, "unwept and unsung," they were deeply touched, but, as others, and still others, were borne in the same manner to their lonely burial, these friends of the soldiers learned that tender tributes belong to peace and not to war. Once a week were presented reports of visits to the barracks and hospitals, and how full of pathos they were, relating to the sick and dying soldiers, and their last message to mother, sister and wife! There were amusing stories as well, for even grim-visaged war sometimes wears a humorous face, and while there were tears, there was many a laugh at the expense of the officers and men, who, though they were not sick, were visited and supplied with articles of comfort and convenience. On the visiting list were no more interesting persons than the Confederate prisoners—those who were sick, some of whom occupied a building on Fourth Street near Washington Avenue. Although they represented the other side of the great

conflict, there was no controversy; these women were on an errand of mercy; they wrote letters and did what they could for these brothers, for they were their brothers even then; and how appreciative and gentlemanly they were!

The amount of good accomplished by the members of the "Ladies' Union Aid Society" is unwritten and untold. Theirs were the silent forces it is woman's province to compass, and which are essential to all great movements. That the women used these forces lovingly and faithfully during the sad years they were called to labor, is the tribute they have justly won—those who are still here and the others whose forms are resting now, like those to whom they ministered,

"Under the green of the grass,
Under the blue of the sky."

A valuable help to the Ladies' Aid Society was the Sanitary Commission, consisting of Messrs. James E. Yeatman, Carlos Greeley, George Partridge, Rev. Doctor Eliot and Dr. J. B. Johnson, all of whom have joined the "silent majority." As the Ladies' Aid Society and Sanitary Commission had offices in the same building, they were enabled to co-operate efficiently until the close of the war.

Another organization of loyal women was the Ladies' National League, whose emblem was a silver star. In promoting the Union cause its influence was in a different direction from that of the Union Aid Society—social rather than benevolent. In those stirring times there was work for all; not only were the soldiers and their families to be provided for, but the refugees and the freedman were thronging about us with pathetic appeals for food and clothing.

The most interesting event in the history of the war, as it relates to our city, was the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, under the auspices of the Western Sanitary

Commission. This great festival was located on 12th Street, and extended from Olive to Locust Streets, covering the entire square. Its doors were opened to the public on the 17th of May, 1864. Major General Rosecrans was President, and Governor Willard Hall, Vice President. Its most distinguished honorary members were Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. The local offices were filled by the Mayor and other prominent citizens. Of the Woman's Department, Mrs. Chauncey I. Filley was President, Mrs. General Van Antwerp and Miss Phoebe Couzins, Secretaries, and Mrs. Samuel Copp, Treasurer. Some of the ablest and most accomplished women our city has produced lent their brain and hand to this humane and patriotic enterprise and helped to make it a grand pecuniary success. No appeal had ever been made that so touched the hearts of the people as that in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. From all parts of the country money and other gifts poured in until there was room for no more. Nothing so unique as this Fair had ever been seen in our city. Its "Grand Fancy Court," its handsome decorations, its art galleries, the Delphic Oracle—where General Grant had his fortune told—the immense shoe with his daughter Nellie (now Mrs. Sartoris) as old woman, with hundreds of dolls as obedient children; the fishing pond, with "its cool, mossy bank," the prettily costumed maidens as attendants, and countless other things attracted the lovers of the beautiful, who for several weeks thronged the aisles day and night.

And there was the "Daily Countersign," published by the Ladies' Executive Committee, and whose columns, under the brilliant editorship of Miss Anna Bracket, were aglow with wit and wisdom.

During the progress of the Fair occurred a peculiar incident. The Reverend Doctor Nelson of the First Presbyterian Church, a man highly esteemed, invited

some colored preachers to take lunch in the restaurant of the Fair. As soon as these colored men appeared, a sensation followed. The visitors were indignant, the attendants left their booths, and the waiters, who were young ladies, refused to perform their duties. But the Doctor held his ground, and, finally, one of the young ladies, in spite of opposition, offered her services, so that the Doctor and his guests got what they came for. The news of this episode flew with lightning speed to all parts of our city, and for several days was the "town talk." After this episode the Doctor was never quite so highly esteemed by his Southern friends.

And now we are interested in knowing what our Confederate friends were doing. While "All quiet on the Potomac" was often heard in a national sense, it had no reference to our city. From the opening scene at Sumter, to its close at Appomattox, there was never a day that hearts were not throbbing and hands were not busy as never before. The Southern women were looking after the boys in gray as far as possible. As our city was under martial law, their efforts were restricted. The headquarters of the Southern soldiers were at the old McDowell College, on 8th and Gratiot Streets. A certain lady,[2] by her eloquent appeals, found favor with the Federal officers, who opened to her the doors of Confederate

[2]This lady was Mrs. Fannie M. Coons, wife of Dr. A. J. Coons, well known in professional and social life. They were Virginians by birth and naturally their sympathies were with the South, especially was this the case with Mrs. Coons. Her activities on behalf of the Confederacy led to her arrest and banishment to our neighboring town of Carlyle, Illinois. She, however, "ran the blockade" very often, and always in safety, as she was an adept in disguises. I used to tell her that I would expose her, but she knew that I would not and therefore she came to me; my northern sentiments being so well known that my visitors were unsuspected. The end of the war found our friendship unbroken—a phenomenal experience. Dr. and Mrs. Coons left two daughters, who are now living in Omaha.—Author's Note.

prisons and hospitals, which privileges she used in effecting the escape of a number of soldiers, under the guise of feminine garments, the lady applying the adage "all is fair in war." Her home was the rendezvous of all who entertained the same views as herself. Her larder overflowed with delicacies furnished by their friends for the Confederate soldiers. The courage and activities of this affable woman made her a heroine, and, eventually, a martyr. It was she who was a prominent figure in a bazaar held in old Mercantile Library Hall, and whose proceeds were to be applied to needy Southern soldiers, but the Federal officers were of the opinion that the Fair had other objects, and one evening when all was bright and joyous they arrested several of its promoters. Doubtless those who were present on that occasion adopted the sentiment of Madame Roland—"O Liberty! How many crimes have been committed in thy name!" Those who were arrested were soon released, with the exception of "a certain lady." As she refused to comply with the requirements of the officers, she was banished to a not distant town in Illinois. It was not unusual when our city was under military rule to banish women to other States and to Canada—those who were active in the Rebel cause. In the case of our friend the blockade was not so secure but that she came and went whenever she chose. Early one morning this lady appeared at the house of a friend, disguised as an old woman. Between the hostess and the guest was a warm affection that had survived a difference of opinion concerning the war, and the latter knew that in the house of her friend she was safe from Federal and other espionage. Although this lady had sacrificed her personal and pecuniary interests on the altar of the "Lost Cause," no one yielded to the results of the war more gracefully than she: no one was imbued with a sweeter spirit. She is now a dweller

in the Better Land. Were she here she could furnish many a thrilling story connected with the most momentous period of our country's history.

A building occupied by Southern ladies who had given "aid and comfort to the enemy" was located on Seventh and Chestnut Streets. I opine that Uncle Sam laid his hand very gently on these interesting wards and that they were not long detained.

The pleasantries in which these "fair women and brave men"—the Federal officers—indulged, were among the prophecies of the fraternal feeling which our once estranged countrymen now enjoy, and which is the crowning glory in the annals of our nation.

An important Convention was that held in old Mercantile Library Hall, and which brought together the Unionists and Secessionists as nothing else had done during the war. The question was the adoption or rejection of the ordinance of secession. Who that was present on that occasion will forget its pathos, its significance, the vast assemblage, the distinguished speakers? Who will forget the joy of the Unionists when it was decided that grand old Missouri, after all her struggles, would henceforth adhere to the Union and proudly uphold the flag—the flag that had been trailed in the dust, not by foreign foes, but by her own citizens.

The climax of the four years of agony was reached on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, when the news came of the assassination of President Lincoln. Leaving the morning meal untasted, the people ran into the streets and gathered in groups to discuss the great tragedy. Preparations had been made for a peace celebration, our homes had been decorated with flags, portraits and mottoes, and candles were in the windows ready for illumination, but, when the news came of the President's death, in a short time public and private houses were draped in mourning, and

everywhere were inscriptions indicating the noble character of him whose life had gone out so suddenly and so cruelly. The people gathered within the churches, which the day before had been handsomely decorated, but which were now hung in black. The friends of the Government had planned to join hearts in giving thanks to God that through the awful strain the Union was still unbroken, and that the Angel of Peace was once more hovering over our worn and bleeding country. But now they came together with burdened hearts to speak of their great loss, and to honor the memory of their beloved and lamented President—the story of whose life and death they will tell their children and children's children—the story which the Muse of History will never erase from her page, the poet from his song, nor the sculptor from his marble, for does it not belong to the ages?

Arrangements were made to attend the funeral of our martyred President, and a large number of city officials, wearing badges of black mingled with the national colors, and private citizens, took the journey to Springfield to attest, by our presence, respect to the memory of him whose death all the civilized world was mourning.

Nor did our Southern friends fail to bring their tribute to the bier of Abraham Lincoln. Many of them had come to realize that he was their friend, and that he had followed them with tender solicitude through all their sorrows and sufferings; they had come to realize that he had loved and prayed for them, when they had not loved nor prayed for him.

Happily, time softens prejudice and reveals truth, and the once popular sentiment entertained by the Northerners—"We'll hang the traitors, everyone," and that held by the Southerners, "The Union is broken, and it is futile to try to mend it," do not enter into the thought of to-day.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SANITARY WORK IN ST. LOUIS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

By Dr. Roland G. Usher.

Of the many things in which St. Louis has deserved well of state and nation, there are few which were at the time more important and influential than the sanitary work done during the Civil War by the Western Sanitary Commission, the Ladies' Union Aid Society, the St. Louis Provident Association, and others of that type. Those enterprises were wholly initiated by St. Louis men and women, continuous service was rendered, hard and even degrading labor was voluntarily and ungrudgingly performed by high born men and delicate women for no greater reward than the consciousness of a noble work well done. No sanitary work undertaken during the war, East or West, North or South, was more efficiently performed than that directed from St. Louis. Practically the whole burden of ministering to the Union (and in some cases to the Confederate) armies in the Mississippi Valley fell upon the Western Sanitary Commission. This organization not only sent surgeons, nurses, and supplies into the field, but strove by hospitals, soldiers' homes, agents, and advisers, to succor the convalescent, aid the injured to return home, and to do, in short, for any one, Union or Confederate, white or black, free or slave, any service of mercy which he needed. And all this vast amount of work was performed, millions of dollars' worth of supplies distributed and used, thousands of meals provided for the hungry, hundreds of thousands of sick and homeless men temporarily lodged, by an organization of some half a dozen private citizens of St. Louis, none of whom were paid or had had previous experience. As a display of sheer

ability, there has been little in our country's history to equal it; as a record of self-denial, of self abnegation, and of the noblest Christian spirit, I know of nothing to surpass it. And yet, during the late Centennial of the city's history, how seldom was mention made of this jewel in the city's crown of civic honor; how few times in the enumeration of the objects of the city's pride was this counted among them? A thousand lesser deeds were toasted and retold, while this went unsung; a hundred lesser men were named and praised, while these were all but forgotten; swelling population, increasing wealth, commerce, medicine, law, all found their due place, while the greatest feat of distinguished endeavor in the city's history was neglected.

To a certain extent, the members of the Western Sanitary Commission and its allied associations, have no one but themselves to blame for the present ignorance about their aims and achievements. Their modesty and dislike of publicity prevented them from gaining proper recognition from their own and the following generation. They wrote but one lengthy account of their achievements and took no pains to distribute it outside the state of Missouri. They all but allowed the powerful United States Sanitary Commission to deny their existence, and certainly allowed it to appropriate most of the praise due them for their work for the Army of the West. They also failed to deny current slanders and rumors to their discredit in a sufficiently energetic fashion to make much impression on the country at large. Their story is buried in old reports and pamphlets, badly printed, often hastily written, and now very rare. Only two are to be found in any number of St. Louis libraries, only one is generally accessible elsewhere, and only the Washington University Library seems to possess at present any considerable amount of information on

the subject. The following bibliography has been printed in the hope that it may lead to further inquiry into the bibliography and history of this most interesting phase of the Civil War in Missouri, and also in the hope of spreading a little more widely the knowledge of where information can be found:

REPORT TO THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION ON THE GENERAL MILITARY HOSPITALS OF ST. LOUIS, MO. Presented August 1, 1862. pp. 76. St. Louis, R. P. Studley & Co. 1862.

The first sixty-two pages contain the report of S. Pollak, M. D., Sanitary Commissioner, and are interesting but not very valuable. The rest of the tract is of more than ordinary importance. There is a copy of the original order under which the Western Sanitary Commission was established, (p. 63-64); and there follows the "Report of the Western Sanitary Commission, July 1, 1862." This is, however, very brief, comprising a résumé of the resources of the Commission at that date, and acknowledgments of the donations received and distributed. It is signed by all seven members of the Commission.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LADIES' UNION AID SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS. St. Louis, 1862.

This organization did much work as an auxiliary of the Western Sanitary Commission, and furnished nurses, food, bandages, and supplies to the hospitals in St. Louis. In particular, its members exercised their skill in cooking for the convalescent soldiers, whose recovery depended solely on appetizing nourishment.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LADIES' UNION AID SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS. St. Louis, 1863.

The brochure contains (a) the report, pp. 1-29; (b) Gleanings from the weekly Reports of the Visiting

Committees to the various hospitals, pp. 30-45; (c) the constitution of the Society. The evidence contained in the second section of the Report is interesting and extremely valuable and trustworthy.

ORGANIZATION OF THE LADIES' NATIONAL LEAGUE OF ST. LOUIS. St. Louis. No date. (1863.) pp. 18.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST. LOUIS PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR 1863. Organized Dec. 3, 1860; Incorporated March 17, 1863. St. Louis. 1863. pp. 20.

It seems likely that the first two reports were not printed; they have not yet been traced.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION FOR THE YEARS ENDING JULY, 1862, AND JULY, 1863. pp. 32. St. Louis. No date. (1863.)

It is likely that this document was drawn up either by Mr. James Yeatman, the President, or by the Rev. W. G. Eliot, one of the most ardent workers on the Commission and its originator.

SUGGESTIONS OF A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION FOR FREED LABOR AND THE LEASING OF PLANTATIONS ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER UNDER A BUREAU OR COMMISSION TO BE APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT. ACCOMPANYING A REPORT PRESENTED TO THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION, by JAMES E. YEATMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMISSION, Dec. 17, 1863. pp. 8. No date. (St. Louis.)

(There is a copy with Mr. Yeatman's autograph in the Washington University Library.)

REPORT OF THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION IN REGARD TO THE LEASING OF ABANDONED PLANTATIONS WITH RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE SAME. pp. 16. St. Louis, 1864.

These two documents contain by far the fullest and most circumstantial account, amply illustrated with

documents and testimony, of the first attempt to deal with the problem of freedmen in the South. The information it contains was gathered by Mr. Yeatman first hand among the refugees and negroes clustered around the army camps along the Mississippi River in 1863 and 1864. While it is very possibly a little biased in favor of the negro, it is certainly the most reliable information we have.

REPORT OF THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION ON WHITE UNION REFUGEES OF THE SOUTH, THEIR PERSECUTIONS, SUFFERINGS, DESTITUTE CONDITION AND THE NECESSITY OF GIVING AID AND RELIEF ON THEIR COMING TO OUR MILITARY POSTS. pp. 44. St. Louis, 1864.

The Commission seems to have been literally the first of the Sanitary organizations of the war time to grapple systematically with the problem of the white refugees, not only in St. Louis, but also in Arkansas, Tennessee, and Mississippi. The report is full of evidence on the actual condition of the poor whites in the "war states," but does not pretend to generalize except when the data is voluminous.

WHAT THE SANITARY COMMISSION IS DOING. STORES SENT TO SHERMAN'S ARMY DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, BY THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Then follows a list of stores, (signed) W. Cranch, Storekeeper.

Broadside, 1 page, size 3x5⅛; no date.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT (TO THE WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION) OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME, ST. LOUIS, FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 12, 1864. pp. 12.

No date, no place.

The Western Sanitary Commission; What it Does with Its Funds. Why it Should be Aided in its Work. Article in the Missouri Democrat (St. Louis), March 16, 1864.

Reprinted as a separate tract, St. Louis, 1864. pp. 8.

A brief account of the Commission's work, written probably by its Secretary, Rev. Mr. Forman, (or possibly by the Rev. Dr. Eliot) to stimulate contributions of which the Commission at the moment stood in great need. It adds nothing to the information elsewhere accessible.

Circular of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, to be Held in St. Louis, May 17, 1864. Major General W. S. Rosecrans, President. No place; no date.

This Fair was given by the Western Sanitary Commission to raise money, and was very successful. The book following was also written to advertise this Fair.

The Western Sanitary Commission. A Sketch of its Origin, History, Labors for the Sick and Wounded of the Western Armies, and Aid Given to Freedmen and Union Refugees, with Incidents of Hospital Life. pp. 144, and index. St. Louis, 1864. (R. P. Studley & Co.)

Although published anonymously, the tract is almost certainly the work of the Rev. J. G. Forman, who was early in the War Chaplain of the 3rd Missouri Volunteers, then became one of the Western Sanitary Commission's field agents, and was in 1864 its Secretary. (For internal evidence, see p. 112, 113.) He was able to speak from actual experience, and had of course access to all the Commission's records, and to the private correspondence of its members. The book, written to advertise the Sanitary Fair, was naturally very favorable to the Commission; it was also a hasty piece of work (see p. 137, 138); but it contains infor-

mation which is invaluable, consisting for the most part of quotations from letters not now accessible to the historian. It is the best known, and, in fact, one is forced to add, almost the only account of the Commission which is known at all.

(Rev. W. G. Eliot) Loyal Work in Missouri. *North American Review,* April, 1864. Reprinted as a separate pamphlet, with the title Western Sanitary Commission, at St. Louis, 1864, pp. 16; and at Cambridge, Mass., 1864.

This exceedingly mild and too temperate article was written in protest against the unjust treatment accorded the Commission by making no mention of it in an article published on Sanitary Work in the United States in the *North American Review,* January, 1864. The writer further went out of his way to add that Missouri was "outside the sanitary circle." While a corrective of that impression, the article does not go far enough in its claims for the Commission. It was, perhaps, the most that it was advisable to say at the time.

General Report of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, Held in St. Louis May 17, 1864, With the Acknowledgment of the Western Sanitary Commission. pp. 4. St. Louis. 1864.

Third Annual Report of the Ladies' Union Aid Society of St. Louis. pp. 33. St. Louis, 1864.

(J. G. Forman.) Final Report of the Western Sanitary Commission From May 9, 1864, to Dec. 31, 1865. pp. 150. St. Louis, 1866.

Besides these documents directly connected with the sanitary work in the city, there is a considerable amount of data, both concerning the working of these organizations and concerning the conditions which

they were attempting to alleviate, in the reports of various other organizations, state and national.

The United States Christian Commission for Army and Navy. Work and Incidents. First Annual Report. Philadelphia, February, 1863.

Report of Colonel T. P. Robb, Illinois State Sanitary Commissioner, of the Sanitary Condition of Illinois Troops, and Field and General Hospitals in the Armies and Departments of the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, and Division of West Mississippi. pp. 44. Springfield, Illinois, 1865. On p. 20, 26 ff., he gives detailed accounts of his inspection of the St. Louis organizations. This testimony is very important from the critical historian's point of view.

The Philanthropic Results of the War in America, Collected From Official and Other Authentic Sources, by an American Citizen. pp. 42-44 especially. New York, 1863.

Reports of Transactions of the Illinois State Sanitary Bureau From its Organization, Dec. 18, 1862, to Sept. 12, 1863, and Also of the Illinois Sanitary Bureau From Sept. 12, 1863, to Jan. 1, 1864. pp. 98. Springfield, Ill. 1864. especially, p. 13-16.

Annual Report of Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, State Sanitary Agent, to His Excellency William M. Stone, Governor of Iowa, and the Tenth General Assembly. Des Moines, January 13, 1864. Des Moines, 1864. pp. 30. especially, p. 29, 30.

Only two books recently written contain any considerable mention of the sanitary work in the city during the War.

Mrs. C. C. Eliot, Life of William G. Eliot, Minister, Educator, Philanthropist. St. Louis, 1904. p. 212-278.

This admirable book contains the best account ever written of the Western Sanitary Commission. It is, in fact, a model of all that a biography should be. Lack of space, however, made the account necessarily more brief than the importance of the subject might have warranted, or the author's wealth of information dictated.

Galusha Anderson, a Border City in the Civil War. Boston, 1908. p. 288-314.

Professor Anderson has given us an interesting account of his experiences in St. Louis as a clergyman in war time. It is, however, the work of his old age, and represents his recollections rather than actual research, though to a certain extent he has tried to verify his statements. The pages regarding the Commission are inconclusive and rambling, and owe what little information they possess to Forman and Mrs. Eliot.[1]

[1]While not having a direct bearing upon the subject, the three appended titles should have a place in a foot note:

Union and Anti-slavery Speeches, delivered during the Rebellion; by Charles D. Drake.

Published for the benefit of The Ladies' Union Aid Society of St. Louis, Mo. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 1864.

The Daily Countersign. Published for the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, May 17 to June 4, 1864. Complete set, including the "Extra", in all, 13 numbers. St. Louis.

Arts in St. Louis. Edited by Wm. Tod Helmuth, M. D., St. Louis, 1864.

Dedicated. "To the Sanitary Commission of the Mississippi Valley and to those whom its philanthropy relieves, the following pages are respectfully inscribed."

It is my understanding that "Arts in St. Louis" was published and sold for the benefit of The Miss. Valley Sanitary Fair.

W. C. Breckinridge.

SOME NOTES ON THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF MISSOURI.

By Gerard Fowke.

Part of the matter in this paper has already appeared in some publication or another, most of it scattered or inaccessible except to the student. The pages following are to be considered only an attempt to collate a portion of the knowledge we have concerning the Indians who at one time occupied the region now included in the State of Missouri. It is not, and is not intended to be, exhaustive, but merely a preliminary attempt to put into convenient form some items which may be of general interest.

The Cahokia Mounds.

For more than a hundred years Saint Louis and its neighbor across the river have been noted as the location of the greatest prehistoric settlement within the limits of the United States. Unless it be some of the newly discovered temple sites in Mexico, of which vague reports have reached us, no other artificial mound in the world, built strictly as a mound, equals in size that which looms so grandly in the American Bottom. Larger piles of earth exist, it is true, in the Old World; but these result from the decay of successive structures upon the same spot; one edifice after another being erected upon the ruins of those which preceded.

By an unfortunate misunderstanding of early religious records, it is generally supposed that the Trappist Monks had their residence on this structure, and so it is popularly known as "Monks' Mound." This, however, is an error; in Brackenridge's "Views of

Louisiana", printed in 1814, it is stated on page 188 that

"The step or apron [meaning the lower terrace] has been used as a kitchen garden by the monks of La Trappe, settled near this, and the top is sowed with wheat."

And again, on page 287:

"The buildings which the Trappists at present occupy, are merely temporary; they consist of four or five cabins, on a mound about fifty yards high, and which is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet square. Their other buildings, cribs, stables, etc., ten or fifteen in number, are scattered about on the plain below. I was informed that they intended to build on the terrace of the large mound; this will produce a fine effect; it will be seen five or six miles across the plain, and from some points of view ten or twelve."

In "The Valley of the Mississippi", by J. G. Wild (1841), page 50, is the statement

"To the west [of the chief mound] some two hundred yards, on a small mound, was formerly the principal residence of a community of Monks of the order of La Trappe, from whom the place took the name of Monks Mound."

It is very evident from this that the Trappists had no buildings of any sort on the largest mound, but merely contemplated erecting a residence there later. But the community did not thrive, and in a few years the place was abandoned. There is clearly a misprint in the statement that their "cabins were on a mound about fifty yards high", as the mound is only about fifteen feet; "five yards" was probably intended.

So, in justice, the name "Monks'" should be dropped, and that of Cahokia restored. Thus will it aid the creek in perpetuating the name of the Cahokia Indians who formerly had their principal towns on these fertile plains. They, however, had nothing to do with the erection of the structures.

Not only is Cahokia the largest known mound, but it is surrounded by others of great size, the combined contents of them all far exceeding the volume of any other group in the country within the same area. No one has ever had the courage to undertake a calculation as to the amount of earth in the entire group; the largest is estimated by McAdams, in his "Antiquities of Cahokia", to contain 21,690,000 cubic feet. This, of course, is only approximate; it may vary as much as five or even ten per cent either way, for not only is it very difficult to compute such an irregular mass, but we have no means of knowing just how much it may have been altered in form by atmospheric erosion since it was completed, and so there is room for considerable error in calculating the exact area of the base, as well as the amount of earth which has spread out over the plain around it. Taking this figure as correct, however, we may form a rough estimate of the length of time required in its construction.

Excavations in hundreds of mounds prove beyond doubt that the earth composing them was carried in skins, sacks, or baskets, by ordinary labor. In large mounds the outline of each load, as dumped by the carrier, is very distinct. The average size of a load was not far from half a cubic foot. The weight of earth varies from seventy-five pounds for perfectly dry loam to one hundred pounds for tolerably moist earth closely packed. Thus, half a cubic foot would weigh from forty to fifty pounds, a moderate weight for an ordinary laborer to carry. Calculations have been made as to the amount that will be transported in a day by a person working under ordinary conditions, in various parts of the world. We do not have to go far afield to learn about our own Indians. When de Bourgmont started in 1724 from Fort Orleans on his expedition to the "Canzas and Padoucas" he engaged a large number of Missouris to assist in moving

his goods. "The women carried loads which astonished the Frenchmen, who had not yet seen this nation. Everyone carried as much as one dog dragged. Girls of ten to twelve years of age carried more than one hundred pounds. But it is true with such burdens they do not make more than two or three leagues a day". So we see that fifty pounds for a grown Indian is not an excessive load, even when it has to be carried up the side of a mound. Accepting McAdams's figures as exact, we find that Cahokia required the deposit of 43,380,000 loads. From what we know of Indian character, it is fairly certain that the labor was voluntary; that is, when a man, or woman, got tired or heated a rest would be in order. At first, the earth could be dug close at hand, and need not be carried to any considerable elevation; but as the structure grew, earth must not only be procured farther away, but taken to a much greater height. Here we must assume a figure, because there is no method of ascertaining how many loads would be moved in a day under these circumstances. Let us call the average twenty, which is probably not out of the way.

From what we know of southern Indians who built mounds like this, though none so large, it is quite safe to assert that no village or town of more than 4,000 persons ever existed in the Bottom under aboriginal conditions. There were probably more people within a radius of a few miles; they would be compelled to scatter out in order to find subsistence. Half the inhabitants of such a settlement would be unfitted by youth, age, or infirmities, for a task of this nature; half the remainder would be needed to provide food. Thus, at the outside limit, not more than 1,000 would be available for the building. From rain, heat, cold, or disinclination to work, it is a reasonable estimate that these 1,000 persons would not put in more than 150 full days of work in a year; in which

time 3,000,000 loads would be carried. To pile up the entire amount would therefore require practically fifteen years. Furthermore, in order that it should be completed within this period, we must allow for Indians a persistency in continuous exertion at anything that is really like *work*, and a capacity for sustained effort, superior to any we know of or can infer from old chronicles. It is understood, of course, that reference is made only to Indians of the eastern and central United States. Those of Mexico and farther southward were apparently different in disposition.[1]

Moreover, there is another fact, which seems to have been overlooked. The depth at which objects are found proves that much accumulation of soil has occurred around the mound. May its base not be considerably below the present surface of the earth? If so, there is, at the bottom, a large amount of material of which no account is taken in these calculations, and therefore the time must be extended.

There is still another feature which may indicate a more prolonged period of building. It has been generally assumed that the work was continuous from start to finish, and this is admitted in the above figures. It is further assumed that the "chiefs" or "great men" lived on top of the mound and the lesser lights on the terraces below. But the old Spanish and French records that mention such mounds in the south, do not justify any such supposition. They tell us that the "great Chief" lived on the largest mound, and the minor chiefs on smaller mounds around or near this. It may be that each terrace represents a stage at which work on the structure ceased for an

[1]The writer is quite prepared—and resigned—to anticipate that this statement will be turned against him, to prove the Mound Builders identical with the Aztecs. But in spite of coincidences, and vigorous assertions, nothing has yet been discovered to prove more than a trading connection between the two peoples.

indefinite time. Afterward, when from any cause it was decided to carry it higher, the additional labor involved in carrying earth to such a height or distance, or the necessities of the occasion being not so great, it was, perhaps, thought preferable to resume operations on a reduced scale; to place a smaller mound on top of the larger, rather than to begin afresh on the surface and carry a new mound to the desired elevation. In such event, each successive diminution in area might represent a suspension of operations extending ever many years.

The other mounds in the American Bottom excel Cahokia in their combined mass; so we must at least double the amount of labor involved, as figured above.

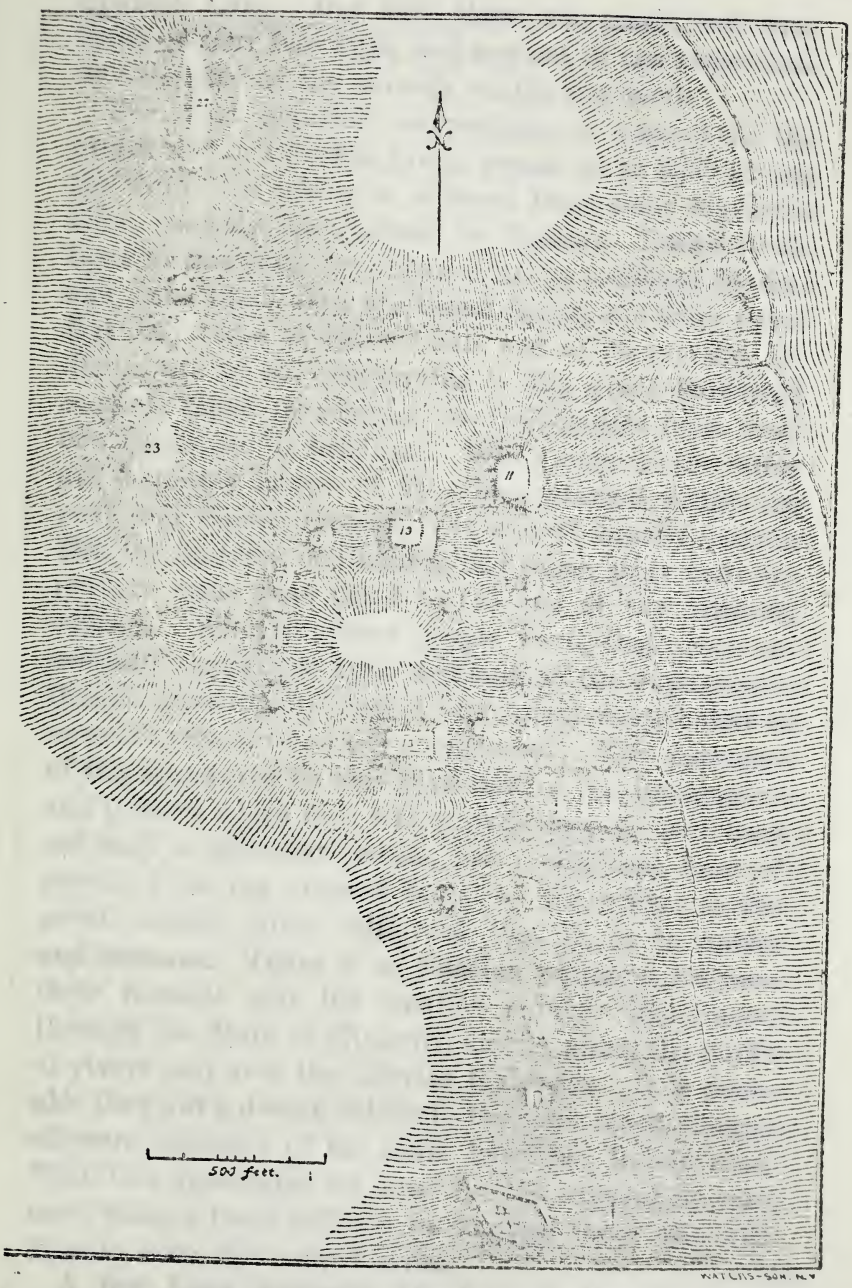
Clearly, then, a large population once occupied this site; and the period of occupancy no doubt reached over several centuries. It is not probable that more than one of these great piles would be under construction at the same time; nor that the work upon any of them would be hurried; nor even that it would be continuous, for explorations in mounds much smaller have shown that the construction was often interrupted, sometimes for months or years—long enough for bushes or even small trees to grow up. Moreover, fragments of pottery and other evidences of human industry have been unearthed in the fields around at a depth of nine feet, in such position and situation as to prove they lay on the natural surface at the time they were abandoned or thrown aside. This is the greatest depth to which excavations have been carried; perhaps future work will uncover remains still lower down. The accumulation above them is the result of flood deposits; and as relics entirely similar are found all the way up to or near the present surface, many centuries must have elapsed between the earliest and the latest dates at which this region was the scene of aboriginal activities.

Structures of the same class, though not so impressive, once existed on a portion of the ground now covered by Saint Louis. It is much to be regretted that all the latter have disappeared in the progress of improvement. The largest, at least, might well have been preserved as a monument to those who preceded us, and have served as the nucleus of a public park, of which we are now beginning to feel the need. But in its destruction we have only exercised the remarkable American faculty of proceeding upon the principle of "What's the difference; there's plenty more where that came from". Afterward, we mournfully shake our heads and lament in a perfunctory sort of way that "It is now too late".

Fortunately, Major Long made a survey of the Saint Louis group before it was defaced; a map from his drawing appears in the Smithsonian Report for 1861. These mounds were terraced and flat-topped, like those on the Illinois side of the river.

It may also be stated here that nearly all so-called "restorations" of mounds, whether in drawings or models, are incorrect and misleading. They are invariably represented too steep. In the first place, earth will not lie at the angle which is given to the slopes; in the next place, if it could so lie, it would be impossible for a man to ascend it even without anything to hamper him, not to speak of being burdened with a heavy load of earth.

The purpose of so many flat-topped mounds is still problematical. Those in question are usually supposed to have been intended as places of refuge from floods; but the same form existed on the west side of the river far above the highest water ever known. They must have been for permanent use. Two other mounds of this form are found in the vicinity of these groups; one on the bluff towards Collinsville, and one at the supposed site of the old Omaha settlement near



THE LONG MAP OF THE ST. LOUIS MOUNDS.

Number 27, is what was known as the Big Mound, and was relatively much farther north than here shown. It was 1463 feet north from Number 26.

Spanish Lake. But both these are small, not over three or four feet high, and are not of the same class or character as the mounds on the low land.

The most plausible supposition in regard to the origin of the Cahokia group seems to be that it was the work of a colony or offshoot from some Southern tribe, possibly the Choctaw or Natchez. Large structures of this form are common in the southern States; and some small ones are found far up the Ohio river. But only those at Saint Louis and at Evansville, Indiana, are at all comparable to the great truncated mounds found throughout the Gulf States from eastern Tennessee to Arkansas. While some of the latter are definitely known to have been erected within the past four hundred years, it is almost equally certain that the builders of Cahokia had taken their final departure some time prior to the end of the fifteenth century. Whoever these people were, they were essentially dependent upon agriculture for sustenance; though undoubtedly waters and forest contributed in no small measure to their commissary. The character of the structures no less than that of the implements and pottery which they left, proves them to have been not only a different people, but a different kind of people, from the nomads found by the whites in the great central valley—different, that is, as to habits and customs. There is no relation whatever between their mounds and the smaller mounds distributed through the State of Missouri, mainly along the bluffs of rivers and over the interior highlands. It is probable they did not even belong to the same stock, though all were branches of the same American Indian race. With this knowledge we must for the present be content; though there will not be wanting those who will dispute even this vague claim.

A few facts, however, are beyond dispute. We know from the mound groups that for a long period

there was a populous settlement of aborigines around Saint Louis. We also know that the Siouan tribes passed slowly through or over this region. But there is nothing in the migration legends of the latter to indicate that they found the former in possession, or took any notice of the remains they left. Nor have we any trace of an intervening tribe or settlement. It can also be stated with some degree of certainty that all these events preceded the coming of white men to the western continent.

At the same time, there are indications of a geological nature that the time of abandonment is not to set back into the "remote and immeasurable past" where some would put it. No fact is better known than the tendency of the Mississippi river to wind and twist about in the alluvial bottom lands, taking its course now to one bluff, now to the opposite. So with the Missouri. Owing to a change of this nature in the latter stream, the mouth of Grand river is now several miles from where it was a generation ago. The old town of Kaskaskia below Saint Louis was practically destroyed in 1884; and Saint Mary's, which until that year was an important steamboat landing, is now six miles from the main channel. Such changes have been taking place ever since the cessation of glacial floods. While there is no certain method of ascertaining the exact, or even the relative, time of these modifications in the past, it is safe to say that when one of these cut-offs is filled with silt nearly to the general level of the surrounding fields, and another contains a considerable depth of water throughout the year, the former is much the older; and the comparative recentness of the latter may be roughly estimated by the area and depth of water it contains.

The position of Horse-shoe lake above, and Pittsburg lake below East Saint Louis clearly indicates that at one time the main channel of the Mississippi

was along the foot of the Illinois bluffs; and the depression where its old bed is not yet entirely leveled by silts, interrupted here and there for miles by swamps, pools, and small lakes, would seem to point to a more recent age than the ground which is now closer to the river. In other words, there was a time when all the ground upon which East Saint Louis, and perhaps some of its sister towns, now stand, was joined to the Missouri shore. The gradual encroachment of the stream on each side of the isthmus of this peninsula, exactly as we may see it occurring today at many places along both the great rivers, finally cut through and straightened the channel to its present situation. When this happened, can not be even guessed; but it has been several centuries, because it would require some time for the old channel to fill up to the extent it has. And yet, the depth of water in the lakes mentioned prove that this change was much more recent than some others whose effects are still easily to the traced.[2]

[2]In Winsor's volume entitled "The Mississippi Basin," printed since this article was written, there is given on page 120 a reproduction of a portion of an old map to which no date is attached, but which was made after Kaskaskia and St. Mary's were settled. On this map St. Louis is not marked but "Kaokia" is; though whether this refers to the French or to the Indian town does not appear. A wide bayou is shown, extending directly eastward from the river to the point where Cahokia creek comes out of the bluffs. Then it turns southward and southwestward and after a course of several miles terminates near the river bank opposite a large island. Apparently the lower end had been filled by sediment from the river. In the same volume, on page 460, is reproduced a map by Thomas Hutchins in which this bayou is represented as being open from end to end. Cahokia is marked as an Indian village. The shape of the bayou is just such as that of others which now exist by the score at different points along the river, but it is very much narrower than the main stream. These maps prove very clearly that the ground all around East St. Louis has been much built up since white men first saw it; consequently it is easy to believe that several centuries earlier the entire river may have followed this course. Many such changes have taken place along the Mississippi within the last hundred years.

The mounds on the bluffs east of the Bottom are not of the same character or appearance of those in the Cahokia group; the little work that has been done in them has yielded remains which are not of the same nature as those found around the latter. They seem to be of the same type as those which are so numerous along the bluffs of the Illinois river; their position relative to the topography is the same, and all are different in this respect from the rectangular and flat-topped type found along Cahokia creek, and from those which formerly stood on the site of Saint Louis; the two latter groups agreeing in their main characteristics.

An interpretation of these facts would seem to be that the builders of the Cahokia and Saint Louis mounds came here from the south at a time when the land between Horse-shoe lake and Pittsburg lake was an extensive peninsula, joined to the Missouri shore. The river, cutting in on the north and the south of this great ox-bow curve, at last broke through and the people to the eastward, supposing them to have remained in their habitat until this occurred, were shut off from their neighbors on the west. If this change took place very gradually, probably the mere inconvenience of being thus isolated between a rapid stream on one side and a slough on the other, led them to remove from their homes; and not having sufficient room to establish new quarters where all could be together in this vicinity, they went elsewhere. On the other hand, if this change of channel was sudden, especially if it resulted in great damage or loss of life, their superstitious fears would lead them to forsake the entire region, presumably fleeing toward the south as it was easier to go in that direction than in any other. Analogous migrations from such causes have occurred many times within the historical period, in various parts of the world.

The Siouan tribes must have reached this region prior to the time of Columbus; the Mound Builders had gone before the former came. The size and number of their monuments shows they long lived on the spot, for the amount of tillable earth included within the peninsula which once was here, could not have supported a population sufficiently numerous to erect such piles of earth, in the Indian fashion, unless they resided for many generations on the same ground.

It must be understood, of course, that this is advanced only as a hypothesis, not as an explanation of anything. The Mound Builders may not have awaited any such alteration of the channel, and the peninsula in question may have continued to a subsequent date, and be the one referred to in the Siouan migration legend recorded by Dorsey, to which we will next turn our attention.

It will be observed in this legend that a "high mountain" stood on this "peninsula". The term is not applicable to any elevation in this region. May it not be that instead of "high mountain", the statement was originally "high mound", referring to the large structure of the group? If this interpretation be correct, then the Mound Builders were gone before the Sioux came; otherwise there would certainly have been some mention of them even if nothing more than to say they were encountered.

Missouri Indians of Siouan Origin.

Linguistic researches by various early students, and more recently by the Bureau of American Ethnology resulted in the unexpected discovery that the Siouan Indians—meaning not merely the Sioux tribe of the present day, but all who spoke dialects of their language—were formerly domiciled along the Atlantic Coast. Various tribes of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and at several points along the Gulf

Coast, who lived in those localities until driven away by the whites, were of this stock. They did not represent eastward migrations from the western plains; their more archaic forms of speech proved them the parent, or at least older, tribes. Whether there may once, in the remote past, have been a migration to the east which included all the Siouan stock, and this westward migration, of which they preserve an account in their legends, was the recoil of the wave, we can not tell. If the pristine settlement of America was along the Northwest Coast, as seems most probable, then it is likely that the ancestors of Siouan tribes in the east may have traversed the entire continent and overrun the country where their scattered remnants were found by the English. Be this as it may, the greater part of them, at some far-distant day, made their way to the westward, over the Alleghanies, and down the New and Kanawha rivers. They seem to have lingered long on the Ohio and Wabash, but all the time were slowly drifting in obedience to the migratory instinct.

Some excerpts from several writers will serve to enlighten the reader as to the movements involved. Not all investigators are cited; nor do the quotations given embody all the conclusions or statements of those from whom the references are taken. But it is not necessary to our purpose to enter more fully into details. Neither is any attempt made to arrange citations in chronological order, as some of later date refer to earlier events.

In the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, McGee says:—

(p. 191:—". . . the ancestors of the Omaha, Ponka, Kwapa, Osage, and Kansa, were originally one people dwelling on Ohio and Wabash rivers, but gradually working westward. The first separation took place at the mouth of the Ohio, when those who

went down the Mississippi became the Kwapa or Down-stream people, while those who ascended the great river became the Omaha or Up-stream people. This separation . . . preceded De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi.

"The Omaha group (from whom the Osage, Kansa, and Ponka were not yet separated) ascended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri, where they remained for some time . . . , then moved gradually up the latter stream."

(p. 192):—"When the Cehiga divided at the mouth of the Ohio, the ancestors of the Osage and Kansa accompanied the main Omaha body up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Osage river. There the Osage separated from the group, ascending the river which bears their name."

(p. 193):—"The Kansa remained with the Up-stream people in their gradual ascent of the Missouri to the mouth of the Kaw or Kansas, when they diverged westward; but they soon came in contact with inimical peoples, and, like the Osage, were driven southward. The date of this divergence is not fixed, but it must have been after 1723."

(p. 194):—"The Missouri were first seen by Tonty about 1670; they were located near the Mississippi on Marquette's map (1673) under the name of Ouemissourit, probably a corruption of their name by the Illinois tribe, with the characteristic Algonquian prefix. The name Missouri was first used by Joutel in 1687. In 1723 Bourgmont located their principal village 30 leagues below Kaw river and 60 leagues below the chief settlement of the Kansa; according to Croghan, they were located on the Mississippi river opposite the Illinois river in 1759. Although the early locations are somewhat indefinite, it seems certain that the tribe formerly dwelt on the Mississippi about the mouth of the Missouri, and that they gradually ascended the latter stream, remaining for a time between the Grand and Chariton rivers and establishing a town on the left bank of the Missouri near the mouth of the Grand. There they were found by French traders, who built a fort on an island quite near their village about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Soon afterward they were conquered

and dispersed by a combination of Sac, Fox, and other Indians; they also suffered from smallpox. On the division, five or six lodges joined the Osage, two or three took refuge with the Kansa, and most of the remainder amalgamated with the Oto."

The fort mentioned is Fort Orleans. Perhaps no one spot in Missouri has aroused more discussion, as to its exact locality. Some writers place it below the mouth of the Grand; others above. Some have it on an island, some on the main land. There is even difference as to which side of the river it was on. One reason for all this confusion is that the site was long ago washed away. Stipes, who carefully studied all the authorities, and was moreover quite familiar with the entire region thereabouts, concludes

"(1) that the Missouri Indians were located about the present site of Malta Bend as early as 1719, and (2) that Fort Orleans, established by Captain Etienne Venyard de Bourgmont, probably in 1723, stood on the opposite bank of the Missouri river from the Missouri village and at no great distance therefrom."

Probably all the trouble arises from the fact that copiers of old documents failed to distinguish between two villages of the Missouris, one on the north side of the Missouri river, near Grand river, the other on the south side, on the Petite Osage ("Teetsaw") Plains. The Indians moved from the former to the latter within the time during which all this history was being made.

To resume from McGee:—

(p. 195):—"In 1687 the Oto were on Osage river. La Hontan found them on the Osage in 1690."

(p. 196):—"The Mandan had a vague tradition of emigration from the eastern part of the country, and Lewis and Clark, Prince Maximilian, and others found traces of Mandan house-structures at various points along the Missouri; thus they appear to have ascended that stream before the advent of the Cehiga."

As to the last statement, it is true that the Mandans had traditions of ascending the Missouri in advance of other Siouan tribes; but the remains noted were only ordinary mounds, and were attributed to the Mandans by these travelers only because they did not know other Indians also built mounds within this territory. This is not to say the Mandans did not build mounds along the Missouri; merely, that some other tribes as well were addicted to the habit.

In the Third Annual Report of the Bureau, 1881-2, "Omaha Sociology", Dorsey says, on page 211:—

"When the ancestors of the Omahas, Ponkas, Osages, and several other cognate tribes traveled down the Ohio to its mouth, they separated on reaching the Mississippi. Some went up the river, . . . The rest went down the river. . . . The tribes that went up the Mississippi were the Omahas, Ponkas, Osages, and Kansas. Some of the Omahas remember a tradition that their ancestors once dwelt at the place where Saint Louis now stands; and the Osages and Kansas say they were all one people, inhabiting an extensive peninsula on the Missouri river."

It is also said that "On this peninsula was a high mountain". Dorsey supposes the locality to be in Saint Louis county. Several mounds are situated on top of the bluffs a short distance above the mouth of the Missouri, overlooking the Columbia Bottoms; one of them is low and flat-topped, like the council or assembly mounds rather common among various Indian tribes in modern times.

"Subsequently, these tribes ranged through a territory, including Osage, Gasconade, and other adjacent counties of the State of Missouri, perhaps most of the country lying between the Mississippi and the Osage rivers. The Iowas were near them; but the Omahas say that the Otos and Missouris were not known to them. The Iowa chiefs, however, have a tradition that the Otos were their kindred, and that both tribes,

as well as the Omahas and Poncas, were originally Winnebagoes. A recent study of the dialects of the Osages, Kansas, and Kwapas discloses remarkable similarities which strengthen the supposition that the Iowas and Otos, as well as the Missouris, were of one stock.

"At the mouth of the Osage river the final separation occurred. The Omahas and Ponkas crossed the Missouri, and, accompanied by the Iowas, proceeded [north]. . . . (note) . . . the Omahas and Ponkas never accompanied the Kansas and Osages beyond the mouth of the Osage river."

In the Society's collection is a photograph of Marquette's original map, made to accompany the report of his voyages in 1673 and later. On this, the Osages, Missouris, and Kansas, are marked in about the same localities where they are noted by later explorers, that is, at the mouth of the Osage, the Grand, and the Kaw.

Bradbury's Travels in the Interior of America (Thwaites's edition, 1904), has this note on page 56:—

"The Missouri Indians, from whom this river takes its name, were a prominent tribe of Siouan stock, who appear to have lived originally at the mouth of the river; but about the beginning of the eighteenth century they had moved up to this place [that is, near the mouth of Grand river, on the left bank of the Missouri], where their principal village was found by early French explorers. The Spaniards, alarmed by the alliance of these Indians with the French, sent an expedition against them, which was, however, betrayed into the hands of the savages and cut off to a man."

It is a singular fact that nearly every writer who has to record that an Indian gets the best of a fight or a bargain, is apparently compelled to attribute the victory to "treachery" or "betrayal." In this case, the Spanish commander came to the village of the

Missouris and went into camp nearby. Not knowing who they were, but seemingly taking it for granted they must be friendly to "our side", he set forth fully his intention of driving the French out of the country and bringing the Missouris under the sway of the Spanish, by force if necessary. Had the Indians been imbued with the proper story-book spirit, they would have sat around until daylight, waiting for the Spaniards to knock them in the head. Being treacherous savages, however, they preferred to "do unto others what others would do unto you, and do it first."[3]

Quoting Bradbury again:—

(p. 74, note,):—"The Oto Indians were once a powerful nation, an offshoot of the Missouri family. Their former village once stood upon the Missouri river not far from the city of Omaha. [Later] they retreated to the south side of the Platte river, about thirty miles above its mouth."

(p. 80):—"the Missouris are incorporated with [the Otoes]; they are their descendants and speak the same language. . . . A very considerable part of the surrounding country formerly belonged to the Missouris, who were once the most powerful nation on the Missouri river, but have been reduced by war and smallpox."

From French's Historical Collections of Louisiana (Appleton, 1851):—

(p. 62, note):—"The Missouris, . . . originally occupied the country at the junction of that river with the Mississippi. They were driven away by the Illinois in 1824, and have since joined the Otoes."

Royce, in the Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, "Indian Land Cessions", Plate

[3]Bandelier (Rept. of Hemenway Expedition) says this fight occurred on either the South Platte near Platte City, or on the main Platte near Omaha; and that the Pawnees and not the Missouris were the Indians involved.

CXLIV, shows the "Little Osage Village in 1805", on the south side of the Missouri, in Saline county, between Grand Pass and Malta Bend. The "Missouri Village in 1805", was located in the southwest corner of Chariton county, near the mouth of Grand river.

On a map dated 1763, which accompanies Charlevoix's Letters, of 1720, the village of the Missouris is shown as above Fort Orleans, and about the position of the Osage village as given by Royce.

From Elliott Coues' edition of Pike's Expedition in 1805-7, Harper, 1895, volume II:—

(p. 525-9):—"The Osage appear to have emigrated from the north and west; from their speaking the same language as the Kans, Otos, Missouries, and Mahaws, together with their great similarity of manners, morals, and customs, there is left no room to doubt that they were originally the same nation. . . . The Mahaws, Missouries, and Otos remained on the banks of the Missouri river . . . in reach of the Sioux who . . . have reduced the Mahaws . . . to a mere cipher, and obliged the Otos and Missouries to join their forces, so that these now form but one nation. The Kanses and Osages came further to the east." "The Little Osage separated from the Big Osage about 100 years since, when their chiefs, on obtaining permission to lead forth a colony from the great council of the nation, moved on to the Missouri; but after some years, finding themselves too hard pressed by their enemies, they again obtained permission to return."

In Thwaites's "Early Western Travels", volume XIV, S. H. Long's Expedition, 1819-20, page 229, it is recorded that Lewis and Clark held a council with the Otoes and Missouries at Council Bluffs in 1804. It is from this event that the place takes its name.

After the Revolutionary war, many vagrants and wanderers from various tribes both east and west, roamed over Missouri, until the increasing numbers of whites compelled them to move toward the

west. This condition is indicated in the annexed quotations:—

Thwaites, "Early Western Travels", volume XVII:—

(p. 41):—"A miserable remnant of the Shawnee, Delaware, and Peola [Peoria] tribes, with a few Chickasaws and Cherokees, were at this time [1820] scattered through the country, from the Mississippi at the mouth of Apple creek westward to the sources of the Black river."

Report of Jedidiah Morse to the Secretary of War, on Indian Affairs, 1822:—

"A part of this tribe [Shawnees], not many years since, migrated from their ancient residence on the east of the Mississippi, and planted themselves on a branch of the Merrimack river . . . about thirty miles northwest of the lead mines."

A great deal more, in detail, could be given in regard to the tribes mentioned, as well as to others which have at one time or another lived in Missouri. Such a task would require a considerable amount of research, extending over weeks or even months.

Mound Builders.

It is altogether probable that, omitting Cahokia and its cognate group at Saint Louis, all the mounds of central Missouri, especially along the bluffs of streams, are due to some of the divisions of the Siouan nation; and that the stone cists pertain to the Shawnees and perhaps to a small extent to the Delawares. The flint quarries and hematite mines may have been, probably were, worked by all Indians who ever had occasion to use the materials.

Field Work.

No mention is made herein of results of field work carried on during the summers of 1906 and 1907, along

the Missouri river. This has been published as a Bulletin by the Bureau of Ethnology (Washington),[4] and the complete report is thus accessible to all who are interested in such matters.

It may be stated, however, that in more than sixty mounds examined between the Gasconade and the Kaw, there was such similarity in their structure and contents as to indicate that all were due to the same people, and to a continuous and well-defined period of time; though there is nothing to judge from as to when or how long a time.

More Than One Stage of Culture.

A preliminary exploration of an old village-site at the "Pinnacles" in Saline county, at or very near the point where all authorities place the Missouris, disclosed the interesting fact that the relics found here are not at all like those found in the mounds along the Missouri. Whether this is because the remains belong to some unknown tribe, or to a settlement on the spot, earlier or later, of a historic or allied tribe, we can not as yet venture a guess. It is only one more problem requiring careful investigation and much study before a satisfactory conclusion can be reached. There are numerous places of which this is true.

[4]Antiquities of Central and Southeastern Missouri, by Gerard Fowke, Bulletin 37, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1910.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ACTOR.

By Charles A. Krone.

(Read at a meeting of the Society, 17 March, 1906.)

Continued from Volume III.

ACT THREE, SCENE TWO.

The next day I arrived at Louisville and the same ceremony with the passes took place. On the ferry landing a large mast had been erected from which a Union flag was floating in the breeze and as I looked upon that flag and recalled the occurrences at the Provost Marshal's office all seemed to me a dream. The next morning my first trip was to the theatre and before the day had ended I was re-engaged. A French pantomime actress Mlle. Zavistowski said to be a great favorite at the theater Porte St. Martin in Paris was playing "The French Spy", in which she has a fierce and very difficult short sword combat with a desert Arab. The man who played the Arab was deficient in sword practice and so I was engaged to fill his place. Handbills were got out immediately in which I was announced to appear the next night. The house was filled and on my entrance I was greeted with cheers and several rounds of applause. The part was rendered to the French lady's satisfaction and she said I played it "like French actor" and invited me to her dressing room where she treated me to beer and cigars.

Although the city was cast into fear and dismay on several occasions by false rumors of attacks, negro uprisings, etc., it was without any serious concern on my part, for I was in my element again with plenty to do and a fair salary. Hosts of soldiers were marching

in and out continually and the business was excellent. The correspondents and officers who made their headquarters here at various times were first class patrons of the drama and friendly to actors which enabled me to come in contact with some of the celebrities of that period such as Gen, Rousseau, Gen. Buell, Gen. Palmer, besides numerous captains and colonels. This season, in spite of the many inconveniences resulting from a state of war promised to be both amusing and instructive. My leisure time was spent in visiting the many good friends I had made and in moonlight walks with my intended on the magnolia and linden tree bordered thoroughfares of the town; and so for me, the sky seemed to be filled with fiddles and banjos.

The season progressed with the usual run of stars but the company had grown inferior on account of the numerous theatres that had been opened in the various camps where many ambitious youths were starring as Othello and MacBeth who lately had been satisfied with John to say: "The carriage waits." Eastern actors generally were afraid to venture anywhere near the seat of war on account of the unsettled condition. John Nefie, the tragedian came and appeared as Brutus in Julius Ceasar. I was cast for Cassius and labored through the long part smoothly and without hesitation which is all I can say for it on that score, but as I only weighed 145 pounds and was 5 ft. 10 in. in height I filled the bill for the lean and hungry Cassius if nothing more.

Burlesques upon the war were also not wanting. An army of pilgrims in which no two men were permitted to wear the same style of uniform had a camp on the outskirts of the town to which they would march in the evening with feather beds strapped on their backs and bottles of whiskey protruding out of every coat pocket; hams slung to their sides instead of swords, wooden guns six feet long on their shoul-

ders, and faces savagely bearded and grotesquely masked. On an afternoon a grand parade was announced on the courthouse square, and among the many comicalities there was a wooden cannon thirty feet long bestrided by some half dozen fierce whiskered gunners, and a savage looking army surgeon with a meat saw at his saddle and a very long stomach pump girded on his side for a sword was prancing along on a mule. After the victory at Belmont, however, these fooleries gradually ceased and when the danger approached as near as Fort Donelson in the Spring, there was no more joking about the war. Besides, several anticipated attacks upon the city by General Buckner, who at one time was within forty miles of the town, raised some excitement for awhile, but the late victories had restored confidence, greenbacks had begun to circulate, and the two theatres were nightly filled with soldiers and strangers from every part of the land. Many actors had enlisted in the army and navy. One night while a regiment passed the theatre on its way south a bearded soldier fully equipped and bespattered with mud came to the stage door and shouted my name. I came but could not recognize him upon which he said: "It is I, not Hamlet, but Bill Sheridan, the soldier. I heard you were here so I left the ranks to shake hands with you." Then pressing my hand he said: "I haven't a moment to spare Charley but I hope we will meet again in peace to play together once more. God bless you." And he hurriedly left. This was Wm. Sheridan who after the war starred in Shaksperian roles with considerable success.

It was during this season that the peace convention at Frankfort framed what was known as the Crittenden Compromise, and our company was sent there to perform while the convention lasted. I was present at one of their sessions during a hot debate. The

weather was unusually warm and most of the members sat in their shirt sleeves. Tom Marshall, a famous lawyer of that period, who still had his coat on, and wishing to cool off, at the moment of a very loud and excited harangue between two members, suddenly arose and quickly jerked off his coat and laid it on the back of his chair, and while everybody's attention was drawn towards him by this sudden movement, he drew a very large silvermounted meerschaum pipe from his coat pocket, upon which nearly every member made a desperate rush through the door into the street, whilst he stood looking after them in dumb astonishment and wonder. When the crowd heard that Marshall had not drawn a revolver but his meerschaum pipe to save it from injury, their merriment was as great as their terror had been and all returned to their seats.

Another episode occurred one night which almost terminated in a tragedy. Marshall was making a speech in the rotunda of the Capitol Hotel and amusing his hearers with ridiculous and sarcastic jokes about the German Unionists, and said that in the retreat at Bull Run the Dutch had left a streak of sour kraut behind them that reached from Richmond to Washington City. Upon this one of our musicians who had fought on the barricades in Germany in 1848 rushed towards him and drew his revolver to kill him, when the bystanders seized him and after a hard struggle got the weapon from his grasp.

The season closed during the first week of July after which the company played a few nights across the river in Jeffersonville and New Albany, Ind., and thus, having finished my third season in Louisville, I left for St. Louis.

On my arrival I found that the excitement and turmoil of war at home was similar to that of Louisville but it was managed with more order and dis-

cipline. The past theatre season had been unsuccessful; however, the future promised to be good, as orders for military equipments and the commissary departments were coming in rapidly.

One afternoon while walking up Olive street between 6th and 7th I heard a volley of musketry, and the next instant an Italian with ashy pale features distorted by terror came tottering towards me and fell at my feet crying, "Oh God, the Germans are killing the Americans!" I hurried towards 7th street where I found a battalion of Home Guards in line fronting the Recorders Court, which was then held in the second story of the present Engine house No. 6. The excited officers were rushing up and down the line with drawn swords throwing back the guns of the soldiers who were preparing to send a second volley into the building. The porch had been densely crowded with men at the first fire while viewing the troops who with their caps and arms decorated with oak leaves had just returned from service in the interior of the State. It was believed that while resting one of their guns had been accidentally discharged, upon which, suspicioning that another attack was to be made upon them like that of Camp Jackson and Walnut street, they fired, killing several men and wounding many. The soldiers gloomy and pale, with compressed lips and staring eyes glared upon the removal of the dead, until they were aroused by the command to march. This object lesson in civil war gave small hope for the success of the theatre in a city where camps and barracks were everywhere, and the drilling, departing and arrival of troops were going on night and day. However, as my being a soldier was out of question, I called on DeBar who was willing to engage me, but who complained bitterly about the hard times and his inability to pay decent salaries under present conditions. Notwithstanding, I engaged with him at a

salary of $12.00 per week with the condition that he would raise me as the business improved. He was very much opposed to the war and by his frequent repetition of the phrase "Might now, is Right, my boy", it was easy to see that his sympathies were with the South. Such also was the case with his company with the exception of one man, an old Scotchman. I was told that this man had been ridiculed by some of the young members of the company for wearing a large Union badge on the lapel of his coat. Upon which he reported whatever southern sentiments he had heard in the dressing rooms and around the theatre to the proper authorities, where upon the whole party including Ben DeBar were cited before the Provost Marshal, who, however, discharged them without giving them any further trouble.

Every male resident of the city who had attained the proper age and possessed the physical requirements was compelled to join the Home Guards, and consequently the actors were included in the number. By some means or other those of the two theaters, DeBar's and the Varieties, together with the performers of other inferior establishments, managed to have themselves placed in the same company, by which means they expected to be more readily excused from performing such duties as clashed with their business. I was exempted on account of a slight hurt received in early childhood, and which never in the least inconvenienced me. The company was ordered on a certain afternoon to report at headquarters in Wyman's Hall, opposite the court house. I stood at the corner of Market street as this novel company without uniforms, guns or music marched up the street. Each man shouldered a rattan cane; a red cotton handkerchief tied to a stick served as a banner, and in place of fife and drum they all whistled the "Rogue's March" until they halted before the headquarters. The lieutenant of

the company with a large red sash slung over his shoulder and wearing a sword, the only weapon in the company, rushed upstairs into the Provost Marshal's office, where he found a soldier writing at a table, where, as he subsequently told me, the following short and emphatic dialogue took place: "Well; and who are you?" the soldier gruffly asked. "Lieutenant Hawkins, sir, of Co. So and So, and I have come to report as ordered," the Lieutenant replied somewhat nettled by the gruff manner with which he had been received. After a long and painful pause the soldier enquired, "Where is the company?" "Below, sir," was the answer, upon which the soldier strode towards the window, opened it and looked out upon the company in the street and a large and laughing crowd that had assembled around them. Another long and painful pause ensued while the soldier earnestly viewed the scene below. The lieutenant was getting impatient and asked, "What am I to do with the men?" to which the soldier replied, "Tell them to go to hell and you go with them!" slammed down the window and returned to his writing. "All right," the lieutenant replied, and reported the order to the company, who again struck up the "Rogue's March," and returned to their quarters amid the cheers and applause of the by-standers.

After a short time the company received uniforms and arms, which completed the joke, for their existence could not have had any purpose but that of fulfilling the law. I never saw them doing anything but parade the streets as corporal's guards to arrest those that were unprovided with a pass, and frightening the timid *a la* Pistol and Bardolph with high sounding theatrical speeches and burlesque bayonet charges. In short, they would have furnished plots for the best of modern comic operas. Two of the actors had been cunning enough to evade the law and also their military col-

leagues. To capture these men all the actors' lodging and boarding-houses were searched and ransacked.

Failing to find their prey after inspecting trunks, beds, and the pantries, the guns were stacked in a corner of the room and the landlord sent for a pitcher of beer, upon which they sat around a table singing,

> "Then let me the cannikin clink, clink, clink!
> Then let me the cannikin clink! Life's but a span,
> A soldier's a man, then let a soldier drink."

And during all this time the object of their search was upon the roof hiding behind the chimney. This military business gave them the finest opportunities to play off their customary practical jokes, and be assured they made the most of it.

The season opened in September, and as far as I can remember, with the following company: Thomas Conner, leads; Chas. A. Krone, heavies; Geo. Mitchell, old men; Ben DeBar, Wm. Smith and John Barrett, comedians; Jas. Sherry, juveniles; Con Murphy, singing parts; Michael Slevin, old men; and W. Melmer, Bickle, Hamilton, Banks, etc., for general business. The ladies were as follows: Charlotte Wyett, leads; Emma Maddern, chambermaids; Ella Maddern and Mary Maddern, walking ladies; and Mrs. Mary Barrett, Fielding and others, general business. Leon Pomarede and John Hilliker painted the scenery when required, but were not steadily engaged; Walter Butts attended to the Properties and Mrs. Purcelle to the Wardrobe, and Chas. Keller was the call-boy, but was afterwards promoted to the position of prompter, which he held for many years. Notable in the company were Thomas Conner, the leading man, and Wm. Smith, the comedian, both excellent and popular actors; and Charlotte Wyett, an English actress of merit who had won the public by her intelligent and heart felt renditions, and Emma Maddern, who with her sprightly

manner, charming appearance and vocal powers was the favorite of the hour.

The discipline of the stage had begun to relax like most other things at that time, and actors without the sense of personal duty and honor did pretty much as they pleased and were the occasion of much trouble to managers. The temptation for drink was also enhanced by the contact with strangers, soldiers and all-night revelries that were going on in concert halls, beer caves with uniformed waiter girls in attendance, and the masquerades and can-can dances that were produced at the Varieties then reopened by Geo. Deagle. Besides, all the gambling houses were wide open, and much of the scum of the land of both sexes had come hither to reap their harvest. Plenty of money was pouring in fast in the shape of *shin plasters,* that is, paper money ranging upward from a five cent bill, represented by a two-inch square piece of paper, to a thousand dollar note, all of which, in time, had the moral effect of making one think this money no better than the rag it was represented by, and it was spent accordingly.

Thomas Conner had the misfortune to be what is termed a periodical drunkard, but being a good all around actor and very popular, the management could not do without him. There were others in the company that previously had never been known to overstep the bounds of sobriety, but who now were unable to withstand the temptations which were offered by the unrestrained sociability of the times.

Business improved from day to day as new troops and strangers arrived, and with them the rage for amusement increased at the same ratio. I felt myself secure, the future was full of hope and as I had saved a few hundred dollars, I determined to put into execution the plan I had cherished during the past two years, and so on the 12th of October, 1862, my intended, who

had arrived from Louisville, and myself were married by the Rev. Wall of St. Marcus Church. As no fitting domicile could be found for my reception, I had made arrangements for the present to board with a Mrs. Heineman, who kept a very fine place on the corner of Fourth and Elm, so on the night of my marriage, after spending some hours with my family, my wife and I proceeded on our wedding journey to the aforesaid boarding house. The moon was shining brightly, and a poor stray dog followed us all the way, fawning and springing around us in a joyful manner until we reached our lodging. My wife said that this was a good omen and indicative of good luck. I sincerely hoped so, and that my salary would be raised. Several old acquaintances were met in this house, among them Patrick Gleason, the treasurer of the theater, and it was here that for the first time I met Dr. P. S. O'Reilly, that well known and generous gentleman and sincere patron of the drama, who then was studying medicine.

The third day after my wedding, the leading man was indulging in one of his protracted sprees and failed to show up at the rehearsal of "Fazio," with Miss Jane Coombs as the star. DeBar asked me to study the long blank verse leading part for that night, which I knew would be an impossibility, and so I refused. He become very angry and said I must do it. I replied that I would not, and he left me in a great rage. These were the first and last angry words that passed between us during fifteen years of my stay with him. After awhile he came and told me that Mr. Sherry would do it, and with a triumphant air, added, "Egad, he *can* do it!" and I denied that he was able for the task. Night came and when he entered on the scene with the star he drew the book from his bosom and read the part, at which Miss Coombs began to cry like a child and complained to DeBar, whom I reminded of what I had told him that morning; upon which he

replied: "Egad, he's deceived me." He then asked me if I would play the "Stranger" the following night, and I consented. I walked the floor all night studying the long part, and played it the next, after which I walked the floor again until four o'clock in the morning studying Matthew Elmore, and the third night I received another dose in Sir Chas. Pomander to keep me awake until morning, and all this during the first week of my marriage, and I began to think it a very comical commencement of my Honey Moon.

The next week a combination of stars consisting of Jas. Wallack, Ed Davenport and Mrs. Farren was announced and there was a prospect of rest for me, since I had played everything in my line with these parties, and the leading man had turned up at last. For a day or two all was right, but when Julius Caesar was rehearsed, in which he was cast for Mark Anthony, he again failed to appear and I studied the part for that night. Before the curtain rose DeBar informed the audience what had happened, that I would go on for the part at short notice, and assured them that his leading man should never appear again in his theater, and he kept his word. I was called before the curtain after the funeral scene, and DeBar was in high glee that I had helped him, and on salary day I found an extra $10.00 bill enclosed in my envelope. I had made a record with him that was to ensure me a steady engagement as long as I desired.

Jas. Carden succeeded Conner as leading man. He was a steady, sober and efficient general actor who became very popular and remained with us the rest of the season. About this period the old time honored custom of charging only 50 cents admission to the dress circle was raised to 75 cents, orchestra seats $1.00, the second tier from 35 to 50 cents; the gallery remained at 25 cents, likewise the pit. The pit was an institution peculiar to DeBar's theater, and occupied that part

of the house which today is known as the parquette. As it was on the first floor and reached from the door to the orchestra seats, its cheap admission, and the facility with which one could hear and see, made it the favorite resort for the young people of the town, who during the intermission of the acts were allowed to amuse themselves by cracking jokes and eating peanuts. Saturday night was the gala night of these roysterers, on which occasion they often afforded the public as much amusement as the performers. As they were well acquainted with the plays they had seen so often, they were a terror to the actor who made a blunder, and especially to the beginner, for whom they had no mercy until he had shown his fitness for the vocation. He was made to understand that he was individually responsible for what he did, to exert the utmost care and diligence or be exposed to jeers and ridicule, and I think, this was a better means of education than all the so-called dramatic schools in the country. Any indecorum on the part of an actress who became too sprightly or made an unseemly gesture, was hailed with jeers and mock applause, if not with hisses. The men who affected a conceited and foppish air were treated in the same manner.

It was from the pit, also, that the noisy ovations were started when the generals and popular military men entered the theater and took seats in a box in the second tier. No matter what was going on on the stage, the cheers and applause at sight of these were such as made it impossible to proceed. Consequently a pause would be made by the actors, the orchestra strike up "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances," whilst shouts would rend the air and handkerchiefs were waved from the circles. One night several high officers arrived, I do not remember the names, but I am pretty certain that Gen. Grant was of the party. After they were seated

and the customary noisy demonstrations had subsided, General Rosecrans slyly entered and evidently tried to sneak to his seat unobserved, so as to avoid public notice. However, some boy in the gallery had espied him and shouted to those below, "Rosy is here." A terrible racket again interrupted the scene on the stage, whilst shouts of "Rosy," "Rosy," "Face the music, Rosy," etc., came from the pit. The generals were enjoying the fun and with laughter drew him to the front of the box, where "Rosy" poked his benignant face from behind the curtain and with a broad grin nodded to the boys as if to say, "It's all right, lads," and amidst a loud roar of laughter speedily withdrew to his back seat.

This noisy and enthusiastic pit audience was separated by a low railing from the orchestra seats, which were occupied by a no less interested but a more sedate company, which consisted chiefly of professional or literary men, reporters, merchants, artists and men of leisure. On the first night of a new play, the actors were wont to peep through the curtain hole anxious to see who occupied the front seats, and if the well known faces of Britton Hill, Krum, Taylor, Finney, Ennis, Cheek, Franklin, McBride, Johnson, Meeker, and Garrett were present, the warning went around to "look sharp," as the critics were in front. If the play proceeded without any applause from that quarter it was considered a sure sign that something was wrong, whereas, the sharp rattle of their canes upon the floor assured us that things were getting on fairly.

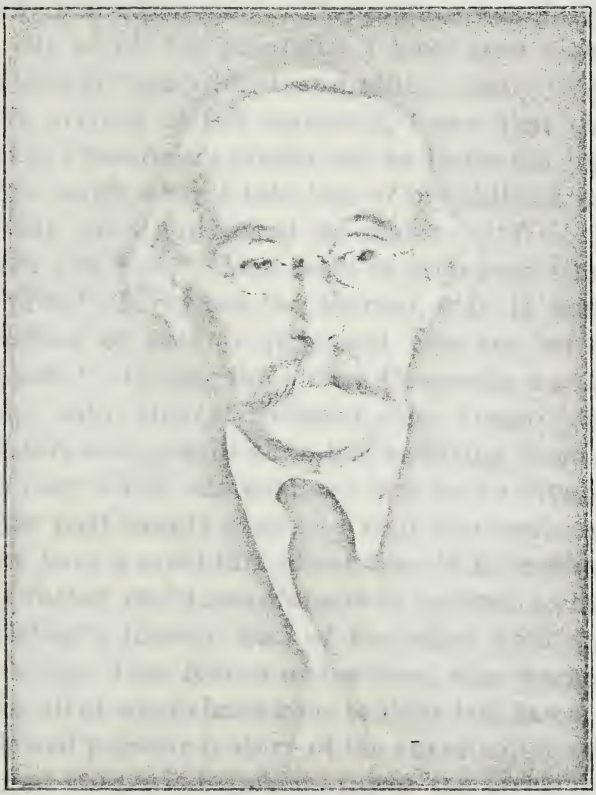
The gallery as a rule was the resort of the boys. The country men also seemed to prefer this high and isolated position from where they could look down upon the entire audience and rest their feet cased in dirty boots upon the balustrade until the cry of "Boots," "Boots," from below and a punch from the bouncer's cane awoke them from their revery. The

dress and family circle as usual were occupied by the fashionable and well-to-do citizens with their families, who also enjoyed the extra exhibitions of fun. The theater of those days was patronized by all classes of the community from the lowest to the highest, and special caste theaters, as there are at present, were unknown to the American people, and where they had been attempted, as in the case of "Field's Varieties," they were certain of a dismal failure.

During the month of November, I left the boarding house and moved to the N. E. corner of Carondelet Ave., now Broadway, and Soulard street, where I had engaged two rooms with a kitchen and an attic, and I felt as if I had a home once more. No time was lost in surrounding myself with the best of books and a gun and fishing tackle to be used in the Illinois Bottoms, which still contained some game and was a comparative wilderness. For household pets a dog and a cat and a young crow and a racoon were obtained, and when my leisure permitted me I rowed across the Mississippi and hunted or fished. The greater part of the company were also fond of these sports, and during the fall, on Sundays or idle days, our party could be found on the banks of the Cahokia or Canteen creek to fish or hunt. Among these sportsmen our treasurer, Patrick Gleason, stood pre-eminent as the man who "killed" more fish than the rest. He never said "I caught a fish," but "killed" him, and every one he killed was duly weighed with a pair of small silver mounted scales he carried in his pocket and its weight registered in a book. He was a cheerful and kind hearted man and beloved by all who knew him, and he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of Ben DeBar for his probity and honesty, during many years of service. It was a matter of surprise to his friends that a man of such kindly disposition never got married until it was accidently discovered that from his small

salary he not only supported himself, but two maiden sisters he had left in Ireland. During the seventies he quit the theater to take the position of clerk in a hotel at Lake Montauk, where he expected to live at more ease and indulge his favorite passion of "killing fish." After a few years, however, he returned to St. Louis apparently to re-enter his former position of treasurer. I met him one day as he was coming out of the box-office of the theater, and upon my expressing pleasure of his return to his old post he replied, "Oh, Char-les, Char-les, I wouldn't take it again for all the money in the world: Tell me, what are things coming to here, anyhow?" When I asked him what was the matter, his reply was, "Oh, nothing: This is no place for me any more. I am going back to Minnesota." He returned to Lake Montauk, where he died a few years ago.

Another old citizen of note connected with DeBar's Theater was the artist Leon Pomarede, a Frenchman, who came to St. Louis in the early 40's and opened a studio and a shop on the N. W. corner of Olive and Second streets. I well remember the large sign over the door of the shop fronting on Second street and the wonder and admiration I felt when I gazed upon the brilliantly colored melons, oranges and various fruits that were painted on that sign and gracefully entwined about his name with the announcement, "Ornamental sign and fresco painter." His studio for higher work was a small room that fronted on Olive street, where I have often watched him through the door while he was painting a life sized picture of the Goddess of Liberty and from which my boyish mind received its first impression of the glory and spirituality of art. On my way to the German parish school I never failed to stop at Phillips Hall music store, where an oil painting by Pomarede representing Judith with the gory head of Holofernes in one hand and a bloody sword



LEON POMAREDE.

in the other was on exhibition in the large show window. A huge bible, the reading book of my school, which I carried in a strap, was thrown upon the ground when I reached the window, and I stood upon it to get a better view of the heroic Jewess with her pale and noble features and her flowing dark hair, which struck me with awe and admiration. The picture was finally removed, but of all the paintings I have seen since, none ever took my fancy like that Judith. Many years after, when arrived at full manhood, I saw that picture again in Pomarede's studio and he broke out into a boisterous laugh when I told him of my childish experience with his Judith, and he added: "Well, it won't affect you now. Your taste is improved since then." "Yes," I replied, or blurted, "It is hard to say whether or not my judgment was not better then than now." During the sixties Pomarede was in partnership with Henry Hillicker, the fresco and scenic painter, who is still alive but suffering from a spinal disorder which has confined him to an invalid chair for the past twenty years. I visit him occasionally and we have a good talk about the old time when he and his father and Leon Pomarede painted scenes for Ben DeBar's theater, and of the other painters, Laidlaw, Lesley, Tom Noxon and others, who worked in St. Louis, all of whom have gone to their last home.

A notable and popular feature of the surroundings of the theater at the period spoken of, was the tavern or saloon opposite, known as Farmer's saloon, which to the actors, reporters and *quidnuncs* of the town was what the Boar's Head Tavern was to that guild in Shakespeare's time, and in place of Capt. Pistol, Nym and Lieut. Bardolph, we had Chicken John, a philosophical Scotchman, a retired West Point Captain, and a worn-out New York critic and pamphleteer, all of whom had been and were still more devoted to Gin Cocktails than to their professions; good fellows who in spite of their

intelligence would have gone to the dogs in "piping times of peace," but in the present turmoil of war managed to live and make the welkin ring with their wit and eccentricities. Restaurant, billard room, bar, tables and chairs for guests, and even the kitchen and the fat cook, were all contained in one large room. Here the three above mentioned worthies would sit around a table and discuss politics, and after a few cocktails drift into poetry, when quotations and recitations were delivered to the laughing crowd that surrounded them, and who plied them with more drinks until calls for a song was made, upon which one of the party, with broken and husky voice, would sing: "When Twilight dews are falling"; his two partners meanwhile wiping the tears from their eyes, and the bystanders laughing and applauding. When the hour for closing had come at night and any of the guests had gone asleep at the tables, the landlord had three ways of awakening them. The first was to give them a hearty shake and a kind invitation to leave. If this proved unsuccessful, the edge of a steel spring was snapped on the outer edge of the ear, and if this failed a large dinner bell was rung over their head, and if they still persisted, the last resort, a long pewter squirt gun filled with stale beer was applied to the ear into which a heavy stream was injected, and this latter procedure never failed to have the desired effect.

(*Continuation to follow.*)

NOTES.

The French and Spanish Archives. The Municipal Assembly of St. Louis has passed an ordinance placing in the custody of the Missouri Historical Society the papers known as the French and Spanish Archives. They consist of deeds, marriage contracts, wills, inventories, commercial contracts, powers of attorney and miscellaneous documents, something over three thousand in number. They range in point of time from 1766 to 1804. The wills and marriage contracts furnish the means, taken in connection with the church registers, of tracing the genealogies of most of the early inhabitants of St. Louis. In the deeds the buildings upon the land conveyed are described with particularity, so making possible a correct picture of the ancient village. These documents have never been carefully studied. Nearly all of them have been translated and recorded in both original and translation, but the Recorder's Office has been unable to furnish facilities for their study, except so far as they relate to land ownership. It is the purpose of the Historical Society to have them indexed and made accessible to students as soon as is possible, and it is hoped that they will receive the attention which they merit.

The Early Church Registers. The work of transcribing and indexing the Church Registers of baptisms, marriages and funerals kept at St. Louis, Kaskaskia and Florissant, and what remains of those of Cahokia, before 1804, which has been under way for several years is approaching completion. It is expected that in a short time these transcripts, with full indexes, will be accessible to the public.

The Registers of Ste. Genevieve, St. Charles and Portage des Sioux are necessary to complete the record of early Missouri, and it is the intention to have these also transcribed and indexed as soon as the means at the disposal of the society will allow.

The Chicago Historical Society promises the publication of the Registers of Ste. Anne de Fort Charles, and the State of Alabama will publish this year those of Colonial Mobile, which will include many names identified with Missouri. The Registers kept at Mackinac have already been published by the Wisconsin Society. The work done and in progress will, no doubt, arouse such interest in these invaluable documents as will cause the publication of others from time to time until the whole work is completed. For any complete history of the settlement and early life of the people of the great commonwealths of the Mississippi Valley, these Registers are indispensable.

The Late Dr. WJ McGee: By the death of Dr. McGee, which occurred at Washington, 4 September, 1912, the Missouri Historical Society has lost a valued member.

Dr. McGee was born in Dubuque County, Iowa, 17 April, 1853. His early life was passed upon his father's farm with little opportunity for education, but his desire for learning was so great that with little aid from teachers he studied Latin, higher mathematics, astronomy and surveying. He also read law. He was engaged in land surveying and justice court practice from 1874 to 1876. From 1875 to 1877 he gave much time to the study of archaeology and geology, and in 1881, he made geologic and topographic surveys of Northeastern Iowa. This work is said to be the most extensive of its kind ever executed in America without public aid. Soon after this he became con-

nected with the U. S. Geological Survey, and from that time until his death he rendered to the public in the various governmental bureaus most valuable service. His writings for government and other scientific publications are much thought of by students.

During his residence in St. Louis he was active in the work of the Historical Society and delivered a number of interesting and valuable addresses at its meetings.

One who knew him well has characterized him as follows:

"Knowing Dr. McGee's reputation as an archaeologist, ethnologist and geologist, one expected to find him a rather dry scientist, remote in manner and lacking in the warm human qualities. But upon meeting him, one found instead, that he was broadly human, very genial in manner, and having the rare quality of giving everything he touched upon a vital interest. He would take up a casual remark made in conversation and develop it with an illuminative understanding which was most complimentary to the speaker. He made those with whom he was talking conscious of the fact that they interested him, and through his own interpretation of what one said gave a value to it. He applied his knowledge to life and to people with a rare comprehension of both. He was always kindly and sympathetic, helped thereto, no doubt, by his unusual experiences among both savage and civilized peoples, and he was equally at home with the unlearned as with his brother scientists. His learning was never oppressive. His philosophy was a happy one, insisting upon seeing the bright side of things both for himself and for others. The recollection of delightful evenings spent in his company is a treasured possession."

Dr. McGee's manner of writing his name attracted attention and comment. He explained it by saying that he was without a *praenomen* or Christian name; that

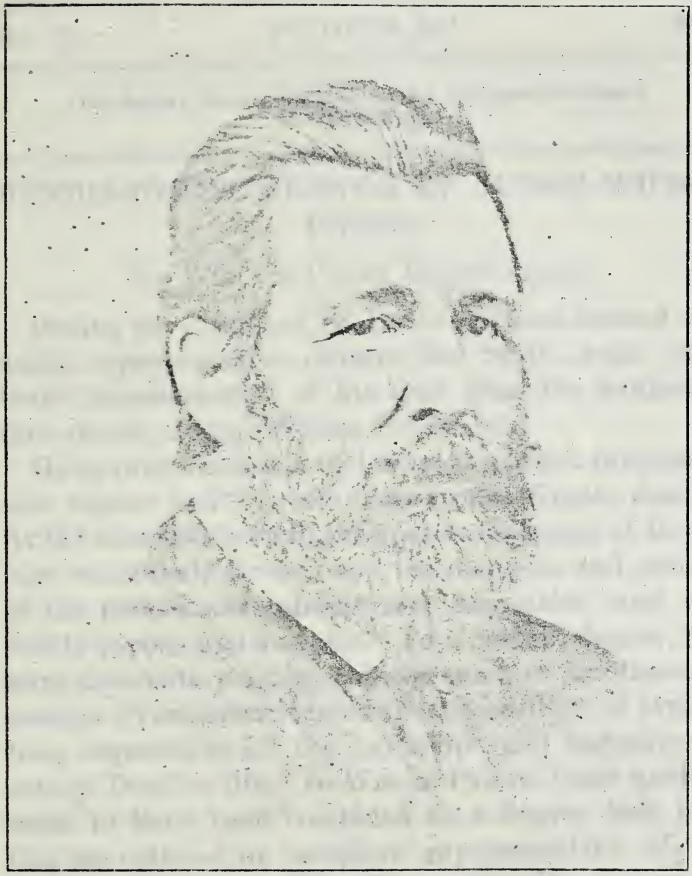
his parents delayed naming him, and that he came to be called WJ without those letters having any verbal significance.

The Society's First Venture in Bookmaking: The Missouri Historical Society has been enabled, by the generosity of a member whose thoughtful kindness is unfailing, to publish its first book—*A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in 1839,* written by Dr. F. A. Wislizenus, and first issued, in German, in St. Louis in 1840. The publication by the Society is a translation of the original book into English; the translation being the work of the author's son, Frederick A. Wislizenus, Esq., who also contributed a sketch of his father's life. The map which accompanied the original is reproduced, and a portrait of the author is added. The book throughout is a St. Louis product, and the mechanical execution is of a high class, not unworthy of the text. Should this volume be received with favor, it is the purpose to follow it with others, perhaps one or two each year. The Collections will be continued, and it is hoped that the Society will, before long, be able to issue them quarterly, as was the original intention.

The Death of Walter J. Blakely. Mr. Walter J. Blakely, the author of the sketch of MacGahan printed in this number of the Collections, died suddenly at his home in St. Louis, on 7 October, 1912, after his article was in type.

Mr. Blakely, like his friend MacGahan, was of Ohio birth. He came to St. Louis in 1863, at the age of twenty. He had studied at St. Vincents Benedictine College in Pennsylvania before coming to St. Louis, and here he continued his studies at St. Louis University. He was active in literary and dramatic circles, and was one of the founders of the McCullough

Dramatic Club, which was an institution worthy of remembrance. Mr. Blakely was also a member of the Papyrus Club, and he served as president of the St. Louis Gymnasium and of the Audubon Society. He was a genial, warm hearted man, with a quick and kindly wit, and ready and helpful sympathy. He left many friends who will long sincerely mourn his loss..



From an old photograph.

Wilson Primm

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THE SOCIETY DISCLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY FOR VIEWS EXPRESSED BY CONTRIBUTORS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JUDGE WILSON PRIMM.

By WILLIAM CLARK BRECKENRIDGE.

During her existence, St. Louis has been blessed with many representative citizens but with none more truly representative of his time than the subject of this sketch, Judge Wilson Primm.

He sprung from one of the most ancient families of this region and was of almost pure Creole descent. At the time of his birth the spoken language of the village was chiefly French and the manners and customs of the people were simple and hospitable and eminently joyous and sociable. To a certain degree, they were also enterprising, courageous and ambitious, as became Frenchmen located on the borders of civilization, exposed to all the hardships and dangers of a savage frontier life. In Wilson Primm these qualities seem to have been combined to a degree that made him an epitome or complete representative of that happy, primitive and hardy people. His nature was rich in those fine sensibilities that made him sympathetic with all that was sweet, tender, sentimental and pathetic. His smile, voice, sympathy, expression and manner could be and often were like the tenderest woman's, and then again, when occasion provoked it, all this would become converted into a dash, a passion, a courage, that were adequate for any emergency of resentment, redress or danger. His soul was full of music and eloquence and he excelled in the

divine art that alone, it is said, accompanies the spirit into the hereafter, as well as in the speech that delights and overpowers here. These traits and accomplishments made him society's favorite and a popular citizen.

His special gifts and capacities were cultivated and developed by the best means which this region, in the days of his youth, afforded. With an analytical mind, keen perceptions and a wonderful grasp of any subject, his writings were couched in the most forcible and elegant language, and written in a clear, scholarly hand without erasures or interlineations. He always regarded with pity any one who "stuttered in his writing."

His mother, his grandmother, and his greatgrandmother all lived in St. Louis and had seen its steady rise and progress from its Founding. The span of their lives covered stupendous changes in human affairs especially in the Valley of the Mississippi. Marvelous transformations in this region had taken place before their very eyes and they and theirs had helped to bring them about. True pioneers, they were proud of their race and of their work. From them he imbibed the Spirit of St. Louis and to the full took a pride in his native place. The Spirit of its Founders was in him and he continued to upbuild it to the day of his death. He was an active participant in all that promoted its advancement and always worked for the general good with a singleness of purpose and an exalted patriotism worthy of emulation today when his like is so sorely needed in our municipality.

In the family relation, he was a dutiful son, kind husband and indulgent father.

As a friend, he was generous to a fault and no call made on him for assistance or advice in the sacred name of friendship ever went unheeded no matter at what cost to himself or his family, or how unjustly exacting such demands might be. He considered no debt of gratitude he ever owed as paid, for with him

gratitude was the memory of the heart and that memory never failed him until his heart ceased to beat.

As a lawyer, he was distinguished for his robust integrity and high sense of honor.

As a Judge, he was industrious, faithful, impartial and just.

As a public officer, he sought the promotion of the public welfare as the first and last duty of a public servant. He filled many offices of trust, all with credit to himself and advantage to the community. Commencing with that of Clerk of the County Court; he was in succession—Justice of the Peace; Secretary of the Board of Public Schools, and later a Member of the School Board; Member of the Board of Aldermen, and twice its President; Member of the State Legislature; Clerk of the Circuit Court;—culminating in the Judgeship of the Criminal Court,—the last office held by him.

"The Primms[1] are descended from Alexander De La Pryme a gentleman of the town of Ypres who was granted a patent of gentility by the Roman Pontiff for meritorious services under Philip of Alsace in the second crusade. The family having embraced the reformed religion, were forced to leave the continent by Cardinal Richelieu after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled in England.

Abraham De La Pryme moved to the Isle of Man in 1725, and his second son John, emigrated to America, settling in Virginia about 1750. In deference to the prejudice existing against French names, the "De La" was dropped and the spelling changed to the present form. The eldest son John was a soldier in the Revolutionary Army, and in 1803 he moved west with his family of whom Peter, the father of Judge Wilson Primm, married Marie Angélique Le Roux D'Esneval. Her father was one of four brothers named Le Roux D'Esneval; three of whom fled from

[1] From "The Republican" (St. Louis, Mo.), Sunday, August 23, 1885, (with corrections.)

France during the Reign of Terror. One, whose portrait is in the possession of the family, was a Colonel in the body guard of Louis XVI, and was killed at the time of the attack on the Tuileries, August 10, 1792. Another went to San Domingo and perished during one of the insurrections of the slaves. Two brothers came to Canada, where one remained, the other coming to St. Louis, where he married Hélène, daughter of Jean Salé *dit* Lajoie and Marie Rose de Vial Pando, a lady of Spanish birth. The Primm coat of arms is on Poignard and cross quarterly crest—a cross. Motto—Animose Certavit, (He has fought courageously.) The Le Roux D'Esneval coat-of-arms bears six quarterings surmounted by a marquis' coronet. The most noted of these quarterings are those of the families Raymond, Le Roux and Esneval. The Raymond coat-of-arms is azur with cross argent, charged with five escallops—gules; the Le Roux coat-of-arms is azur with chevron argent, with the heads of leopards or; the Esneval coat-of-arms—in palé or and azur in chief gules."

John Primm, the second son of Abraham De La Pryme, emigrated from the Isle of Man some time prior to the year 1750 and settled in what is now the State of Virginia. He married an English woman, and raised a family of four sons: William, James, Thomas and John. We have only to do with his son John, who served in the Revolutionary War for seven years and took a part in the siege of Yorktown where he saw Lord Cornwallis surrender his sword to General Washington.

John Primm and Elizabeth Handsbrough were married in Virginia, October 9th, 1777. They moved west and settled in what is now St. Clair County, Illinois, in the year 1803. He was born in Stafford County, Virginia, May 17th, 1750; died in St. Clair County, Illinois, March 12, 1837. His wife was born in Virginia. January 5th, 1761; died October 25th, 1832. They had a family of thirteen sons and four daughters, as follows:

William, born September 14, 1778;

John, born July 25, 1780; married Ruth Cox, October 10, 1809; died August 9, 1848;

Thomas, born May 11, 1782; married Elizabeth Stallions, May 12, 1807; died May 14, 1856;

James, born September 10, 1783;

Peter, born April 25, 1785;

Daniel, born June 23, 1786;

Margaret, ("Peggy") born October 1, 1787; married John Stark, September 6, 1812; died December 9, 1872;

Enoch, born December 15, 1788;

Elijah, born March 8, 1790; died 1814;

Silas, born January 6, 1792;

Elizabeth, born May 26, 1793; married Stephen Lacey, March 13, 1817; died November 28, 1880;

Parmenas, born October 26, 1794;

Joseph, born September 14, 1795; married Eleanor Laughead October 7, 1819; died November 28, 1845;

Levi, born June 11, 1797; married Mrs. Susan Booker (nee Howard) April 3, 1823; died July 5, 1871;

Aram, born July 28, 1799; married Jael Million, December 27, 1825; died July 4, 1884;

Lydia, born January 31, 1801;

Mary, born July 31, 1804;

Peter Primm,[2] the grandson of the emigrant John, married Marie Angélique Leroux D'Esneval who was born[3] December 30th, 1792 in the old family home situated on the Western half block No. 57 at Third and Elm Streets. She was the daughter of Hélène Salé

[2] "Primm & Davis, Tailors, have entered into partnership, and will continue the business in P. Primm's old stand, opposite the late Mr. Robidoux's." From "The Missouri Gazette" April 25, 1809.

"Peter Primm recommences his tailoring business in the small shop next to Mad'e Lecompte's dwelling opposite to Doct. Simpson's drug store." From "The Missouri Gazette" August 22, 1812.

"The St. Louis Directory and Register by John A. Paxton, St. Louis, 1821," gives "Peter Primm Tailor 45 South Main—d. h. South B. above Church"

[3] From Collet's Cathedral Baptisms, Index.

dite Lajoie and Benjamin Leroux D'Esneval who were married[4] at the Catholic Church on the Seventeenth

[4] "L'an mil sept cent quatrevingt douze, le dix- septième jour de Janvier, après le publication des trois bans de mariage entre Benjamin Leroux fils légitime de germain Leroux et de Catherine Vallé Ses père et mère. De la paroisse de l'Assomption du Diocèse de québec, et Hélène Salé, dite la joÿe fille de jean Batiste Salé, dit Lajoÿe et de Marie Rose De Vialpande ses père et mère. De la paroisse De S'Louis aux illinois Diocèse de St Jacques de cubes domination d'espagne d'autre part, et n'aiant trouvé aucun empêchement à l'effet du dit mariage; je soussigné, curé de cette paroisse de S'Louis, ai reçu leur consentement mutuel et leur ai donné la bénidiction nuptiale en présence des témoins ci après sçavoir jean Baptiste Lavallée, grégoire Chenelier, Guillaume hibert dit Lecomte, Jean Baptiste Truteau et plusieurs autres dont trois ont signé et le quatrième ne seachant écrire a fait sa marque ordinaire enfoi de quoi.

Jean Baptiste Lavallée LeDru Miss. Curé
George Schindler
J. B. Truteau
Guillaume Hibert
sa
x
marque"

From Marriages 1781-1828 p. 28 (Cathedral)

(*Translation*)

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety two, on the seventeenth day of January, after the publication of the three banns of marriage between Benjamin Leroux, legitimate son of Germain Leroux and of Catherine Vallé, his father and mother, of the parish of the Assumption of the Diocese of Québec, and Hélène Salé called Lajoÿe, daughter of Jean Baptiste Salé, called Lajoÿe and of Marie Rose De Vialpande, her father and mother, of the parish of St. Louis in the Illinois, Diocese of St. Jacques of Cuba, in the domin ion of Spain on the other part, and having found no impediment to the performance of said marriage, I, the undersigned curé of this parish of St. Louis, have received their mutual consent, and have given them the nuptial blessing in the presence of witnesses named here below, to-wit: Jean Baptiste Lavallée, Grégoire Chenelier, Guillaume Hébert, called Lecomte, Jean Baptiste Truteau and several others, of whom three have given their signatures and the fourth not knowing how to write, his ordinary mark, in testimony whereof.

Jean Baptiste Lavallée LeDru Miss. Curé.
George Schindler
J. B. Truteau
Guillaume Hébert
his
x
mark"

day of January, 1792. Benjamin Leroux D'Esneval was a merchant at St. Louis, coming to this place from Canada shortly before his marriage. He died while on a trip to Quebec on January 24th, 1795 and was buried in the Cemetery of the Church of the Assumption on the 26th day of the same month—aged thirty-two years, according to the records of that parish.

Hélène Salé *dite* Lajoie was born[5] in St. Louis but the date is unknown, being shortly prior to the date of her baptism, which was August 11, 1773. She died[6] on July 17, 1859 at her home on Spruce Street between Third and Fourth, opposite the old Sisters Hospital. She was the daughter of Jean Salé *dit* Lajoie and Marie Rose de Vial Pando who were married here in 1770. Her father, Jean Salé *dit* Lajoie was a Voyageur and was among the first to settle in this part of the country, coming here in 1764 in the boat with Chou-

[5] "L'an mil sept cens Soixante et treize le onze d'août je Soussigné ay Baptisse avec les cérémonies ordinaires de L'église hélène et marie Josèphe Jumelle, fille de jean Salle et de Marie Rose ponda dont la première a eu pour parain Joseph Rivard et pour maraine hélène taillon. Et la seconde Jean Baptiste Malvan et pour maraine Marie Josèphe Beau Soleille les parains ne sachant écrire ont fait leur marque.

Marque de Joseph Rivard x x hélène tayon,
marque de Jean Bte Malvan x Goudeau beausoleil

fr. Valentin, curè"

From Cathedral Baptisms.

(Translation):

In the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy three on the eleventh of August, I, the undersigned, have baptised with the ordinary ceremonies of the Church, Hélène and Marie Josèphe, twins, daughters of Jean Salé and Marie Rose Ponda, of whom the former had for godfather Joseph Rivard, and for godmother Hélène Taillon. And the second, Jean Baptiste Malvan and for godmother Marie Josèphe Beau Soleil, the godparents not knowing how to write, have made their mark.

Mark of Joseph Rivard x x Hélène Tayon
Mark of Jean Bte Malvan x Goudeau Beausoleil

fr. Valentin Curé

[6] Register of Deaths, Health Department, City of St. Louis, July 1859—Oct. 1859. Book H. p. 37.

teau from Fort Chartres.[7] About the year 1769 he built a house[8] of posts on a stone wall 25 feet by 20 feet on the northwest corner of the square or block No. 57, which block was bounded on the east by Rue de l'Eglise (Second Street), west by Rue des Granges (Third Street), north by now Elm Street south by now Clark Avenue. He was born in the year 1741 in the Parish of St. Pierre des Landes, diocese de Saintes en Saintonge France and was the son of Jacques Salé and of Jeanne Luneau. Marie Rose de Vial Pando was the widow of Jean Joseph Jacques who was killed by the Comanches about the year 1760. She was the daughter of Paul de Vial Pando and of —— Martine, and was born at Tauxe (Taos) diocese of New Mexico. The date of the death of Jean Baptiste Salé is unknown; his wife died[9] July 27, 1830 and was buried in

[7] "Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days" by Frederic L. Billon, St. Louis, 1886. p. 426.

For mention of name "*Layoie*" see "Fragments of Colonel Auguste Chouteau's Narrative of the Settlement of St. Louis. St. Louis 1858."—Note at bottom of p. 7.

See also "Journal of the Founding of St. Louis, Original and Translation—Col. Auguste Chouteau." Missouri Historical Society Collections, Vol. III, No. 4, pp. 353 and 360.

[8] See "History of St. Louis City and County by J. Thomas Scharf." p. 147.

[9] "Le vingt huit de Juillet de l'année mil huit cent trente, je soussigné ai inhumé dans le cimetière de cette paroisse le corps
femme de Jean Salé,
de Marie Rose ^ ~~Lajoie~~ administrée de tous les sacrements de notre Ste Mère L'Eglise Cath. Apost. & Rom. agée de cent quatre ans. Edm. Saulnier
^ femme de Jean Salé ptre.
mots approuvés par moi soussigné.
Jos. A. Lutz
prêtre."

From Book of Sepultures, Cathedral. p. 166.

(Translation):

On the twenty eighth day of July of the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, I, the undersigned, have buried in the cemetery
wife of Jean Salé,
of this parish the body of Marie Rose ^ ~~Lajoie~~ administered with

the cemetery of the Cathedral Parish on the 28th day of July, 1830 and her age is given as 104 years.

Priests not being stationed at St. Louis regularly in these early days, Peter Primm and Marie Angélique Leroux D'Esneval were married[10] before a civil judge on the 26th day of January, 1809 which marriage was re-validated at the Cathedral March 16th, 1818. She died[11] at twenty minutes past ten o'clock Monday night, July 28th, 1878 at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Virginia I. Menkens, 3414 Chestnut Street. Peter Primm and his wife Marie Angélique had twelve children.

Wilson Primm, the eldest child, was born[12] January

all the sacraments of our holy mother the Cath. Apost. & Roman Church, aged one hundred and four years.

Λ wife of Jean Salé — Edm. Saulnier

words approved by me the undersigned — Priest

Jos. A. Lutz,
Priest.

[10] "On the sixteenth day of March, eighteen hundred and eighteen, has been revalidated in my presence the marriage of Mr. Peter Primm with Mary Angelica LeRoux, both of this town, married before a civil Judge on the twenty-sixth day of January in the year eighteen hundred and nine. Witness my hand

†L. Wm. Bp of (St.) Louis, Mo.

Peter Primm
M. A. Primm Felix De Andreis
prêtre de la Mission Vicaire
F. Niel, P."

Marriages 1781-1828 p. 155. (Cathedral.)

[11] Register of Deaths Health Department City of St. Louis July 1, 1877 to August 19, 1878 p. 173.

[12] "L'an mil huit cent onze le treize Mars j'ai baptisé Jean Baptiste né le cinq Janvier mil huit cent dix du mariage légal de Pierre Prime et de Marie Leroux, ses Parrain et Maraine ont été Hubert Guion et Hélène Leroux, lesquels ont signé avec moi.

fr. Urbain Px Trap. Ptre

Hubert Guion — Hélène Leroux

Peter Primm — Marie Leroux Primm.

From Liber Baptismorum 1806-1823 page 51. (Cathedral).

(Translation):

In the year one thousand eight hundred and eleven, on the thirteenth of March, I baptized Jean Baptiste, born the fifth of January one thousand eight hundred and ten, issue of the lawful mar-

5, 1810, in a house on Elm Street between Second and Third in St. Louis. In deference to his mother's wishes, he was baptized "Jean Baptiste" but his father did not like the French name so gave him that of "Wilson" by which he was generally known. He died[13] at his residence in Carondelet, No. 6220 Michigan Avenue at 6:30 P. M. Thursday, January 17, 1878.

He attended the village French school on La Grande Rue, conducted by our first school master Jean Baptiste Trudeau,[14] of whose latter days he gives an interesting sketch[15] in his "Old French Times." Originally this school was in a large log building containing a single room from 25 to 30 feet square and the presiding

riage of Pierre Prime and of Marie Leroux. His godfather and godmother were Hubert Guion and Hélène Leroux, who have signed with me.

fr. Urbain Px Trap. Priest
Hubert Guion — Hélène Leroux
Peter Primm — Marie Leroux Primm.

[13] Register of Deaths Health Department, City of St. Louis July 1, 1877 to August 19, 1878 page 347.

[14] For sketch of Trudeau, see "Journal of Jean Baptiste Trudeau among the Arikara Indians in 1795." in Missouri Historical Society Collections. Vol. IV, No. 1, page 14.

[15] "First on the list came 'Maitre Trudeau,' the village school master, a dreaded instructor of the younger, and a respected oracle of the older inhabitants. Let us view him in his palmiest days, when he taught the school on La Grande Rue, in a little, old-fashioned frame house near the center market. His scholars are ranged on benches along either side of a little, low room, apparently deeply interested in all the mysteries of the French grammars they contemplate. Maitre Trudeau, holding a birch, is standing in the center, and, as he turns from one side to the other, narrowly watching the trembling crowd of literary victims that surround him, his deep-set eye glancing fiercely from the enormous eyebrows that overhang them, you can tell by the deep glow of his countenance that he has just returned from a visit to the neighboring cafe. 'Maitre Trudeau' visits the cafe frequently—too frequently indeed for his own good; for see him a few years after, and he became degraded in the sight of his friends and weak and contemptible even before his own pupils. Towards the end of his career, he loses his sight, becomes a burden upon the charity of a few goodhearted friends, and finally dies, regretted by the honest villagers for his good qualities, and pitied for his unfortunate vice." From "Old French Times," by *Vieux Temps* (Wilson Primm).

genius of the place was, "Maitre Trudeau," a teacher of the old style who devoutly believed in that Solomonic injunction about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Discipline was enforced in this temple of learning through the medium of a cat o'nine-tails, which the old teacher wielded with vigor and frequency, thereby inspiring, particularly in his youthful pupils, that degree of terror of himself and his office which, in the old times, was considered the first requisite of a teacher. He was certainly a strict, and even a harsh disciplinarian, and many are the stories told of the strange modes of punishment to which his pupils of either sex were subjected. One of his mildest was fastening a large placard to the back of the youthful offender inscribed with the nature of the offense. The pupil then paraded the main streets of the village, followed at a distance by two of his fellow pupils, who upon their return to the school reported that the offender had duly made the prescribed march. The only books used in this institution were the catechism and the prayer book. The scholars were taught their letters, their doctrine, their devotions from these two and at one and the same time learned to read and to pray. The only language used was French.

On the 23rd of February, 1823, Wilson Primm became one of the first pupils[16] of Elihu H. Shepard[17] at the old St. Louis College, located on Second Street between Market and Walnut Streets, south of where the Old Cathedral then stood. One of the first productions of the lithographic art introduced in St. Louis by Julius Hutawa presents this college building established by Bishop Louis Guillaume Valentine Dubourg.

[16] See "Autobiography of Elihu H. Shepard" pages 99 and 100.

[17] Elihu H. Shepard was by far the ablest of all our early school teachers and unique from the fact that before the end of his long and useful career, he had become a millionaire. But lest this bit of information may lead to a rush into the ranks and the consequent overcrowding of our noblest profession, I hasten to add that he did not save this sum out of his salary. So far, he is our only teacher who ever qualified for the millionaire class.

Its staff in 1823 consisted of Reverend Joseph Niel, president and curate of the parish; Rev. Leo Deyes; Rev. De Neckere, (afterwards Bishop of Louisiana); Rev. Michaud; Rev. Edmund Saulnier; Rev. Odigio; Colonel René Paul, instructor in mathematics; and Elihu H. Shepard in charge of the English Department. The best families of the town sent their sons to the St. Louis College, and Wilson Primm had for his fellow pupils on his entrance many who had in after days much to do with the upbuilding of St. Louis and the West. Familiar names are they all, to students of St. Louis History:—Theodore Labeaume, Edmund Paul, Saugrain A. Robinson, William F. Ferguson, Edward Tesson, William L. Ewing, Peter Alexander Berthold, René Paul, French Strother, Joseph Walsh, Jesse Benton, James O'Toole, Lewis M. Clark, Dunning McNair, Frederic McNair, Alexander McNair, Henri Chouteau, Gustav Soulard, Pascal H. St. Cyr, Leon Chenie and Thomas January. In company with such boys as these, and blessed with a teacher gifted with the art of instructing, every talent he possessed was awakened into growth and a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge came upon him, which was never quenched. In after years, Elihu H. Shepard often referred to the pleasure and satisfaction which the success and usefulness of his former pupil Wilson Primm had afforded him.

At these schools he showed such an aptitude for learning and such a desire for the acquisition of knowledge that at the earnest solicitations of his preceptors and friends he was sent to St. Joseph College at Bardstown, Kentucky, in the fall of 1827. He returned from there in 1829 with his diploma and the esteem and good will of all his preceptors.

In addition to the advantages possessed by him of association with boys from representative families, and a gifted teacher, he had afterwards access to and the use of the library of Bishop Rosati. His mastery of the classics and of the French, Spanish and Italian

WILSON PRIMM AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN IN HUNTING COSTUME.

From a miniature, in the possession of Mrs. Jacqueline Poepping, painted by Emile Leroux Herzinger, a portrait painter of St. Louis who had been a pupil of Horace Vernet. He copied it about fifty years ago from the original miniature on ivory painted in 1828 by P. RINDISBACHER, a St. Louis artist noted for his spirited sketches of Indians.

languages was complete and he spoke them correctly and fluently. In after years no member of the bar equaled him as a linguist, and probably but few in our universities. This knowledge of the French and Spanish languages was afterwards of great assistance to him in his law practice, as all the original grants of land in St. Louis were in one of these two languages and most of the litigation of this early day grew out of trouble over land titles. At the impeachment trial of Judge James H. Peck, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of Missouri, before the Senate of the United States, he was summoned to Washington to testify[18] on behalf of Judge Peck, which he did on Monday, January 10th, 1831. His knowledge of languages stood him in good stead here, for as a witness he was called upon to translate many of the old French and Spanish archives.

His chosen profession was the law, so upon his return from Bardstown, he at once entered the law office[19] of Edward Bates, who afterwards became Attorney General of the United States. Edward Bates, being an old friend of the family who had followed his career from childhood, took great interest and pleasure in instructing so apt a pupil, and Primm never lost an opportunity to attribute to his preceptor whatever of success he achieved in the legal profession. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar.

The first public office he ever held was that of Deputy Clerk[20] of the County Court of St. Louis County. His appointment to this office was approved by the County Court on Wednesday, February 22nd, 1832. He performed these duties for over a year.

[18] See "Report of the Trial of James H. Peck by Arthur J. Stansbury. Boston, 1833." Page 265.

[19] John F. Darby says: "Bates' office at that time was in an old stone house that stood on the corner of Third and Elm Streets. It was built by Rufus Easton."

[20] See "Records County Court No. 1" page 271.

On Tuesday, February 12th, 1833,[21] the County Court "deeming him competent to perform the duties of Justice of the Peace," recommended his appointment as such to the Governor of the State of Missouri to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the commission of Joseph V. Garnier, Esq., late Justice of the Peace of St. Louis Township. Governor Daniel Dunklin signed Primm's commission to this office on March 27th, 1833, and Primm took his oath as Justice of the Peace before Henry Chouteau, Clerk of the County Court, on April 9th, 1833, and assumed the duties of the office, which he continued to fill until Saturday, August 20th, 1836, when he came into court and filed his resignation,[22] which was accepted by the court.

In June, 1835, he formed a law partnership[23] under the name of Primm & Drake, with Charles D. Drake, lately arrived from Springfield, Illinois, which continued until January, 1840. Subsequently, George R. Taylor[24] and then Charles C. Whittlesey[25] succeeded Mr. Drake as a member of the firm.

In his younger days Wilson Primm was an ardent Whig politician and was noted as an eloquent campaign speaker. At a special election in the fall of 1834 he was elected to a seat in the Missouri House of Representatives to succeed Ben O'Fallon, who had resigned before the Legislature met. Primm ran on the

[21] See "Records County Court No. 1" page 311.

[22] See "Records County Court No. 2" page 42.

[23] Letter to Col. George Knapp from Hon. Chas. D. Drake January 21st, 1878. Published in "The Republican."

Firm name given as "Primm & Drake, 25 Pine Street" in "Keemle's St. Louis Directory for the years 1838-9."

[24] Firm given as "Primm & Taylor, 36 Chestnut Street" in "Chambers & Knapp's Saint Louis Directory for 1842."

Firm given as "Primm & Taylor, 34 N. First" in "Green's Saint Louis Directory for 1845."

Firm given as "Primm & Taylor, 36 Chestnut" in "Green's St. Louis Directory for 1847."

[25] Firm given as "Primm & Whittlesey, 36 Chestnut" in "Sloss' St. Louis Directory for 1848."

Whig ticket against Dr. Clayton Tiffin, the Democratic candidate. He served in the Eighth General Assembly[26] (1834-35) with Frederick Hyatt, Henry S. Geyer, Llewellyn Brown, George Strother, and Edward Bates as fellow members from St. Louis County. He was elected again in 1838 and served in the Tenth General Assembly[27] (1838-39) with John Sappington, Thomas Jarrell, Henry S. Geyer, Thomas Caulk, and Bernard Pratte from the same County. Primm was a faithful and efficient member of the House and introduced many bills to the benefit of St. Louis.

In 1834 he became a member of the Board of Aldermen[28] of the City of St. Louis from the First Ward. He served as Alderman from this ward during 1835-1836-1837 also, and was Alderman from the Second Ward in 1843 and again in 1847. The Revised Ordinances of the City of St. Louis issued in 1836 were printed and published under his direction in the capacity of Superintendent appointed by the Board of Aldermen. In 1836, James P. Spencer, President of the Board of Aldermen, died, and Primm succeeded him. In 1837 and again in 1843, he was President of the Board of Aldermen, a position for which his positive character and thorough knowledge of parliamentary law well qualified him. It was during his presidency of the Board that the matter came up before Congress through a memorial imploring that body to make an appropriation to save the harbor of St. Louis. Two sand bars were about to join in front of the City and cut us off from the river—throwing the river to the east of Bloody Island. An appropriation of $150,000.00 for the improvement of the harbor was made. Wilson Primm, working in conjunction with

[26] See "House Journal of Missouri 1834 1st Session 8th General Assembly" page 57.

[27] See "Journal of the House of Representatives of the State of Mo. 1st Session 10th General Assembly, 1838," page 2.

[28] See "Revised Code of St. Louis. Woerner, 1907," Addendum, pages III, IV and V.

John F. Darby and Lieutenant Robert E. Lee (afterward General of the Confederacy) secured the best results from the expenditure of this sum, and saved our harbor by throwing the channel to the west.

Wilson Primm was one of the fathers of the present St. Louis public school system. He urged the sale of the "Commons" and the devoting of a part of the proceeds to the public schools. On January 24th, 1835, he made a "report to the Legislature in relation to St. Louis Commons, with a bill for disposition of same."[29] This bill was passed January 27th and was approved March 18, 1835. The result of his work was to provide the funds for the establishment of our free educational system. He assisted in organizing the first Board of Education, and was the first Secretary[30] from its organization, April 18, 1833, to November, 1834. He was Secretary again 1835 to 1836; again 1840 to October, 1840. On December 3rd, 1837, he was appointed a member of the Board of School Inspectors. In 1839-40 he was a Director of the St. Louis Public Schools from the First Ward. While in this latter capacity he served on the Finance Committee and wrote and submitted to the Board an interesting and illuminating report.[31] As long as he lived, he took an active interest in the schools and in the school children, to whom he made many and welcome addresses, the only one of which I can find a copy was an eloquent address delivered July 4th, 1865, on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the Blow School house in

[29] Title of bill and its history is as follows: "A Bill authorizing the sale of the Saint Louis Commons." Introduced and read January 24th, 1835; Read second time January 26th, 1835; Read third time January 27th, 1835 and passed. Approved March 18th, 1835. See Laws of Missouri 1834-35, page 501.

[30] See "First Annual Report St. Louis Public Schools St. Louis, 1854," by John H. Tice, p. 98.

[31] The title is: "Report of the Committee on Finance of the Board of President and Directors of the Saint Louis Public Schools. Adopted December 1839 and published by order of the Board." (Signed by) Wilson Primm, John McEvoy.

Carondelet. Carondelet has named a street[32] in his honor, but he did much more for the St. Louis Public Schools than he ever did for Carondelet; so it is meet and fitting that a school should be named in honor of the man who did so much to pass the law which furnished the funds wherewith to start our present public school system.

In 1846 he ran for Sheriff, but was defeated.

On Tuesday, January 9th, 1849, in consequence of the sudden death of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, General John Ruland, Judge Alexander Hamilton appointed Wilson Primm to perform the duties of the office[33] until his successor could be elected and qualified. Primm filled this office until June 4th, 1849,[34] when Michael S. Cerre qualified and took up the work.

Under the provisions of an ordinance approved January 14th, 1853, Wilson Primm was appointed City Counsellor[35] for the City of Carondelet for the term of one year, assuming the duties of that position on January 20th, 1853. As this office was abolished by ordinance July 9th, 1853, his services ceased with that date.

On November 3rd, 1863, he was elected Judge of the St. Louis Criminal Court to succeed Judge Clover. His commission for a term of six years was signed by Governor Hamilton R. Gamble on November 27th, and he took his seat on the bench[36] November 30, 1863.

[32] "Ordinance No. 34 giving names to Streets in the City of Carondelet. Approved August 9th, 1851." "Fifth—The street immediately south of 'Franklin Street' shall hereafter be known and called by the name of 'Primm Street.'"

"Primm Street runs east to west from 7900 South Wharf to River Des Peres."

[33] See "Record No. 19 1848 to 1850 Circuit Court" page 1. General John Ruland who was clerk of the Circuit Court for 15 years died of apoplexy on New Year's day 1849 in the county about 20 miles from his St. Louis residence. Buried Wednesday, January 3rd, 1849.

[34] See "Record No. 19 1848 to 1850 Circuit Court" page 141.

[35] See "Missouri Reports Vol. XXIII" page 22.

[36] See "Record No. 12 Criminal Court" page 364.

He was re-elected in 1869 and served until Saturday, November 21st, 1874,[37] when he vacated his office and turned over the trust so long held by him to his successor, the Honorable William C. Jones. He had again offered himself as a candidate for this office of which he was then incumbent, but he failed of renomination and so ran as an independent. He did not realize that no independent candidate ever has a chance of being elected unless there is a great popular uprising against the regular parties and their candidates. He was disastrously defeated[38] at the polls and retired to private life. He again took up the practice of law, but steadily failing health forced him to soon abandon this. His mental faculties remained vigorous and clear to the last, but his physical powers failed him rapidly and he was confined to his bed during the last six months of his life.

Judge Primm's career at the bar was long and honorable. He opposed or assisted the giants of the law in many of the important cases of his time. He held his own in such company as: Hamilton R. Gamble, Edward Bates, Henry S. Geyer, Thomas B. Hudson, R. S. Blennerhassett, Charles S. Rannels, Myron Leslie, Trusten Polk, Josiah Spalding, Beverly Allen, Uriel Wright, James R. Lackland, Henry A. Clover, Christian Kribben, George W. Cline, Charles G. Mauro, C. C. Simmons, L. M. Shreve, R. F. Wingate, T. G. C. Davis, and John M. Krum.

The most famous criminal case in which Primm appeared was the Montesquieu case. In this case he was associated with Edward Bates, H. S. Geyer, and Charles Gibson in the defense of two French noblemen, Raymond and Gonsalve de Montesquieu, brothers, indicted for the felonious killing of Kirby Barnum and Albert Jones on the night of October 29, 1849. Lackland prosecuted, assisted by Uriel Wright. After two

[37] See "St. Louis Globe Democrat" Sunday Nov. 22nd, 1874.
[38] See "St. Louis Republican" November 8th, 1874.

mistrials, however, Governor Austin A. King granted a pardon, as he had the power to do under the then constitution before conviction.

Wilson Primm was termed a just and honorable judge. Stern and upright in all his dealings, he was yet of a very sympathetic nature and always administered the law in the spirit of kindness and mercy.

The esteem in which Judge Primm was held by his professional brethren is well evidenced by the following tributes paid to him by prominent members of the bar who knew him long and intimately.

Charles D. Drake, his first law partner, thus speaks of him: "He was a man of very much more than ordinary ability, though never much of a student, he was a good lawyer, and a better judge. His power in either sphere was in his subtle analysis and clear perception of the real points involved. Always cool and collected, never impatient or exasperated, he managed his cases with a skill which I have never known surpassed by one of the age he was then."

George R. Taylor, who succeeded Drake as Wilson Primm's partner, in an eloquent address before the Missouri Historical Society, pays this tribute to him: "It seems to be universally conceded that Judge Primm's oratorical abilities, with a mind fully stored with general literature and the principles of his profession adding a dignified and genial bearing, with an exuberance of language at command, choice in its selection and uses, he stood almost irresistible before a jury, and was the peer of the foremost of the bar."

Alexander Hamilton, under whom he served as Clerk of the Circuit Court, pays him this tribute: "With a mind enriched by culture, and strengthened by careful training, he was not only eloquent at times, but was always a ready and skilful debater. None knew better the true use and power of language, or how to match the expression to the thought. It was this peculiarity, added to soundness of judgment, aptness and beauty of illustration, and a voice of rare

sweetness and variety of intonation, that made him so successful before a jury."

Wilson Primm was twice married, first[39] on June

[39] "Le trente Juin mil huit cent trente quatre, je soussingé Vicaire Général du Diocèse de St Louis, après la publication d'un ban de mariage fait pendant la Grande Messe le vingt neuf de ce mois, et dispense ayant été accordée des deux, aucun obstacle ne s'étant présenté, ni aucun empêchement ayant été découvert, ai reçu le consentement par paroles de présent entre Wilson Primm Ecaye Juge de paix pour la ville et comté de St. Louis fils légitime de Pierre Primm et de Mary A. Leroux d'une part, et demoiselle Amélie Guion, fille de Hubert Guion et de Joséphine Didier—d'autre part, et leur ai donné la bénédiction nuptiale en présence des témoins à cet effet requis et de plusieurs amis des parties contractantes, en foi de quoi.

Edw. Bates
James H. Peck
B. W. Ayres
Ant. R. Bouis
François LeBeau
Joseph Guion
Marguérite Guion
Mary Primm
Marie A. Primm
Isabelle F. LeBeau
Joséphine Guion
Thérèse Sparks
Peter Primm
T. F. Marallano

Wilson Primm
Amélie Guion

P. N. Borgna,
V. G.

From Liber Matrimoniorum 1828-1839 (Cathedral.)

(Translation):

On the thirtieth of June one thousand eight hundred and thirty four, I, the undersigned Vicar General of the Diocese of St. Louis, after the publication of one of the bans of marriage made during the High Mass on the twenty ninth of this month, and a dispensation having been granted of the other two, in the absence of any obstacle, nor any impediment having been disclosed, have received the consent by word of mouth of those present, between Wilson Primm, Esquire, Judge of the Peace for the City and County of St. Louis, legitimate son of Pierre Primm and of Mary A. Leroux on the one part, and Miss Amélie Guion, daughter of Hubert Guion and of Joséphine Didier, on the other part, and have given them the nuptial blessing in the presence of witnesses required to that effect and of several friends of the contracting parties, in testimony whereof

(names of witnesses given above.)

Wilson Primm
Amélie Guion
P. N. Borgna
V. G.

30th, 1834, to Amélie Guion. She was born[40] October 27, 1815—was the daughter of Hubert Guion and Josephine Didier and the granddaughter of Pierre Didier,[41 2] first Treasurer[43] of the State of Missouri under Governor McNair (he being appointed to this office September, 1820, and resigning in 1821). She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, then located at Florissant. She died[44] and was buried on April 6th, 1841.

Their children were:

Hubert W. Primm—Born July 31, 1836; married, first, Mary E. Lynch, Feb. 14, 1860, she died Jan. 27, 1864; married, second, Sarah A. Linton, May 14, 1868, she died Feb. 17, 1909. He died October 28, 1886. He was the first professor in the St. Louis College of

[40] From Collet's Cathedral Baptisms, Index.

[41 2] "John Pierre Didier, Watchmaker, came from Besancon, Franche Comté, France, with his wife and only child, an infant daughter and settled in St. Louis in the year 1793. On March 29th, 1796, he purchased the south half of Block No. 54 with a stone house at the northwest corner of Second and Poplar streets, in which he resided until his death, August 25, 1823, at the age of about sixty years. He filled the position of Territorial Treasurer for a number of years. His only daughter, Josephine, was married in May, 1811 (Cathedral records show this date to be 'February 22nd, 1814.' W. C. B.) to Hubert Guion, who was born here (on April 29th, 1791) and who died at Jefferson Barracks, May 23rd, 1833, where he was the clerk of the sutler, Captain George H. Kennerly. Mr. Guion left a son and two daughters, who became the first wives of Judge Wilson Primm and Moses Lamoureux—merchant."

From "Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days by Frederic L. Billon, St. Louis 1886." page 465.

See anecdote regarding him "An Honest Officer" in "Missouri Historical Society Collections" Vol. III, No. 2, page 193.

[43] See "Official Manual State of Missouri 1911-12" page 91.

[44] "L'an dix huit cent quarante et un, le six avril, nous prêtre soussigné avons donné le sepulture écclesiastique à Emilie Guion Prime—agée d'environ vingt-cinq ans. f. T. Cenaud ptre.

From Register Des Actes Mortuaires (Cathedral) 1832-47, page 78.

(Translation):

In the year eighteen hundred and forty one, the sixth of April, we, priest undersigned, have given ecclesiastical sepulture to Emilie Guion Prime, aged about twenty-five years.

f. T. Cenaud priest.

Pharmacy and for twenty-seven years was proprietor of a drug store at Fourteenth Street and Washington Avenue.

Amélie Primm—Born July 21, 1839. She is the widow of Dr. Perry Eccleston Noel, whom she married March 3, 1859. Now resides at Los Angeles, California.

Wilson Primm married for the second[45] time a cousin of his first wife, Marguérite Guion, on July 31st, 1842, at the Cathedral. She was the daughter of Vincent Guion and Eulalie Deroin and was born[46] in a house near what is now the corner of Main and Pine Streets, on April 12th, 1816. Her father, Vincent Guion (born July 27th, 1793), was a younger brother of Hubert Guion (born April 29th, 1791), the father of Wilson Primm's first wife; and both of them were the sons of Amable Guion, Jr., who married Irene Felicité Robert in 1783 and settled in Carondelet. Amable Guion, Jr., was the first white boy born in St. Louis, his parents having come here from Cahokia[47] in the beginning of June, 1764, at Laclede's invitation. His father, Amable Guion, Sr., was killed[48] in the Indian massacre that occurred Friday, May 26th, 1780.[49]

[45] On the 31st day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty two I, the undersigned, having granted dispensation upon the impediment of affinity in the first degree, joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony John Bte. Wilson Primm son of Peter Primm and of Angélique Marie Leroux of the one part and Margaret Devins Guion, daughter of Vincent Guion and Eulalie Deroin, of the other part, and gave them the nuptial benediction according to the rites of the Holy Catholic Church, before the requisite witnesses. In testimony whereof I signed.

Jos. A. Lutz,
Priest.

Wilson Primm
Marguérite Guion

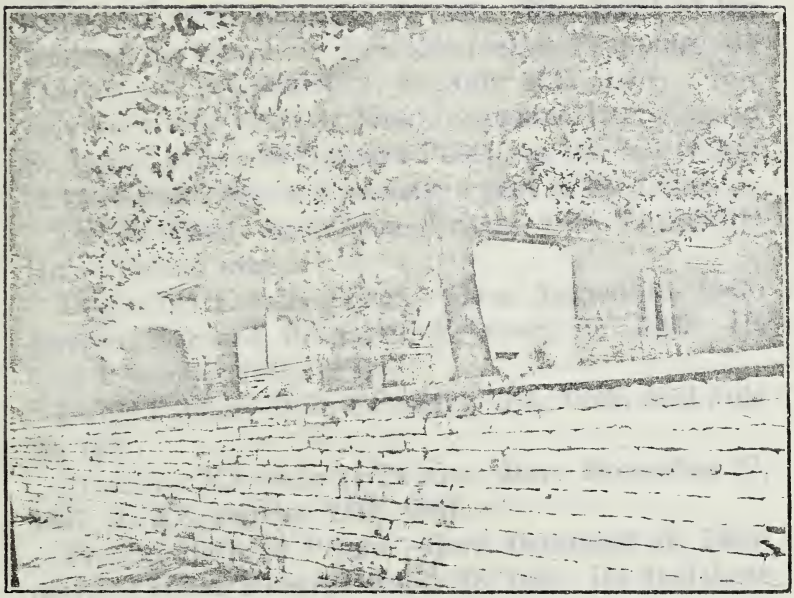
From Register of Marriages at the Cathedral of St. Louis page 150.

[46] From Collet's Cathedral Baptisms, Index.

[47] See "History of St. Louis" by Wilson Primm.

[48] See "Registry of Interments"—(Cathedral)

[49] First detailed description of this Indian Massacre was written in 1831 by Wilson Primm.



THE OLD PRIMM HOME.

At the North-East Corner of Michigan Avenue and Iron Street, Numbered 6220 Michigan Avenue.

Marguérite Guion received the first rudiments of her education from Maitre Trudeau. In 1827 she attended the private school[50] conducted by Elihu H. Shepard and his wife, which was located in a brick building on Fourth Street, opposite the Court House. She was also educated by Madame Du Chesne, who was the first Sacred Heart Sister to come to St. Louis. She survived her husband by many years, celebrating on May 17th, 1899, her half century of residence in one house, No. 6220 Michigan Avenue. She died[51] at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jacqueline Poepping, 313 Iron Street (Carondelet), on July 12th, 1904. Her only surviving child is Mrs. Jacqueline Poepping, of St. Louis, widow of Bernard Poepping, the last Mayor of Carondelet before it became a part of St. Louis.

The children of Wilson Primm and Marguérite Guion Primm were:

Jacqueline Eulalie Primm—Born August 13, 1843; married Bernard Poepping, February 6, 1860. He died December 16th, 1895.

Isabel Primm—Born February 11th, 1846; died July 29, 1847.

Frederick Kretschmar Primm—Born November 27, 1847; died September 28th, 1861.

Vincent Bernard Primm—Born December 19, 1855; married Helen Moore, October 18, 1881. He died June 2, 1907.

Jean Baptiste Primm—Born July 13, 1860; married, first, Rosalie Saugrain Purkett, December 6, 1883—she died September 4th, 1884; married, second, Juliette Pecaut, April 12th, 1887. He died March 25, 1900.

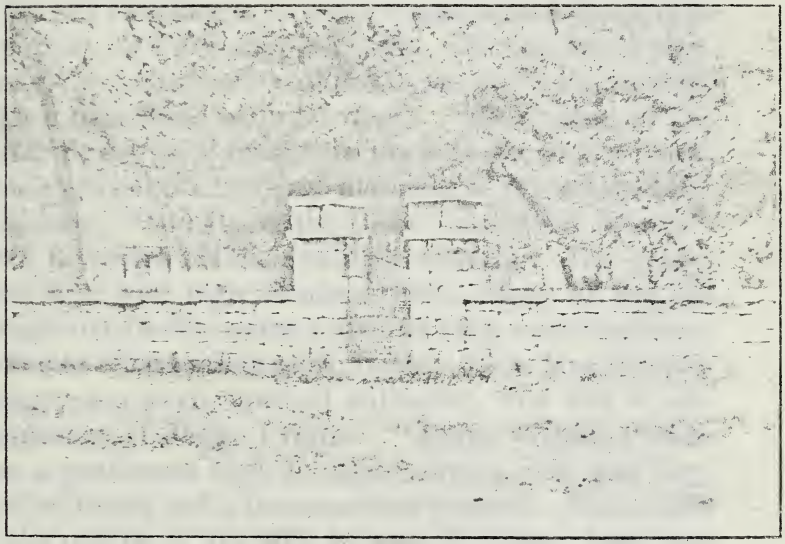
On account of the cholera epidemic then raging, Wilson Primm moved his family down to the village of Carondelet on the morning of May 17th, 1849, and installed them in a three-room house on his property, now numbered 6220 Michigan Avenue. That night an

[50] See "Autobiography of Elihu H. Shepard" pages 100 and 111.

[51] "Record of Deaths No. 46 Health Department from January 1904 to September 10th, 1904" page 224.

old friend, Jean Lambert, drove up to this new abode, and handing out a bundle, said: "Here is your son Hubert, sick with the cholera, and by this time your house is burned down." Hubert recovered and the fire did not reach Mr. Primm's St. Louis residence. But the family never again left Carondelet and here Judge Primm lived to the day of his death. From this house, which was then several blocks distant from any other building, a beautiful view of the Mississippi for miles each way could be had. The nearest house was then SS. Mary and Joseph Church, a small brick structure where the parish school now stands. Not far away was the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Main Street at that time was the principal thoroughfare of Carondelet, and was four blocks to the east. The village extended from the river to Michigan Avenue and from Elwood to Stein Street. South of Stein Street and north of Elwood and west of Michigan Avenue was unbroken virgin forest, although Main Street extended as a country road to Jefferson Barracks, which was an important military post. Shortly before the Civil War Michigan Avenue was graded and the Primm residence, which had been on the level with the road, was left four feet above the street. In order to prevent washing away of the beautiful lawn, Primm built a retaining wall, which is still standing. The house originally contained only three living rooms, with cellars and wide piazzas on three sides. As the family grew, rooms were added until it contained ten. Four generations have lived together in this old homestead. When Primm moved to Carondelet it was necessary to travel back and forth to the larger town of St. Louis either by private conveyance or up and down the hills by the old bus lines which ran as far as the "Barracks" semi-occasionally. Here for nearly 29 years Wilson Primm was at home to all who cared to see him.

Popular with all classes, but especially admired and beloved by those of French descent in St. Louis and



Iron Street gateway to Primm Home.

Carondelet, he was the oracle whom they consulted upon all questions out of the range of their ordinary affairs, and they invested him with the attributes of counsellor, arbiter and judge. Hospitable and sociable to a degree unknown today, his comfortable and happy home attracted many friends to spend delightful evenings.

Especially was it the rendezvous of musical and literary people. He himself had rare musical talent. He was an accomplished performer upon the violin until incapacitated from further playing by an injury to his left shoulder received in that ill-fated Gasconade excursion on November 1st, 1855. He was also a master of the guitar and violincello, as well as a vocalist with a bass voice of great depth. His singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" in the rotunda of the Court House stirred the immense audience to the greatest enthusiasm. "Old Rosin the Beau" and "Old Grimes" were favorites of his, feelingly rendered. His repertoire was well nigh inexhaustible. Many of the old Congo and Creole songs which he sang were doubtless unknown even to George W. Cable. Says Mrs. Charles Balmer, our early musical authority, who was a contemporary of Judge Primm: "Judge Wilson Primm was a gentleman high in social circles. He was very fond of music and a fine musician himself. From 1838 to the middle of the 40's he was St. Louis' best bass singer and was the first American that sang Beethoven's Adelaide. I remember accompanying his singing in 1840."

His musical genius was inherited to the full by his children, his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren. This is one of the few cases where rare musical ability has descended in an unbroken line to the fourth generation. The musical training of his own children was well grounded. To this himself Wilson Primm saw. His daughters can to this day recall how every evening from childhood up each child was expected to sing or play one number at least be-

fore retiring. To the songs of La Belle France he was especially partial. Amélie, his eldest daughter, was a fine elocutionist and often recited selections from her father's favorite, "Lalla Rookh." His daughters possessed splendid voices which were highly cultivated. Hubert, his son, played the flute, and Bernard Poepping, his son-in-law, was a fine violinist. Numerous were the musical treats that neighbors and friends enjoyed from this harmonious and talented amateur troupe, and jolly good times generally in such genial and delightful company. The combination was usually accompanied on the piano forte by one of the daughters and occasionally assisted by Mr. William J. Romyn, a son-in-law of Edward Haren, who was a magnificent tenor.

Wilson Primm's gifts were not reserved for the pleasure of his family and friends alone; they were freely placed at the disposal of the public. He assisted in organizing and led the first choir of the old Cathedral under the organist Maragliano.[52] In addition to himself, this choir[53] consisted of: His sister, Virginia, a soprano (afterwards Mrs. A. H. Menkens);

[52] "Joseph F. Maragliano was appointed organist of the Cathedral by Bishop Rosati. I knew him well. He was a Genoese by birth. A Cuban coffee culturer for many years and when from reverses he left Cuba, and came to St. Louis, he was domiciled in my Mother's house, where he continued to reside until he disappeared, leaving for New Mexico on a trading expedition, from which time nothing was ever heard of him. Maragliano was not a far-famed teacher of vocal and instrumental music; he had never taught before he came to St. Louis. He was not a skillful performer either on the organ or piano, but he had taste, and was a master of counterpoint. He composed a mass, partly original and partly plagarized, which I have now in his own hand writing. It contains in some parts some very fine harmonies and melodies; he composed besides, some other short pieces for special solemnities, but none of the productions outlived his presidency over the Cathedral organ, save in the memory of those who knew that he was fond of music."

From "The Early Church" by Wilson Primm.

Tradition says that Maragliano wore a wig which had to be *dressed* frequently by Wilson Primm's Mother.

[53] See "The Early Church" by Wilson Primm.

his sister Mary (afterwards Mrs. Andrew Duhring); Mrs. Clemence Chouteau (wife of Henry Chouteau and daughter of Mrs. Coursault); Gabriel Paul, first violin; Colonel René Paul, violincello; Manuel, Baron de Hodiamont, alto; John J. Doubberman, Frederick L. Billon and John G. Stevenson; flutists; Mr. Storrs, bassoon; Mr. Blanchard, clarionet; Miss Aglae Generally, Miss Thérèse Bosseron and Augustin, a mulatto slave of Bishop Dubourg, a fine tenor; Father De Neckere, a deep basso; Mrs. Hay, and Britton A. Hill.

His services to the Cathedral were not confined to his work in the choir. On April 6th, 1830, he was appointed permanent Secretary to the Building Committee and served as such until the completion of the Cathedral, the disposition of the pews and its consecration on October 26th, 1834. With the exception of a few minutes in the handwriting of Bishop Rosati, all the records are in his hand.

Wilson Primm was in great demand as a public speaker and the range of subjects he discussed cannot but be a matter of surprise. Only a few of the titles of these addresses can now be had. In addition to those I have mentioned elsewhere, I find the following:

Address at the laying of the cornerstone of the First Catholic Orphan Asylum in St. Louis on Third Street, between Market and Walnut Streets, May 5, 1835.

The Spirit of Inquiry, a lecture by Wilson Primm, delivered before the Carondelet Lyceum, Carondelet, Missouri, March 5, 1860.

Oration of Hon. William Primm at the laying of the cornerstone of the St. Louis County Insane Asylum, December 1, 1864.

Address at the celebration of the third anniversary of the battle of Dalton, given at Washington Hall, Wednesday, August 14, 1867.

Address before the Criminal Court on the death of Judge Charles B. Lord, of the Circuit Court, November 20, 1868.

Presentation to Philip G. Ferguson ("Jenks") December 23, 1869.

Response to a toast, The President (U. S. Grant) of the United States, delivered at the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick, March 17, 1870.

Response by Wilson Primm, on behalf of Mrs. Lucas, to the presentation to her of the bust of himself by her husband, James H. Lucas, June 4, 1870. This bust was the work of James Wilson Alexander McDonald, the sculptor, and is now in the possession of the Missouri Historical Society.

In Memoriam. Statues of Judge Bates and General Lyon, October 3, 1870.

The Beethoven Centennial, December 17, 1870.

On the death of Ernst W. Decker, address before the St. Louis Criminal Court, December, 1871.

Address before the Photographers' Convention in St. Louis. Date unknown.

Public greeting to Henry T. Blow. Date unknown.

Address on presentation by Henry T. Blow of a Paul Veronese, "The Sacrifice of Abraham," to St. Joseph's Convent, Carondelet. Date unknown.

Address before the Criminal Court in Memory of the Woman Lawyer, Miss Lemma Barkeloo, a graduate of Washington University Law School. Date unknown.

He took part in numerous entertainments, of only one of which I find a record. On April 23rd, 1864, in Mercantile Library Hall, a program was carried out in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare for the benefit of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair. Judge Wilson Primm gave the second number on that program—a reading from "As You Like It," All the World's a Stage.

As an orator of force and grace, his masterpiece in this line was delivered on February 15, 1847, when the eighty-third anniversary of the founding of St. Louis was celebrated. Standing on the east steps of the Court House, he held a vast throng spell-bound by his

eloquence. And when at the banquet at 4 o'clock on that same day in the State Tobacco Warehouse, he rose to respond to the toast, "The Orator of the Day," all felt that the description of that orator appended to the toast was a justly deserved tribute, well earned. It was, "Who So Eloquent as the Historian of his Childhood's and His Father's Home?"

It was this address and his contributions to the press concerning our early history which roused a sympathetic interest in the cradle period of St. Louis, culminating later in the Missouri Historical Society. On August 1st, 1866, Wilson Primm signed a call for the organization[54] of the Missouri Historical Society, took part in its organization August 11th, 1866, and served as one of the committee to draft the constitution and by-laws. On October 27th, 1866, he enrolled his name as a member. On November 3rd, 1866, he was elected Second Vice President. He took a live interest in the affairs of the Society and delivered the following addresses before it:

Plea for the preservation of materials for the history of St. Louis. An address delivered at the organization of the Missouri Historical Society, August 11th, 1866, in Circuit Court Room No. 1.

New Year's Day in the Olden Time of St. Louis. Read by Hon. Wilson Primm before the Missouri Historical Society, Saturday, January 5, 1867.

The First Church Erected in St. Louis, in the Year 1776; Its Description and History. Read before the Missouri Historical Society, February 4, 1867.

History of the Catholic Church in St. Louis. Sketch of the History of the Catholic Church in St. Louis, from the foundation of the City to the advent of the First Catholic Bishop in 1818. Read before the Missouri Historical Society, September 7, 1867, by Hon. Wilson Primm.

[54] See "History of St. Louis City and County," by J. Thomas Scharf, page 897.

Address of Hon. Wilson Primm before the Missouri Historical Society. Object of the Association; Character of the First Settlers of St. Louis; Their Relations to the Early Rulers; Illustrations of Primitive Manners and Customs; Duties of the Historical Society. Delivered September 28, 1867.

Origin of Old Local Names. An address by Hon. Wilson Primm, delivered before the Missouri Historical Society on Thursday evening, June 2, 1870.

The Farly Church. A Retrospective View of the First Religious Establishments in St. Louis. The Musical Attractions and Imposing Ceremonials of Their Worship. Address of Hon. Wilson Primm before the Missouri Historical Society, September 16, 1875.

Mention of Wilson Primm's part in organizing the Missouri Historical Society recalls the fact that in the spring of 1838 he, together with twenty-one other members of the St. Louis bar, signed[55] the "Proposals for Establishing the Law Library Association of the City of St. Louis," and was one of its incorporators; the act to incorporate it having been enacted by the Tenth General Assembly and approved[56] February 1st, 1839. Wilson Primm and his associates builded better than they knew and the St. Louis Law Library has become the model of its kind in the United States and is a monument to its projectors and to those who have carried forward the work initiated by them.

In common with every other public spirited citizen of his time, Wilson Primm early joined the Volunteer Fire Department.[57] He was a member of Washington Fire Company No. 3 of the Volunteer Fire Department of St. Louis, but for what length of time the records do not show. He seems to have belonged to this company from its inception until after the fire of 1849.

[55] See original "Proposals" framed and hanging in the St. Louis Law Library.

[56] See "Laws of Missouri 1838-39" page 59.

[57] See "History of the Volunteer Fire Department of St. Louis, by Edward Edwards, 1906" page 151.

This company was composed mainly of French and German citizens of the better class, all residents of the southern part of the city. It was located during the greater part of its existence in a frame building on the east side of Second Street, south of Spruce; and later in a brick engine house on the south side of Spruce, midway between Second and Third Streets.

A thorough American, he yet loved the French race from which he sprung. Of the same extraction as the Canadian voyageurs and early pioneers, he was of almost pure Creole descent. In common with all his race, he possessed their deep-rooted love for home and ancestry. Born and reared in St. Louis, acquainted with its rise and progress through a period of more than half a century, he knew more about the affairs of the early inhabitants and their descendants than any other living man. The history of St. Louis was as familiar to him as that of his own family, for his mother's people had come here with Laclede and were present at the founding of St. Louis. As a child, his mother, Marie Angélique Leroux Primm, was personally acquainted with the old settlers of that time. Her memory was remarkable, accurately recalling scenes and incidents and portraying them with a vigor that always charmed her audience. The most attentive and sympathetic of that audience was her son Wilson. He was even more like his mother than sons usually are, and his eager and retentive mind stored up this wealth of tradition to be used in after years in his early sketches of St. Louis under the titles of "Old French Times" and "Old Times in St. Louis." The pen name he signed to these contributions was "Vieux Temps."

Believing as he did that the true character and history of a people could be gathered as well from a record of their domestic habits as from that of their political mutations, he did a unique work in preserving to us a picture of early St. Louis life which but for him would not be handed down. Commencing with

the "Missouri Republican" and the "St. Louis Reveille," he contributed these sketches to the daily press down to the last ones written by him for the "Carondelet Review." For over fifty years he wrote valuable articles on early days, first settlers and incidents of life in St. Louis and Carondelet. This mass of historical information lies buried in old newspaper files, inaccessible oftentimes to even the student. It is all well worthy of being collected and reprinted. For St. Louis he is the one recognized authority respecting persons and events of the past, and while not given the credit, is the source of much of the information regarding St. Louis found in Scharf and Hyde.

Judge Primm always looked forward to the day when he could lay aside the cares and burdens of office and of practice and take up the writing of a more pretentious history of St. Louis than was contained in his disjointed sketches. He gathered together much material and made many notes in preparation for this work, but his rapidly failing health after his retirement from the bench precluded any more labor and he died with the desire of his life unsatisfied. Only a few fragments of this projected work are preserved, from the introduction to which as showing his method of gathering his historical data, I here quote:

"I have no anticipation that the following sketch of St. Louis will prove interesting to the general reader; but to those who remember the old village as it was nearly half a century ago, it may be interesting to find that some one had undertaken not to give the history of a city connected with great political events or changes, but to portray in truthful colors a people whose upright character and simple habits were in strong contrast with those of the present day.

"In the year 1831 I was a member of the St. Louis Lyceum, and at the request of that society I prepared and delivered before it a lecture, embodying some salient facts relating to the history of St. Louis. The task which I had assumed involved the necessity of

learning and verifying very many things which were not to be procured from records and which could only be found in the memory of living witnesses. Fortunately there were then living several persons who were co-eval with the settlement of St. Louis; persons of fair education, of excellent mind, and to whose memories the things of the past in their most minute details were as vivid as the occurrences of a week before, and perhaps more so. The knowledge of these persons was cheerfully imparted to me, and it is from copious notes then taken, from the recollections of those who lived in Spanish times after the permanent establishment of St. Louis, from the notes of the late Auguste Chouteau, from the archives of the French and Spanish Governments, and from other reliable sources that I have been enabled to prepare a sketch which if it has no other recommendation, has that of truth. The historical statements of those two productions (The Lecture in 1831 and the Oration in 1847) have never been controverted, although at the time they were severally published witnesses were living who could and would have impeached them had they been incorrect."[58]

[58] In explanation of the discrepancies corrected in the foot notes appended to Primm's History of St. Louis, it must be borne in mind that this sketch is the first history of St. Louis and being a pioneer work, is subject to all the inaccuracies of such a production, which in no wise impair its value. It blazed a trail for others to follow and made the way easier for them. Primm was the first to make a record of our early history, and fact and tradition were so inextricably interwoven that he could get no perspective. His work has a tremendous value in that he has preserved that which but for him would have been forever lost. Remember that he did not have as we have the advantages of the researches of Gayarré, and later of those of Houck who has raised an enduring monument to himself by collecting and printing the old French and Spanish archives in his two works—"The History of Missouri" and "The Spanish Regime in Missouri," making them in the true sense of the term, source books of history.

HISTORY OF ST. LOUIS.

(The following article was prepared for the St. Louis Lyceum, by a young gentleman of that City,* who has been so obliging as to give it to us for publication, at our earnest solicitation. Having been carefully compiled from authentic materials, we have no doubt of its accuracy.)

Spain, France and England, in the seventeenth century, claimed, it is well known, the greater part of North America, by right of conquest, or of discoveries made under their patronage and direction. The treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, with regard to these three kingdoms, contained a provision for the restitution of the conquests which had been made from each other, but was wholly silent as to the boundaries of their possessions in America. In a country newly discovered, and but little known, it was natural that claims so extensive and undefined should clash, and that the claimants of territory should encroach on each other. Indeed, the subject of boundary, between France and England particularly, had from the first been unsettled, and the source of long and fruitless negotiation. France, besides owning Canada in the north, had, under the discoveries of de la Salle, settled the country on the Mississippi in the south. In 1753[1] she determined to connect her northern and southern possessions by a chain of posts along the lakes and the river Ohio. Fort du Quesne, now Pittsburgh, and Fort de Chartres, the ruins of which are yet to be seen on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, were links of that chain of military out-posts. Such a proceeding, if ef-

* This article was written by Mr., afterwards Judge, Wilson Primm. It has been edited for the COLLECTIONS by Mr. William Clark Breckenridge.

[1] This scheme of connecting Canada with Louisiana was a revival of LaSalle's plan, which he had advocated over seventy years before. Fort Chartres was founded in 1719, and Fort Du Quesne in 1754.

fected, threatened to be highly detrimental to the interests of the English, by giving them a frontier of great extent to defend against the Indians and French, in the event of war, and by confining them to the narrow borders of the Atlantic. It was consequently resisted, and the protracted war ensued, in which our Washington first displayed his military skill. From America, the war was transferred to Europe, waged without intermission for seven years, and only ended with the treaty of Fontainebleau in 1762, which was ratified by the treaty of Paris, of the year following. By this treaty, England acquired all the country *east* of the Mississippi, which, after the adoption of the constitution, was ceded by Virginia to the United States, under the name of the North-western Territory. By a secret article in that treaty,[2] also, all the country *west* of the Mississippi, called Louisiana, was ceded by France to Spain. In 1800, it was retroceded to France, and by her, in the same year, sold to the United States, for fifteen millions of dollars.

Spain did not take possession of her newly acquired territory until 1769, when Count O'Reilly, invested with extraordinary powers, and at the head of a considerable body of troops, landed at New Orleans, took possession of the country in the name of his Catholic Majesty, abolished the existing form of government, and established a new one, conformable to the laws of Spain. Until this change was effected, however, French laws remained in force in the province, and the officers of the French government continued to exercise their functions as if no change had taken place. In fact, the subjects of the French monarch were not aware that they had passed under a foreign domination. The mild administration of his government had endeared it to them, and it was probably owing to this fact, that Spain delayed taking possession, and that when she assumed the reins, it was thought prudent to clothe her

[2] Not, as stated, by a secret article in the Treaty of Paris; but by a secret cession made by France to Spain, November 3, 1762.

representatives with military power, for the purpose of awing the disaffected into submission.

"In the year 1762, Mr. Dabadie, being Director General and military and civil Governor of the Province of Louisiana, granted to a company under the name of Laclede Ligueste, Maxan and Company,[3] the necessary powers to trade with the Indians of the Missouri, and those west of the Mississippi, above the Missouri, as far as the river St. Peter." (*Deposition of Aug. Chouteau, on file in the office of the Recorder of land titles at St. Louis.*) The traffic in furs and peltry with these Indians, though of intrinsic value, was rendered unavailable, from the want of convenient stations near the mouth of the Missouri, to serve as places of deposit for the merchandise, which was the basis of the trade. This disadvantage, together with the difficulty and risk attendant upon the traffic, was felt by the French government in Louisiana, and disposed them to grant privileges and immunities to such as should engage in it. An exclusive charter, such as that above mentioned, could not but be beneficial both to the grantor and grantee. To the latter it opened a mine of wealth, dangerous, certainly, in the exploration, but highly profitable, if managed with industry and prudence: to the former, the advantage consisted in this, that the trade would in time become a source of revenue; the navigation of the Mississippi would cause the settlement and improvement of the country bordering upon it; and, finally, each trading post, each place of deposit, would become a nucleus, round which, plantations would be formed and villages arise. Such, indeed, was

[3] "The style of the firm varies. But 'Maxent, Laclede & Co.' is the form of the signature attached to several documents in the office of the St. Louis Recorder of Deeds. 'Maxent' is written in a variety of ways. Even Laclede himself sometimes spells the word '*Maxan*,' but doubtless '*Maxent*' is the correct form."—From Scharf. page 63.

Maxent's full name was: Gilbert Antoine de St. Maxent. Gayarré names St. Maxent as a leading merchant of New Orleans. He was the brother-in-law of Governor Luis de Unzaga as well as the father-in-law of Governor Don Bernardo de Galvez.

partly the result; for soon after the settlement of St. Louis, towns and villages sprung up throughout Upper Louisiana, and the interior assumed the lively appearance of civilization and industry.

"In consequence of the powers with which he was invested, Mr. Laclede formed an expedition, at the head of which he was placed, and started from New Orleans on the 3d of August, 1763. On the 3d of November, in the same year, he arrived at Ste. Genevieve, but finding no place suitable for the storage of his goods, and being still too far from the Missouri, a proximity to which, was an object with him, he proceeded on to Fort de Chartres, which was still in possession of the French troops." (*Dep. of A. Chouteau.*) Thence he proceeded immediately towards the mouth of the Missouri river, in search of a spot suitable for an establishment of the kind he had in view. Having fixed upon a site he returned to Fort de Chartres, from whence he started again in the beginning of the month of February, 1764,[4] with the men whom he had brought with him from New Orleans, a few from Ste. Genevieve, and some from the Fort. On his route, he passed through the town of Cahokia, engaging several families to go with him to the proposed establishment. On the fifteenth, they reached the place of destination, proceeded to cut down trees and draw the lines of a town, which was called, by *Mr. Laclede, the founder,* St. Louis, in honor of Louis XV., the reigning monarch of France.

In several sketches of the history of St. Louis, which

[4] Laclede was not here himself at that time, but sent Auguste Chouteau to direct the work. He himself arrived in St. Louis in the early part of April.

Primm gives the correct date of the founding of St. Louis (February 15, 1764), which proves that he had never seen the fragment which we now call Chouteau's Journal. For the changed date in that journal, see "Journal of the Founding of St. Louis, Original and Translation," and halftone plate of Chouteau's entry of the date in the Original Journal. Missouri Historical Society Collections, Volume III, Number 4, page 338, Note 3.

have appeared in the public papers, the honor of having founded it is awarded to Mr. Auguste Chouteau. These statements, uncontroverted as they have been, have caused the belief which generally prevails, that he was the founder. The writer risks something, no doubt, in opposing it, but the task which he has assumed, of presenting not only a history of this town, but a *correct* one, constrains him to it. The evidence, at least, which opposes the popular belief, is so strong, as to vindicate the writer from the imputation of wishing to pluck from the brow of merit, the chaplet of honor; and the feelings of delicacy, which, under other circumstances, might be indulged, must now be laid aside.

The writer had frequently heard doubts suggested on this subject, but the question was not then of sufficient interest to him to prompt an inquiry. When he undertook, however, to prepare this paper, it became necessary to arrive, if possible, at the truth. With that view, he had recourse to several of the French inhabitants, in the truth of whose statements he knew the most implicit confidence could be placed. The persons thus applied to are aged, the most of them having been born within ten or fifteen years after the foundation of the town. They knew nothing *personally,* but all concurred in saying that Mr. Laclede was the founder; that Mr. Chouteau was a boy when the town was founded; that thus they had always heard their fathers say. This tradition, though strong evidence, was still not sufficient. The writer called on a lady who is said to have been the first woman that came to St. Louis. Mrs. L.,[5] though very aged, blind, and almost deprived

[5] This was Marguérite Blondeau Guion—Hébert *dite* Lecomte, known to the Primms as "Grandmother Lecomte." She was blind for many years previous to her death in 1832. She was the great grandmother of Mrs. Wilson Primm.

Marguérite Blondeau was the daughter of Thomas Blondeau and of Marie Josèphe de Celles Duclos. Her parents were married in Montreal on January 7, 1737, and she was born there. In what year they removed to Illinois is not known, but Primm says

of the use of her limbs, still retains the faculties of her mind, strong and unimpaired. Her recollection of the scenes through which she has passed, is perfect; in addition to which she has that happy facility of manner and language, united with a spirit of politeness,

that she was living in Cahokia in 1763; and the St. Louis Archives show that on August 5, 1766, Thomas Blondeau received a grant from St. Ange of a lot 120 by 150 feet front on Rue Royal, N. E. quarter of Block 43, and that in 1776 her father and mother were living at her home in St. Louis. Her father died some time between the years 1777 and 1780, as he is referred to as "deceased" in the marriage contract between herself and Hébert. Her mother died in April, 1781, aged 70 years. She came of a family long prominent in Canada, her great grandfather being Gabriel de Celles Duclos, Sieur de Seilly, Juge Civil et Criminel.

Marguérite Blondeau was married to Amable Guion, Sr., and came to St. Louis from Cahokia in 1764. Her husband, who was a stone mason by trade, was killed in the Indian Massacre, which occurred May 26, 1780. She was the source of Wilson Primm's information regarding this Massacre, and her account of it was naturally tinged with feeling due to the personal loss she had suffered through this attack.

The inventory of Guion's estate, made October 31, 1780, shows that he left her well provided for; its total value was 5475 livres—15 sols. This estate was left equally to her and her son Amable Guion, Jr. Besides personal property, it consisted of: "A stone house 40 feet wide by 26 feet deep, built by Amable Guion, Sr., in 1766, and the ground thereto belonging, 120 feet front by 150 feet deep, fronting on the Rue Royal, and extending down to the bank of the Mississippi river—valued at 2500 livres; a piece of land one arpent front by 40 arpents deep in the Prairie Des Noyers—valued at 150 livres; two arpents of land in the Cul de Sac of the Grand Prairie—valued at 200 livres."

According to Cathedral Records, the widow Guion on November 8, 1780, married Guillaume Hébert *dit* Lecomte, son of Louis Hébert and Catherine Quentin, born in the Parish of L'Ange Gardien, Bishopric of Québec, Canada. He was a trader living in St. Louis. Their marriage contract, signed November 3, 1780, recites that she brings to her husband "The sum of Nine Hundred Dollars, Four Hundred Dollars of which her Mother has given to her in consideration of her friendship, and as a personal dower."

Guillaume Hébert *dit* Lecomte had a stone quarry in St. Louis in 1799, and Chouteau testified that he got stone from him in that year, paying him 5 sous per load.

On December 2, 1793, Amable Guion, Jr., deeded to Guillaume Hébert *dit* Lecomte and Marguérite Blondeau his wife, his half interest in the property originally belonging to his father, and located on the north half of Block 5, for the sum of 1250 livres, in

which renders the communication of intelligence both striking and agreeable. The details which she gave, are so clear and connected, that it is impossible to doubt them. She was born in the year 1745; in the year 1763, being eighteen years old, she was married and living in Cahokia, when, in the month of November, as she believes, Mr. Laclede passed through that town, on his way towards the mouth of the Missouri, in search of a situation to form an establishment. In the month of February, in the following year, he again passed through the town, with the men he had brought from New Orleans, with some from Fort de Chartres, and some from Ste. Genevieve; amongst these, was Auguste Chouteau, then a boy of about fifteen years of age. Mr. Laclede induced several persons to go from Cahokia, to his proposed establishment, and amongst others, her husband. She remained in Cahokia until the close of the month of May, when the Mississippi rising, overflowed the town, and inundated the floor of the house in which she lived; a Mr. Trotier, a resident of the town, offered her a refuge in his house, which she refused, on the ground that as she was compelled to go to *Pain Court* (the name that St. Louis acquired at that time, from the scarcity of provisions, which were brought from Ste. Genevieve), she might

accordance with the terms of a mutual deed between himself and his mother, signed December 11, 1784, binding either party to sell only to the other, and at the above price.

Guillaume Hébert *dit* Lecomte made a will signed February 27, 1797. Having no children, he left all he was possessed of, amounting to $5,500.00, "to my wife Marguérite Blondeau, to enjoy with the blessing of God and my own." But he did not die when he expected, and evidently his possessions increased in value for in the List of St. Louis Land Owners in 1805, he was *assessed* at $5,000.00. (See page 186 of Missouri Historical Collections, Volume III, No. 2.)

He died February 20, 1809, and was buried from the Cathedral the next day by Jean Baptiste Trudeau, *Chantre.*

Marguérite Blondeau Hébert *dite* Lecomte died October 30, 1832, and was buried from the Cathedral on October 31.

There exists what is said to be an excellent likeness of her in the shape of an oil painting in the possession of Mrs. Poepping.

as well do it at once. Accordingly, she and her husband moved to St. Louis in the beginning of June. There were then only two or three houses, or rather huts, in St. Louis, one of which belonged to Mr. Laclede. The men were employed in building for Mr. Laclede the house in which Auguste Chouteau resided before his death; while she, and the greater part of the settlers, lived for a time on scaffolds, elevated six or seven feet above the ground, to protect themselves from the wild beasts which abounded. Mr. Laclede gave lots of ground to the settlers, in admeasurement of which, Auguste Chouteau generally carried the chain for him.

Another lady, Mrs. B.,[6] remarkable for her piety, intelligence, and amiable disposition, states that when about eleven or twelve years old, she came from Kaskaskia, where she then resided, on a visit to St. Louis. When she first knew Mr. Chouteau he was a little boy, some three years older than herself. She was godmother to Mr. Chouteau's wife, and he, on that account, also called her godmother; when she would reprove him for it, on the ground that it made her appear older than himself, he invariably stated the difference between their ages to be three years. Mrs. B. is now seventy-eight years old, which would make Mr. Chouteau, at the foundation of St. Louis, about fourteen years of age.

Two other persons who were among the first settlers

[6] This was Marie Thérèse Delisle Brazeau, born in Kaskaskia in 1753. She was the daughter of Louis Bienvenu Delisle and of Marie Thérèse de Vinsenne, who were married at Kaskaskia on November 6, 1752. She was married at the Church of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady of the Kaskaskias and Tamarois in Kaskaskia, November 7, 1769, to Joseph Brazeau, Jr., who was the son of Joseph Brazeau, Sr., and of Françoise Dizier of the same place.

In 1781, Joseph Brazeau, Jr., received a grant from Cruzat on the Mississippi and on Gingras for services; and they removed to St. Louis in that year. He was born at Kaskaskia in 1742 and died in St. Louis, November 23, 1816. His wife died at the same place in February, 1834. They had no children. There is a monument to her in Calvary Cemetery.

have made statements similar to the above. Nor are they unsupported. In the Missouri Republican of the 24th February, 1829, we find an obituary notice of Mr. Auguste Chouteau, sanctioned, it is presumed, by his relatives, in which his age, at the time of his death, is stated to have been eighty years. St. Louis had then been founded sixty-five years; consequently, Auguste Chouteau was fifteen years old at the foundation of the city; a fact which, in our opinion, settles the question.

The spot thus selected, was covered with a growth of timber,[7] which extended north and south along the margin of the Mississippi, and west as far as to the prairie. The selection was certainly a happy one. Immediately below the junction of two mighty rivers, and but little above the mouth of another, with a chain of water communication from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific ocean, it seems to have been formed by nature, for the site of a great and populous city, and to have been intended for the *depot* of the greater part of the western country. After its foundation, all that was necessary to bear it along in the career of importance, was enterprise and industry. Fortunately, when the country was transferred to the United States, the commercial advantages of St. Louis, the healthiness of its situation, and the fertility of the soil around and above, attracted to it numbers of energetic men, who have caused it to make rapid strides towards greatness. The immense superiority which its locality gives it, will always ensure the monopoly of the commerce, and render it the mart of the mineral, agricultural, and fur countries which lie above it on both sides of the Mississippi river.

"Seventeen months after the foundation of St. Louis the Fort de Chartres was evacuated by the French

[7] "It is said that the site of the original village was covered with a beautiful grove of Walnut trees, without underbrush and with a fine blue grass turf."

See Journal of the Founding of St. Louis, Missouri Historical Society Collections. Volume III, No. 4, page 351, Note 5.

troops." (*Dep. of Aug. Chouteau.*) The ostensible cause was that its situation was low, unhealthy, and subject to inundation. The real cause, no doubt, was that the French, having by the treaty of Paris, ceded the country east of the Mississippi to the English, were obliged to abandon the military posts they possessed in that country. "On the 17th of July, 1765.[8] *M. de St. Ange de belle rive,* the commander of the Fort de Chartres, together with officers and troops, arrived at St. Louis, and assumed the reins of government."[9] (*Dep. of Aug. Chouteau.*) Whether authority was delegated to him by the Director General, or whether it was a mere assumption of power on his part, cannot now be ascertained; certain it is, that his authority was submitted to by the inhabitants, and immediately after his arrival, St. Louis was considered the capital of Upper Louisiana. Having organized the government, he proceeded early in the spring to parcel out the lands to the settlers.

[8] "As the result of a treaty between France and England, France in 1763 purchased peace with England by ceding to her all her possessions in America, except Florida, New Orleans and all the territory west of the Mississippi River already transferred secretly to Spain. Owing to the activity of Pontiac and his allies, the British had great difficulty in getting troops to Fort Chartres. It was not until October 9th, 1765, that Capt. Thomas Sterling arrived with a detachment of the 'Black Watch' Regiment. On the next day, the French flag disappeared forever from Fort Chartres, which was the last place on the continent of North America to float that flag. Louis de St. Ange withdrew on October 23rd, 1765, with his troops to St. Louis."

From the Sieurs de St. Ange, by Walter B. Douglas, page 144, in Publication No. 14, Illinois State Historical Library.

[9] "The secret treaty which had transferred the west bank of the river, known until 1796 as the western part of the Illinois, from France to Spain, had been made known in October, 1764, but it was the duty of France, and so recognized by the French Government, to govern the country in the customary way, until Spain came to take possession. And the jurisdiction which St. Ange had possessed over that territory was unimpaired by the transfer of the east bank to the British. Hence St. Ange came to St. Louis and assumed full authority as French Commandant, made grants of land, and exercised the functions of Governor from April 27, 1766 to May 20, 1770."

From the Sieurs de St. Ange, by Walter B. Douglas, page 144.

For this purpose, he called the inhabitants together, and told them that although Mr. Laclede had given them the *possession,* he had not given them *titles* to their lots, and that in order to obviate the disputes that might arise, they must report to him their boundaries, and he would make them *concessions,* by which they would be invested with the right. He accordingly made the *Livre Terrien,* or land book, in which the grants of lots and lands were, not *recorded,* but originally written, and copies of these grants were made out for the grantees. The people did not consider these concessions as incomplete or inchoate grants, which were to be ratified by some authority higher than that which made them; but as perfect grants, vesting in them the entire *allodium,* independent of any condition, save that of being subject to taxation,[10] and of being improved by the grantee within a limited time. In fact, the words of the concession, show this to have been the meaning on the part of the granting party. The mode of obtaining grants, was by petition or *requête.* After referring to the petition, as to its date, the request it contained, the party making it, the concession generally ran thus: "On the day and year aforesaid, at the request of ———, we have granted,

[10] Primm is in error in stating that land was subject to taxation. Stoddard lists the kinds of taxes imposed in the Province of Louisiana and makes no mention of a land tax, but later on explicitly states that there was none. On page 311 of his Sketches of Louisiana he says: "Indeed, few of the French and part of the English-Americans only, were at first reconciled to the change, though they never manifested any discontent. The former seemed to feel as if they had been sold in open market, and by this means degraded. The latter anticipated taxation; many of whom had abandoned their native country to avoid it, and voluntarily become the subjects of a government careful not to impose any burthens on the agricultural part of the community."

Thwaites in his "Daniel Boone," page 227, expresses the same thought: "Neither did men of the Boone type who had become Spanish subjects in order to avoid the crowds, to get and to keep cheap lands, to avoid taxes, to hunt big game and to live a simple Arcadian life—at all enjoy this sudden crossing of the Mississippi River caused by the change of governments."

and do grant to him, his heirs, and assigns, the lot (or piece of land, describing its contents, boundaries, and locality), which he prays for, with the condition that he shall establish it within a year and a day, and that it shall be subject to the public charges."

"ST. ANGE."

Nearly the same form of concession was made use of under the Spanish authority. There was generally, however, a stipulation contained in them, that in case the conditions of improvements and cultivation, should not be complied with, the land should revert to the king. And many instances are found in the *Livre Terrien,* where this resumption has taken place.

Commerce was the first object which the French government had in view in forming establishments in Upper Louisiana, but agriculture became necessary for their support; and subsequently, the populating and improving a large tract of country, became an object of paramount importance. These objects could not be effected without presenting advantages which might induce adventurers to come and settle in the country. Accordingly, the government adopted the plan of making gratuitous grants of land[11] to actual settlers and cultivators. This was the plan upon which the first commandant, St. Ange, acted, and is the same pursued afterwards by Spain.

In the incipient stages of the two governments in Upper Louisiana, grants of land were proportioned to the means of the applicant, and always under the express condition of inhabitation or improvement; but towards their close, grants were made to all who chose to apply for them, without condition, to any extent, and

[11] "Land was generally held of so little value by the French and the Spaniards, that it was scarcely thought worth while to accept or to pay fees for writing the concession or *requête.* It was only in rare instances that such a concession was denied, but in no instance was a settlement allowed on the crown lands without permission of the Post-Commandant."

From Houck's *History of Missouri,* Vol. II, page 225.

of course, without regard to the means of the applicant.

The policy of the government in making gifts of land was to settle the country. Pursued with a proper spirit, it was certainly well calculated to effect that object; but it seems, at last, to have degenerated into a system of favoritism, tending to enrich a few individuals, at the expense of the royal treasury. The remoteness of the Lieutenant Governors from the seat of the general government, and the extent of the authority placed in their hands, perhaps enabled them to disregard the checks which had been placed around them. Certain it is, that until the administration of Mr. Trudeau, the means of the cultivator were taken as the criterion by which the magnitude of a grant was to be regulated. Indeed, until that time, no surveyor[12] was appointed for the province, which may account for the small number, and small size of the grants. The difficulty of locating a large tract of land, and settling its boundaries, may have deterred the inhabitants from applying for, and the Lieutenant Governor from granting them, and thus exceeding his authority. But these

[12] Prior to the appointment of the Surveyor General, as hereafter mentioned, our first official surveyor was "Martin Milony Duralde, born in Biscaya, Spain, son of Pierre Duralde and Marie di Elizaga, who came here with Piernas. He was a well educated gentleman of good family and abilities and raised to business. On October 9th, 1770, Gov. Don Pedro Piernas officially appointed him 'Surveyor of this colony of Illinois and the dependencies of his Catholic Majesty' in response to a Petition of the inhabitants of St. Louis (on file in the United States Recorder's Office) dated October 7, 1770, 'praying that since the establishment of this Post there has been no survey, may it please your Excellency to appoint some one to make a survey as soon as convenient.'"

He married here in 1776, Marie Josepha Perrault, born in Quebec, daughter of Louis Perrault, merchant of that place, and wife Josepha Baby, deceased. Duralde remained but a few years in the place, returning to New Orleans, where his wife's connections resided.

From Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days, by Billon, page 447 (with corrections).

His daughter Clarice became the wife of Governor Claiborne of Louisiana.

obstacles, if they were such, were removed in 1795, by the appointment of a Surveyor General,[13] whose duty it was to mark off, by metes and bounds, such lands as should be granted by the Lieutenant Governor. From this time, that office became a kind of mint for the manufacture of concessions. It is said, that a short time before the change of government from Spanish to American, grants were made out by the ream. This statement, though hyperbolical, is supported to some extent, by the fact, that until the appointment of Soulard as Surveyor General, the number of arpens of land granted did not exceed 50,000; and that from the date of his appointment, the number of arpens granted amounted to 2,150,969.

Concessions of the most valuable tracts of land, were thus made in a negligent manner, their boundaries not being defined with accuracy; and even now cover the face of the country, conflicting with each other, to the great perplexity of the courts of law, to the injury of the concessionaries themselves, and by retarding the march of improvement, to the disadvantage of the State. Many laws have been passed by Congress, for the purpose of settling these claims, but they have been ineffectual, or only partially beneficial. But as the powers of the Lieutenant Governors, and the principles upon which they acted, are now better understood, it is presumed that some plan will be

[13] This Surveyor General was "Antoine Pierre Soulard, son of Henry François Soulard and Marie Françoise Leroux, born in Rochefort, province of Aunis, France, in the year 1766. His father had been a Lieutenant in the French Navy, and he himself had adopted the same profession, and had attained the grade of sub-lieutenant when he left the French service and came to the United States in 1794, coming out to St. Louis the same year, where he received the appointment, February 3, 1795, of "King's Surveyor" for Upper Louisiana, which office he held until the transfer to the United States in 1804. Mr. Soulard was married on November 16, 1795, to Miss Marie Julie Cerré, the youngest daughter of Gabriel Cerré, merchant of St. Louis. He died November 9, 1825, aged fifty-nine years, and Mrs. Soulard, May 9, 1845, in her seventieth year."

From Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days, by Billon, page 471.

adopted to secure the claimants in their rights, or to throw these lands open to the enterprise and industry of our citizens, by exposing them to sale.

Under the administration of St. Ange, St. Louis assumed more definitely the appearance of a town. The soldiers had, by degrees, become amalgamated with the inhabitants; comfortable dwellings were erected; and small fields in the neighborhood, now called *common fields,* had been opened and improved. The government was in a manner patriarchal; the whole community seemed to compose one family, under the guidance of a common father, and enjoying a common patrimony. Perhaps a sense of their weak, and somewhat perilous situation, tended to bring into existence and strengthen the bonds of amity and good feeling, and to maintain that order, harmony, and subordination, which it is so difficult to maintain in infant colonies.

On the 11th of August, 1768, three years after St. Ange established himself at St. Louis, Mr. Rious[14] arrived with Spanish troops, and took possession of Upper Louisiana, in the name of his Catholic Majesty; but did not exercise any jurisdiction over the country, as appears from the fact that St. Ange continued to perform official acts until the beginning of 1770. (*Livre Terrien.*) From this it is to be inferred that the powers of Mr. Rious were limited to the bare taking possession of the country, and that no jurisdiction

[14] "On September 9, 1767, Captain Francis Rios (Capt. Don Francisco Rui) of the Spanish service, arrived with a Company of some 25 men sent up from New Orleans by Count Ulloa to receive possession of and establish the Spanish authority on the west side of this Upper Region of the Mississippi. He established a fort called 'Fort Prince Charles' on what was afterwards the site of Fort Bellefontaine, almost completing it before the close of the year 1768. In July, 1769, Captain Rios (Rui) with his men abandoned the unfinished fort and sailed for New Orleans."

From Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days, pages 52 and 64.

See also "Instructions, D'Ulloa to Rui, 1767." In Missouri Historical Society Collections, Volume III, No. 2, pages 145 to 169, inclusive.

was to be exercised by him, until the dissatisfaction against the transfer had been worn away, and the inhabitants become reconciled to their new master. Their habits, manners, and customs, which they retained under the new government, and long after its extinction, being entirely French, they would naturally be averse to the change; and their remoteness from the source of power, imperatively required delicacy and prudence in such measure as might be adopted towards them.

The arrival of Count O'Reilly[15] at New Orleans, and the revolution that consequently occurred there, caused the evacuation of Upper Louisiana by the Spanish troops, and their departure for New Orleans in July, 1769. The transfer having been completely effected, a new government organized, and a new code of laws established by Count O'Reilly, he directed his attention to the province of Upper Louisiana, of which he ap-

[15] "Alexander O'Reilly, a native of Ireland, born about 1735, sent to Spain when very young; joined the Hiberni regiment; served in Italy and received a wound which lamed him for life; in 1757, by permission, served in the Austrian Army under Field Marshal De Lacy, his countryman, in two campaigns against the Prussians; as a volunteer served in the armies of France under Marshal Duc de Broglie; was made Lieutenant-Colonel in the Spanish service; served against the Portuguese; attained the rank of Brigadier General; taught the Spanish troops German maneuvers and tactics; in 1762 was raised to the rank of Major-General and sent to Havana as second in command; restored the fortifications of Havana; made Inspector-General of the King's Infantry; in 1765 by his cool intrepidity saved the King's life in the famous Madrid Insurrection, which forced the Sovereign to fly to Aranjuez; was made a Count; decorated with many military orders; in 1769 made Captain General of Louisiana (and with 2600 choice troops of Spain, in 24 ships, arrived in New Orleans on August the 18th. After establishing the Spanish authority in the country and organizing the new government, he sailed for Spain, October 29, 1770); in 1774 in command of a great expedition against Algiers which resulted unfortunately; afterward appointed Commander-General of Andalusia and Cadiz; fell in disfavor and retired to Catalonia in 1794, however, was appointed to the command of the Army of the East Pyrenees, to oppose the French, and died suddenly at an advanced age. His descendants resided in the Island of Cuba at one time and a street in Havana is named in his honor."

Houck's *History of Missouri.* Volume I, page 301.

pointed Pedro Piernas Lieutenant Governor.[16] This officer, under the Spanish government, was invested with extensive powers: he was military and civil commandant of the whole province over which he was delegated, having authority in whatever concerned the administration of justice, or the defence of the country; he appointed commandants of posts and towns within his jurisdiction, their acts being subject to his approval, and themselves removable at his pleasure; he had the power of making grants of lands, which grants, or *concessions,* as they were called, were to be confirmed by the governor general; and with the exception that his act could be revised and he removed by the power that appointed him, he was invested with despotic sway.

On the 29th of November, 1770, Mr. Piernas arrived at St. Louis, with a body of troops, and took possession of Upper Louisiana again; but he did not begin to exercise his functions as Lieutenant Governor, until the month of February following. (*Livre Terrien.*) The inhabitants soon became reconciled to the new domin-

[16] "Don Pedro Joseph Piernas was a Spaniard by birth, came to New Orleans with Ulloa, a captain in the Spanish service, married Félicité Robineau de Portneuf at New Orleans, who was the sole heiress of Louis Nicolas Robineau de Portneuf, and also heiress of half the estate of Madame Marguérite Philippe D'Aneau de Muid, widow of René Robineau, Lord of Portneuf. She was born at Fort de Chartres, September 25, 1745. Ulloa in a letter to Marquis de Grimaldi says that he was very popular with the troops under him on account 'of his methods, joviality and good treatment' they received from him; and that at Natchez he succeeded with the fort and settlement although he had less than one-half the people that were in Misuri." (Shortly after the occupation of New Orleans by Don Alexander O'Reilly, the Spanish Commandant of Louisiana, with his troops, he dispatched Piernas with a body of Spanish troops to take possession of Upper Louisiana. Piernas was Lieutenant-Governor from May 20, 1770 to May 19, 1775.) In 1785 he was Colonel of the Louisiana Regiment of New Orleans, succeeding Governor Estevan Miro. Piernas held command in New Orleans while Galvez was absent on his expedition to conquer the British possessions on the Mississippi. He was in the Spanish service thirty years, and his father before him served forty-eight years."

From Houck's *History of Missouri,* Volume II, page 22.

ion, for Spain adopted the prudent plan of tempering the mandates of government with parental mildness. Such measures, indeed, were necessary towards men who were placed on the verge of civilization, and with whom, harshness would have had no beneficial effect. It resulted in a firm attachment to the government, which displayed itself in their regret and dissatisfaction at the retrocession to France, in 1800.

The liberality observed in the policy of granting land gratuitously to settlers, adopted by the French, and pursued by the Spanish, attracted considerable numbers of emigrants, particularly from Canada, and the advantages of the fur trade, drew many from the lower to the upper province of Louisiana. The population thus acquired soon formed settlements in different parts. As early as 1767 Mr. Delore de Tregette founded *Vide Poche,* which in 1796 took the name of Carondelet, in honor of Baron de Carondelet, who was then Governor General of Louisiana. *Florissant* was founded by Mr. Borozier Dunégant, in 1769, and in 1796 was called St. Ferdinand, in honor of the king of Spain; and *Les Petites Cotes,* called *St. Charles,* in 1804, was established by Blanchette Chasseur, in 1769.

Mr. Piernas was succeeded by Francisco Cruzat in 1775, and the latter, by Fernando de Leyba, in July, 1778.

Until the present time, although danger had been apprehended from the Indians, yet no injury had been experienced from them. The territory on which St. Louis stood, that on which several other towns had been located, and the surrounding country, were claimed by the Illinois Indians (*Dep. of A. Chouteau*); but they had acquiesced in the intrusion of the whites, and had never disturbed them in the enjoyment of the land. A rumor, however, was now spread abroad, that an attack would shortly be made upon the town by the Canadians, and such Indians as were friendly to the English. The town was almost destitute of works of defense, but the inhabitants, amounting to little more

than a hundred *men,* immediately proceeded to inclose it with a species of wall, formed of the trunks of small trees, planted in the ground, the interstices being filled up with earth. The wall was some five or six feet high. It started from the *half moon,* a kind of fort in that form, situated on the river, near the present *upper ferry landing,* and ran from thence a little above the brow of the hill, in a semicircle, until it reached the Mississippi, somewhat above the bridge.[17] Three gates were formed in it, one near the bridge, and two others on the hill, at the points where the roads from the north-western and south-western parts of the common field came in. At each of these gates was placed a piece of heavy ordnance, kept continually charged, and in good order. Having completed this work, and hearing no more of the Indians, it was supposed that the attack had been abandoned. Winter passed away and spring came; still nothing was heard of the Indians. The inhabitants were led to believe that their apprehensions were groundless, from the representations of the Commandant Leyba, who did every thing in his power to dissipate their anxiety, assuring them that there was no danger, and that the rumor of the proposed attack was false. The month of May came, the labors of planting were over, and the peaceful and happy villagers gave themselves up to such pursuits and pleasures as suited their taste. An observer of the beautiful and quiet scene which this country then presented would never have deemed that the angry passions of men were at work to mar it.

A few days before the attack an old man named

[17] The bridge referred to was the one over the Petite Riviere at Second Street. It is thus spoken of by Brackenridge in his Recollections of Persons and Places in the West, Second Edition, page 227:

"After crossing *a stone bridge in a dilapidated condition,* I approached a long and straggling suburb, each side of the road, for it could scarcely be called a street, with some tolerable gardens and orchards."

Kenelle,[18] a resident of St. Louis, had gone over to the mouth of Kahokia creek to catch fish. While watching his lines on the south bank of the creek he heard a slight noise on the opposite side. Looking up, he beheld an acquaintance who had formerly resided in St. Louis, but who had absconded from thence on account of some crime which he had committed. His name was Ducharme,[19] and he was afterwards ascertained to be one of the leaders of the attack upon the town. His strange and sudden appearance, the circumstances under which he had left St. Louis, and the rumor of the meditated attack—all these combined, induced Kenelle to refuse to cross the creek, at the invitation of Ducharme. He was confirmed in his refusal by perceiving, a few moments after, the eyes of several Indians glaring upon him from the bushes in which they were concealed. "Come over," said Ducharme, "I have something very particular to tell you." "No," said Kenelle, "your request is not intended for my benefit, or the gratification of your friendly feelings. Though I am old and bald, yet I value my scalp too highly to trust myself with you." So saying, he embarked in his canoe, and crossing over to St. Louis, informed the commandant of what he had seen. The people became alarmed, but the commandant, calling his informant an old dotard, ordered him to be put in prison. This proceeding had the effect of again calming their minds and banishing apprehension.

In the meantime, numerous bands of the Indians living on the lakes and the Mississippi—the Ojibeways, Menomonies, Winnebagoes, Sioux, Sac, etc., together

[18] This was Raymond Quesnel, who was born in Montreal in 1719 and was married at that place in 1747 to Marie Anne Boulay. Houck states in his *History of Missouri*, Vol. II, page 53, that the records of the burials show that he was interred in St. Louis in 1780

[19] The full name of this trader and interpreter was Jean Marie Ducharme. "He was a native of Lachine; died at Sault St. Louis in 1791, eighty-five years old."

From Houck's *History of Missouri*, Vol. II, page 35.

with a large number of Canadians, amounting, in all, to upwards of fourteen hundred, had assembled on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, a little above St. Louis, awaiting the 6th of May, the day fixed for the attack. The 5th of May[20] was the feast of *Corpus Christi,* a day highly venerated by the inhabitants, who were all Catholics. Had the assault taken place then, it would have been fatal to them; for, after divine service, all, men, women, and children, had flocked to the prairie to gather strawberries, which were that season very abundant and fine. The town, being left perfectly unguarded, could have been taken with ease, and the unsuspecting inhabitants, who were roaming about in search of fruit, have been massacred without resistance. Fortunately, however, a few only of the enemy had crossed the river and ambushed themselves in the prairie. The villagers frequently came so near

[20] The feast of Corpus Christi did not fall on the 5th of May in 1780, according to the "Handy Book of Rules and Tables for Verifying dates with the Christian Era. By John J. Bond, London, 1889." Under movable feasts governed by Easter Day, on page 145, Easter fell on March 26th that year; hence Corpus Christi was kept on Thursday, May 25th, 1780. This error, of course, makes May the 6th the wrong date for "L'année du Coup." Both of these errors Primm corrected in his "Oration," in 1847 (page 10). His authority for both of these incorrect dates was Chouteau's Journal. According to his son Gabriel S. Chouteau, Colonel Auguste Chouteau had kept a journal for twenty years which contained a full account of the leading events of our early history. It was replete with important information. It was loaned to Jean N. Nicollet, and was destroyed by fire while in his possession. It was the source of most of the information contained in this "History of St. Louis," by Wilson Primm, and the "Sketch of the Early History of St. Louis," on pages 75 to 92, inclusive, of Nicollet's Report contained in House Document No. 52—28th Congress, Second Session.

(Also printed as Senate Document 237, same paging.) Primm says that he had access to Colonel Chouteau's papers and the proof that both he and Nicollet used this Journal, lies in their repeating his error in the date as evidenced in the quotation below from page 81 of Nicollet's "Sketch of the Early History of St. Louis:"

"In 1780, on the *6th of May,* as I discover by the papers of the late Colonel Auguste Chouteau, entrusted to me by the family, St. Louis was attacked by a party of Indians and British."

them in the course of the day, that the Indians, from their places of concealment, could have reached them with their hands. But they knew not how many of the whites were still remaining in the town, and in the absence of their coadjutors, feared to attack, lest their pre-concerted plan might be defeated.[21]

On the 6th, the main body of the Indians crossed, and marched directly towards the fields, expecting to find the greater part of the villagers there; but in this they were disappointed, a few only having gone out to view their crops. These perceived the approach of the savage foe, and immediately commenced a retreat towards the town, the most of them taking the road that led to the upper gate, nearly through the mass of Indians, and followed by a shower of bullets. The firing alarmed those who were in town, and the cry "to arms! to arms!" was heard in every direction. They rushed towards the works and threw open the gates to their brethren. The Indians advanced slowly, but steadily, towards the town, and the inhabitants, though almost deprived of hope, by the vast superiority in number of the assailants, determined to defend themselves to the last.

In expectation of an attack, Silvio Francisco Cartabona,[22] a governmental officer, had gone to Ste. Gene-

[21] For the inside History of *L'année du Coup*" see: "Documents relating to the attack upon St. Louis in 1780." in Missouri Historical Society Collections, Volume II, No. 6, pages 41 to 54, inclusive. See also Report of Attack on St. Louis, May 26, 1780, made by Martin Navarro, Intendant of the Province of Louisiana to his Excellency Senor Don Joseph de Galvez, dated August 18, 1780, in Houck's *Spanish Regime*, Vol. I, page 167.

[22] No credence is to be given to this statement regarding Cartabona; it is merely an evidence of the smouldering hate which the French bore the Spanish. Cartabona was a Spanish soldier, trained in the art of Indian warfare, belonging to a nation of fighters which in that day were masters of the art of war. The fact is that Cartabona was a wily enough warrior not to permit the Indians to draw him out into their ambuscade; they appear to have followed the usual Indian custom in this attack of making a sudden onslaught upon the town and then a speedy flight to draw out its defenders from the security of their shelter. This they failed to

vieve for a company of militia to aid in defending the town, in case of necessity, and had, at the beginning of the month returned with sixty men, who were quartered on the citizens. As soon as the attack commenced, however, neither Cartabona nor his men could be seen. Either through fear or treachery, they concealed themselves in a garret, and there remained until the Indians had retired. The assailed, being deprived of a considerable force by this shameful defection, were still resolute and determined. About fifteen men were posted at each gate; the rest were scattered along the line of defense, in the most advantageous manner.

When within a proper distance, the Indians began an irregular fire, which was answered with showers of

do and probably to the good judgment of Cartabona more than to the hysterical shooting of the French traders, was due the saving of St. Louis from utter destruction. That not only Cartabona and his men but the inhabitants of St. Louis as well, did their full duty on that day, there is official evidence, as the following from Houck's *History of Missouri*, Volume I, page 307, shows:

"In a letter addressed to Cartabona, Governor-General Galvez thanks the inhabitants of St. Louis for their zeal and activity in defending the town from the English attack, and says that he will inform the Government of this example worthy of emulation in all the colony." Cartabona was especially authorized in the name of the Sovereign to abundantly thank the special Lieutenant, Don Francesco Vallé, and Messieurs Picote de Belestre, Don Benito Vasquez and other inhabitants, 'in general and particular,' for the valor and noble intrepidity with which they have been enabled to restrain the impetuous pride of the enemy in the midst of greatest want."

Tradition does a cruel wrong to Cartabona in relating that he and his men concealed themselves in a garret during this attack. The official report made by Martin Navarro, Intendant of the Province to Senor Don Joseph de Galvez, dated August 18th, 1780, (Houck's *Spanish Regime*, Volume I, page 168) states that "The women and children had been shut up in the house of the Commandant defended by twenty men under the Lieutenant of Infantry, Don Francisco Cartabona."

That Cartabona's conduct on this occasion was considered by the King worthy of reward, and that it was rewarded, see letter of Senor Don Joseph de Galvez (Houck's *Spanish Regime*, Volume I, page 169), stating that the King had conferred the rank of Captain on Cartabona, as a reward for his defense of St. Louis.

grape shot from the artillery. The firing, for a while, was warm; but the Indians, perceiving that all their efforts would be ineffectual, on account of the intrenchments, and deterred by the cannon, to which they were unaccustomed, from making a nearer approach, suffered their zeal to abate, and deliberately retired. At this stage of affairs the Lieutenant Governor made his appearance. The first intimation that he received of what was going on, was by the discharge of artillery, on the part of the inhabitants. He immediately ordered several pieces of cannon, which were posted in front of the government house, to be spiked and filled with sand, and went, or rather was rolled in a wheelbarrow, to the scene of action. In a very peremptory tone, he commanded the inhabitants to cease firing and return to their houses. Those posted at the lower gate did not receive the order and consequently kept their stations. The commandant perceived this and ordered a cannon to be fired at them. They had barely time to throw themselves on the ground, when the volley passed over them, and struck the wall, tearing a great part of it down. These proceedings, as well as the whole tenor of his conduct, since the first rumor of an attack, gave rise to suspicions very unfavorable to the Lieutenant Governor. It was bruited about, that he was the cause of the attack, that he was connected with the British, and that he had been bribed into a dereliction of duty, which, had not Providence averted, would have doomed them to destruction. Under the pretext of proving to them that there was no danger of an attack, he had, a few days before it occurred, sold to the traders all the ammunition belonging to the government; and they would have been left perfectly destitute and defenseless, had they not found in a private house, eight barrels of powder, belonging to a trader, which they seized in the name of the King, upon the first alarm. General George Rogers Clark, who was at this time at Kaskaskia, with a few men under his command, understanding that an attack was meditated on the town, offered all the assistance in his power, to

aid in the defense. This offer was rejected by the Lieutenant Governor. All these circumstances gave birth to a strong aversion to the commandant, which evinces itself, even at this day, in execrations of his character, whenever his name is mentioned to those who have known him.[24] Representations of his conduct, together

[24] Fernando de Leyba was a native of Barcelona, Spain, and was a Captain in the Stationary Regiment of Louisiana (he was Spanish Lieutenant-Governor at St. Louis from January 1, 1779, until the latter part of June, 1780), in September, 1779, his wife died and was buried in the church in front of the right hand balustrade, and on June 28, 1780, Don Fernando de Leyba was buried by her side in the same church.

He was not popular with the people of the village. He was said to have been devoid of tact and discretion, rabidly penurious and intemperate. It may be that De Leyba strictly enforced the Spanish trade regulations and tariff, which Cruzat quietly ignored, and that this may have been the cause of his alleged unpopularity. Naturally the traders who were illegally bringing English goods into the Spanish possessions would feel aggrieved, in a case of this kind. It is admitted that on his arrival at St. Louis De Leyba immediately sought to make provision for the protection of the village. Anticipating this attack, he fortified St. Louis as far as its open situation permitted; he built a wooden tower at the expense of the people, at one end of the town, and in addition threw up two lines of entrenchments. When the attack was made, on May 26, 1780, he successfully repelled the enemy. When the official report of this defense reached Madrid, the King was greatly pleased. His Majesty conferred the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel upon De Leyba, and that of Captain upon De Cartabona, second in command, as a reward." (See letters relating to this royal commission, page 169-170, Volume I, of Houck's *Spanish Regime.*) De Leyba died June 28, 1780, before he was advised of his promotion. By hearsay, in every respect, the memory of De Leyba has been covered with obloquy, but the Archives show that he was a man of clear intelligence, business knowledge and sound judgment. His insight into principles of law and his impartiality in the administration of justice are unmistakable evidence of high qualities."

Houck's *History of Missouri*, Volumes I, page 307, and II, pages 24, 32, 41.

De Leyba's conduct on the occasion of this attack has been ably defended by Billon in his "Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days, page 177 to 190, inclusive, and 194, 195 and 196; but this defense is based entirely upon the case of Gratiot vs. Sanguinet, decided by him on May 26, 1780, and upon no other evidence.

Scharf also has a defense of De Leyba, based upon the same evidence (page 226), purporting to be by Professor Waterhouse, but in reality by Billon.

with a detailed account of the attack, were sent to New Orleans by a special messenger, and the result was, that the Governor General appointed Mr. Francisco Cruzat, to the office of Lieutenant Governor.

As soon as it was ascertained that the Indians had retired from the neighborhood, the inhabitants proceeded to gather the dead, that lay scattered in all parts of the prairie. Seven were at first found, and buried in one grave. Ten or twelve others, in the course of a fortnight, were discovered in the long grass that bordered the marshes. The acts of the Indians were accompanied by their characteristic ferocity. Some of their victims were horribly mangled. With the exception of one individual, the whites who accompanied the Indians did not take part in the butcheries that were committed. A young man named *Calvé,* was found dead, his skull split open, and a tomahawk, on the blade of which was written the word Calvé sticking in his brain. He was supposed to have fallen by the hand of his uncle. Had those who discovered the Indians in the prairie, fled to the lower gate, they would have escaped; but the greater part of them took the road that led to the upper gate, through the very ranks of the enemy, and were thus exposed to the whole of their fire. About twenty persons, it is computed, met their death in endeavoring to get within the intrenchments. None of those within them were injured, and none of the Indians were killed, at least, none of them were found. Their object was not plunder, for they did not attempt, in their retreat, to take with them any of the cattle or horses that were in the prairie, and that they might have taken; nor did they attack any of the neighboring towns, where danger would have been less, and the prospect of success greater. The only object they had in view, was the destruction of St. Louis; and this would seem to favor the idea that they were instigated by the English, and give good ground, when connected with other circumstances, to believe that Leyba was their aider and abettor. There are many anecdotes of this war, which

tradition has preserved, and it may not be uninteresting to record a few of them.

A Mr. Chancellier had gone, on the day of the attack, to the prairie, for strawberries, with his wife, two daughters, and an *American,* the first that had ever been in the country, in a cart drawn by two horses. When they perceived the Indians, they immediately fled towards the town in the cart; Mr. Chancellier being seated before, and the American behind, in order to protect the women who were in the middle. In their flight, the American was mortally wounded. As he was about falling out, Mr. Chancellier seized him and threw him in the midst of the women, exclaiming, "they shan't get the scalp of my American."[25] He was at the same time struck by two balls, which broke his arm in as many places, above the elbow; his wife received a bullet through the middle of her hand, the elder daughter was shot through the shoulder, immediately above the breast, and the younger was struck on the forehead, but the ball glanced aside and merely stunned her. The moment Mr. Chancellier arrived at the gate, his horses dropped dead, pierced with a hundred wounds—but his family was saved.

Mr. Belhomme,[26] in attempting to escape from the

[25] Primm calls him "The First American." This was a man by the name of *Kennedy.*

[26] This was "François Hébert *dit* Belhomme, son of Ignace Hébert and Hélène Danis, originally from Fort Chartres. François Hébert *dit* Belhomme was born at Fort Chartres in 1750. He married in St. Louis on February 4, 1774, the daughter of Julien Le Roy, aged about fifteen. He lived at the time of his death in a house built by his uncle, Joseph Hébert, on the Southeast quarter of Block Number Thirty Nine, on the Northwest Corner of Main and Poplar, which he had purchased from this uncle. He was killed on a piece of land of eighty arpents he held in the Grand Prairie, about four miles west of the Court House, survey Number 1287, now a part of Forest Park, near the northeast corner. He was just thirty years of age, and, like Cardinal, was buried where found on his land. His widow, Madeline Roy, was married to her second husband, Jean B. Truteau (the village school master) on May 1st, 1781, one year after Hébert's death."

From Annals of St. Louis in its Early Days, by F. L. Billon, page 200.

woods, where he had been hunting, into the town, had his thigh broken by a ball from an Indian. He managed to crawl to the great bend of the pond opposite the mill, and in the evening, when the Indians had disappeared, he began calling out for help. Finding this unavailing, he fired his gun, and continued firing until all his ammunition was expended. The people in the town heard the gun, but afraid that the Indians were still lurking about, they dared not obey the signal of distress. The unfortunate man was found dead a few days after, having perished from loss of blood and hunger.

Mr. Julien Roy, being pursued by an Indian, who wished to take him prisoner, and finding that his enemy gained on him at every step, finally determined to give him battle. He turned around, and taking deliberate aim, fired full at the savage's head. The Indian's jaw was shattered, and he fell. Mr. Roy ran up to him, and tearing his shirt, bound up the wound. The Indian was grateful, and guarded him through the ranks of his brethren to the town.

Many occurrences of like nature might be mentioned, tending to show that the ancient inhabitants of St. Louis descended from the French, had, with the amenity and gayety of disposition, and courteousness of demeanor, which characterize them to this day, inherited a valor that was at the same time bold and magnanimous.

Thus ended an attack, which, properly conducted, might have been destructive to the infant town, and which, from the number of the enemy and the danger incurred, was calculated to impress itself deeply upon the minds of those who witnessed it. It forms an era in the history of the place; and the year in which it occurred, has ever since been designated by the inhabitants, as *the year of the great blow.* "L'année du grand coup."

The Lieutenant Governor, aware of the representations against himself, and unable to bear the scorn and

contempt which the inhabitants manifested towards him, died a few days after the attack, suspected by many of suicide by poison.

Mr. Cartabona, upon the death of Leyba, assumed and kept the command until the arrival of Mr. Cruzat,[27] which was in the year following. During the administration of the latter, in the month of April, 1785, was witnessed the unparalleled rise of the river Mississippi, which also forms an era with the ancient inhabitants, and is called, the *year of the great waters.* "L'année des grandes Eaux." The Mississippi rose thirty feet above the highest water mark known; the town of Kaskaskia was nearly swept away; the low lands on the eastern shore of the river, as far back as the bluff, were so completely overflowed, that men went through the woods to Kaskaskia in boats. Very little inconvenience, however, was felt; for the bottoms being thinly settled, the rise caused but little destruction of property.

Under this administration, too, were begun those fortifications, which, until a few years past, were in existence along the brow of the hill. They consisted of a square building, called the *bastion,* situated at the northern extremity of the hill, nearly opposite the *half moon;* of a circular fort, directly south of the bastion, and situated on what is now called *Olive* street; of another circular building, which served both for a fort and prison, south of that last mentioned, and situated on *Walnut* street; of a circular fort, in a line with and south of the others, situated at the extremity of the hill, near what is called *Mill Creek;* and, finally, of another circular fort, east of the latter, and somewhat above the bridge near the river. All of these

[27] "After the death of De Leyba, Governor-General de Galvez, reappointed Colonel Francisco Cruzat, who had made himself very popular with the people of St. Louis in his first administration (May 20th, 1775, to June 17th, 1778) Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana, he held this office from September 24, 1780 to November 27, 1787."

From Annals of St. Louis in Its Early Days, by Billon, page 207.

fortifications were provided with ammunition and soldiers were kept constantly on guard in them. The forts, besides, were connected together by a strong wall, made of cedar posts, planted upright in the ground, fitted closely together, and with loop holes for small arms between every two. These precautionary defences had been dictated by the danger which had been incurred, and which was fresh in the recollection of all, and probably had the effect of preventing any further assaults upon the place. The inhabitants were never after molested.

Up to this time, communication with New Orleans was rare and difficult. The only mode of procuring merchandise for the fur trade, and supplies for the town was by means of keel boats, which started early in the spring and returned late in the fall. As many preparations were made for a trip to *the City,* as New Orleans was called, *par excellence,* as now would be made for a voyage to the East Indies. Now, we have steam boats, which waft us down ten miles an hour, and bear us back at the rate of seven. *Then,* the oar of the *voyageur* alone, moved the tardy bark against the rapid current, except, occasionally, when the southern breeze would spring up, and filling the sail, permit him to rest from his toil. Besides these natural difficulties, communication with New Orleans was at this time rendered dangerous, from the circumstances that a numerous band of robbers, under the guidance of two men, named Culbert and Magilbray, had located themselves at a place called *Cotton-wood Creek,* "La riviere aux Liards," and began a system of depredation which was highly alarming and detrimental to those who navigated the Mississippi. As communication between the two ports could be effected but once a year, the boats were generally richly laden, so that the plunder of them was wealth to the plunderers, and ruin to the owners. The gay song of the voyageur, as he kept time with the stroke of his oar, was the signal for the robbers to rush from their retreat. Armed at all points

they seized upon the vessels, and compelled the astonished and terrified crews to run them to the shore. There they would divest them of all that was valuable, and then leave them at liberty, either to continue their route, or return to their place of departure. This system of pillage was carried on with success; for it was rare that a boat passed these robbers unseen, and seldom did they see one which they did not pillage.

In the spring of 1787, a barge belonging to Mr. Beausoliel,[28] had started from New Orleans, richly laden with merchandise, for St. Louis. As she approached the Cotton-wood creek, a breeze sprung up and bore her swiftly by. This the robbers perceived, and immediately despatched a company of men up the river for the purpose of heading. The manœuvre was effected in the course of two days, at an island, which has since been called Beausoliel's Island. The barge had just put ashore—the robbers boarded, and ordered the crew to return down. The men were disarmed, guards

[28] "Beausoliel" was the nick name of Eugène Pourée, one of the early settlers of St. Louis, a Captain of Militia at St. Louis, and a merchant and ship master conducting a business of carrier of goods on the Mississippi for many years. On January 10th, 1756, Eugène Pourée, Sergeant of the Company of Varenne, was married at Kaskaskia to Marie Josèphe Godeau, daughter of Sieur Michel Godeau, Surgeon employed by the King at Kaskaskia. Captain Pourée commanded the force consisting of sixty-six Spaniards and Frenchmen, and sixty Indians, which left St. Louis in January, 1781, marched 600 miles through the wilderness and captured the British Fort St. Joseph (in Michigan) bringing back the British flag. For his services in this expedition, Pourée received the rank of Lieutenant in the Army with half pay. The conquest of this fort was made the basis of a claim by Spain to all the territory along the Illinois river to Lake Michigan. He died in St. Louis, April 30, 1783, hence the date of this attack by the robbers, given above as 1787, is incorrect. This attack occurred March 19, 1782, and for the official report of it, see letter of Don Estevan Miro to Senor Don Bernado de Galvez dated May 4, 1782 in Houck's *Spanish Regime*, Volume I, page 213. For a sketch of him and account of his law suit with Chouteau over the storage and re-shipment of Chouteau's goods, due to a threatened attack by robbers, see "The Case of Pourée against Chouteau," by Walter B. Douglas, in Missouri Historical Society Collections, Volume II, No. 6, pages 68 to 81, inclusive.

were stationed in every part of the vessel, and she was soon under way. Mr. Beausoliel gave himself up to despair. He had spent all he possessed in the purchase of the barge and its cargo, and now that he was to be deprived of them all, he was in agony. This vessel would have shared the fate of many others that had preceded it, but for the heroic daring of a negro, who was one of the crew. Cacasotte, the negro, was a man rather under the ordinary height, very slender in person, but of uncommon strength and activity. The color of his skin and the curl of his hair alone told that he was a negro, for the peculiar characteristics of his race had given place in him to what might be termed beauty. His forehead was finely moulded, his eyes small and sparkling as those of a serpent, his nose aquiline, his lips of a proper thickness; in fact, the whole appearance of the man, joined to his known character for shrewdness and courage, seemed to indicate, that under better circumstances, he might have shone conspicuous in the history of nations. Cacasotte, as soon as the robbers had taken possession of the barge, began to make every demonstration of uncontrollable joy. He danced, sang, laughed, and soon induced his captors to believe that they had liberated him from irksome slavery, and that his actions were the ebullitions of pleasure. His constant attention to their smallest wants and wishes, too, won their confidence, and whilst they kept a watchful eye on the other prisoners, they permitted him to roam through the vessel unmolested and unwatched. This was the state of things that the negro desired: he seized the first opportunity to speak to Mr. Beausoliel, and beg permission to rid him of the dangerous intruders. He laid his plan before his master, who, after a great deal of hesitation, acceded to it. Cacasotte then spoke to two of the crew, likewise negroes, and engaged them in the conspiracy. Cacasotte was cook, and it was agreed between him and his fellow conspirators, that the signal for dinner should be the signal for action. The hour

of dinner at length arrived. The robbers assembled in considerable numbers on the deck, and stationed themselves at the bow and stern, and along the sides, to prevent any rising of the men. Cacasotte went among them with the most unconcerned look and demeanor imaginable. As soon as he perceived that his comrades had taken the stations he had assigned them, he took his position at the bow of the boat, near one of the robbers, a stout, herculean man, who was armed cap-a-pie. Every thing being arranged to his satisfaction, Cacasotte gave the preconcerted signal, and immediately the robber near him was struggling in the waters. With the speed of lightning, he went from one robber to another, and in less than three minutes he had thrown fourteen of them overboard. Then seizing an oar, he struck on the head those who attempted to save themselves by grappling the running boards, then shot with the muskets that had been dropped on deck, those who swam away. In the meantime, the other conspirators were not idle, but did almost as much execution as their leader. The deck was soon cleared, and the robbers that remained below were too few in number to offer any resistance.

Having got rid of his troublesome visitors, Mr. Beausoliel deemed it prudent to return to New Orleans. This he accordingly did, taking care when he arrived near the Cotton-wood creek, to keep the opposite side of the river. He reached New Orleans, and gave an account of his capture and liberation to the Governor, who thereupon issued an order that the boats bound for St. Louis in the following spring, should all go in company, to afford mutual assistance in case of necessity. Spring came, and ten keel boats, each provided with swivels, and their respective crews well armed, took their departure from New Orleans, determined, if possible, to destroy the nest of robbers. When they neared the Cotton-wood creek, the foremost boat perceived several men, near the mouth among the trees. The anchor was dropped, and she

waited until the other boats should come up. In a few moments, they appeared and a consultation was held, in which it was determined that a sufficient number of men should remain on board, whilst the others should proceed on shore to attack the robbers. The boats were rowed to shore in a line, and those appointed for that purpose, landed and began to search the island in quest of the robbers, but in vain. They had disappeared. Three or four flat boats were found in a bend of the creek, laden with all kinds of valuable merchandise—the fruits of their depredations. A long low hut was discovered—the dwelling of the robbers—in which were stored away numerous cases of guns, destined for the fur trade, ammunition and provisions of all kinds. The greater part of these things were put on board the boats, and restored to their respective owners at St. Louis.

This proceeding had the effect of dispersing the robbers, for they were never after heard of. The arrival of ten barges together at St. Louis, was an unusual spectacle, and the year 1788 has ever since been called the *year of the ten boats.*

(From the *Illinois Monthly Magazine,* April and May, 1832.)

Upper Louisiana in 1805.

Washington, Jan. 6th, 05.

Sir:

In answer to your letter of Dec. 18, I have to inform you that no land office being as yet opened in upper Louisiana, no one is permitted to settle on the public lands there, and that the military is specially charged with preventing it, but the country of Kaskaskias on the opposite side of the river is open to acquisition, yields to the other side in no single circumstance and is far superior in point of safety, accept my salutations and best wishes.

Th. Jefferson.

Mr. Lewis Waugh.

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS' ADVENTURES IN COLORADO.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The interest which inheres in all stories of adventure prompts the reprinting of the following letter of Ezekiel Williams.

It has an additional interest in the fact that it is perhaps the earliest account of life in what is now one of our most delightful American play grounds.

The first American to visit the country now Colorado was, it is generally believed, one James Pursley, or Pursell, who went westward from St. Louis in 1802, and who filled his pockets with golden nuggets which he afterwards threw away as useless.

Captain Zebulon Pike and his party were at the site of Colorado Springs and Pueblo in 1806.

Williams was the third American visitor to that country, unless we accept the story of Colonel Shaw, hereinafter quoted, as proving an earlier visit by Shaw himself or by a party of trappers who are unidentified.

The date of Williams' visit is beclouded with doubt. Though he gives dates with positiveness, and his story is consistent, and no reason seems to have existed for misstatement, and he was a man of good character, nevertheless it seems clear that his dates are not correct.

The witnesses relied upon to prove their incorrectness are, some of them, by no means so trustworthy as Williams himself.

Williams says that he went up the Missouri River in 1810; that he hunted on the upper river for two years, and in August, 1812, started south, and after a journey of forty or fifty days reached the Arkansas

River; that he spent two winters in that country, and started home in March following the second winter, and that he reached Boonslick on the first of September. This would be in the year 1814.

The first contradictory statement to be cited is that of David Coyner, who says that Williams went up the river in 1807 and returned after an absence of eighteen months. Coyner was a Virginian who lived for several years in Howard County, Missouri. He published, in 1847, a book called *The Lost Trappers;* the statements made in which were based, as he says, upon an old, musty, mutilated journal kept by Captain Williams, and other papers furnished by Workman and Colonel Cooper, giving an account of the expedition.

Coyner's book was for many years received as veritable history, but it is now generally recognized as being a lie with circumstance; the circumstance being sometimes true, though usually as false as the narrative. It remains to be considered, however, that Coyner lived in the neighborhood of Williams' home and knew many of his acquaintances and perhaps Williams himself. But his story shows him to have been a man who took no pains to verify his statements.

He says that Williams went up the Missouri in 1807, in command of the party who escorted the Mandan Chief, Shehaka, who had come down with Lewis and Clark, back to his home in what is now Montana; and that the party went overland. He also gives an account of how Shehaka was received by his people upon his return, the date of which he gives as July 1.

It is true that an unsuccessful attempt was made in 1807 to carry back Shehaka to his home, according to the promise made by Lewis and Clark, but the escort in that year was commanded by Ensign Nathaniel Pryor of the United States Army, and the journey was made by water.

Pryor's party was attacked by the Arikara Indians, and he returned to St. Louis bringing the chief with him.

In 1809, Shehaka reached his home in safety under the protection of an escort furnished by the Missouri Fur Company and commanded by Major Pierre Chouteau. This party also made the journey by water. Williams was most likely one of this company, though he is not mentioned by General James, who wrote an account of the voyage and gives the names of many of the Americans who were of the party.

The books of the Missouri Fur Company show that Williams was in the employ of that Company but do not show at what time. In a ledger kept in St. Louis by Governor Clark, who was a partner in the Company, there is a credit to Williams of $561, under date 18 January, 1814; but that is the date when it was entered in this ledger, it having been brought over from some other book, which is lost. There is still extant another book of the Fur Company which covers the expedition of 1812-13. This is in the handwriting of Manuel Lisa, and was kept at the trading post up the river. In this book there are two lists of the *engagés* of the Company including those who had wintered on the upper Missouri in 1811-12, and those who made the voyage in 1812. Williams' name appears in neither of these lists. The expedition of 1812 left St. Louis in May of that year, and stopped in the neighborhood of Omaha, where it built Fort Lisa. The book last mentioned records the sending out of parties to the various tribes, but the entry of greatest interest is that regarding the dispatch of a party in quest of the hunters who were on the river of the Spaniards and Arapahoes—the Arkansas. The date of this entry is 7 September, 1812, which seems to be the date upon which the party started upon their journey. This entry is as follows:

"1812, 7bre 7, Pour serché les Chasseurs qui etet sur la Rre. des Espagnols et Arapaos.

Payé M. Ch. Sanguinet..... 350.
Ch. Latour ..... 300.
Cadet Chevalier ..... 300.
Total depance .....$1066."

This entry shows that in September, 1812, or earlier, Lisa sent Sanguinet and the others named in search of a party of hunters which was supposed to be in that part of the country to which Williams and his companions had gone. That country was outside of the range of Lisa's trade, and the entry quoted is the only one found in the books which speaks of his men having been sent in that direction. Whether the hunters here mentioned were Williams and his party cannot, of course, be positively determined, but there is little ground for doubt that such was the fact. Now, if Williams' party left in August, 1812, as he says, it is certain that Lisa would not be sending in search of it in September of the same year.

Then there is Colonel John Shaw's narrative which but adds to the confusion. Shaw says that in the early spring of 1809 he procured from Governor Bates of Missouri, "a license to search for gold and silver anywhere within the limits of that territory, then supposed to extend to the Pacific—still resolving to reach that distant ocean;" that he engaged Peter Spear and William Miller to accompany him, and went westward, as he should judge, between eight hundred and a thousand miles from the settlements and came in view of the spurs of the great Rocky Mountain Chain.

"In this remote region," he says, "we one day, during the summer, met three men, who proved to be the only survivors of a party of some fifteen trappers who had penetrated high up the Missouri, when in two savage attacks by the Indians, all the others were slain; and these survivors were now directing

their course to the Arkansas River, and admonished us to desist from our further journey westward. Not heeding these earnest admonitions, we kept on, and the next day discovered a party of a dozen or twenty wild Indians, probably Comanches or Pawnees, chasing and catching wild horses with the lasso, which they used with great dexterity and success. We saw them in time to secrete ourselves, unseen by them, and had a full view of them for three or four hours in an immense prairie; and though generally perhaps not less than four or five miles distant from us, they once came within a mile of us in chasing the wild horses. Those engaged in the chase were, of course, mounted on well trained steeds, while others were in groups on foot, taking care of the restless animals that had been taken.

When these unwelcome Indians disappeared, we took the matter into serious consideration, and as painfully as I regretted to abandon our intended exploration to the Pacific, it seemed madness to attempt any further progress; and so we reluctantly turned our faces to the eastward; and when we got to what we deemed pretty safe hunting ground, in what is now eastern Kansas, and western Arkansas and Missouri, we pitched our camp and went to hunting mostly for beaver."

The time they went to hunting for beaver, according to the story, was in the autumn of 1809. Shaw's description of the party which had come from high up the Missouri, and which had been reduced to the three survivors whom he met, tallies fairly with Williams' story in all but the date. Even if Williams had gone up the river in 1807, as Coyner says he did, and hunted there for two years before going to the southward, it was not until the latter part of the next year that the party was reduced to three persons, which would be towards the end of the year 1810.

Williams' statement that he hunted on the upper river for two years is strangely in contrast with the stories of other men who were there at about the

same time. The other men's stories are more about being hunted than of hunting. From Williams' account it might be inferred that it was only in the South that white men's lives were in danger.

The remaining bit of evidence to be considered puts us upon solid ground, as to one thing—the date of Williams' return.

Mr. George C. Sibley, a trustworthy gentleman and United States Indian Agent (this was at a time when these two terms were not contradictory) in charge of Fort Osage on the Missouri, in what is now Jackson County, appends to his report to Governor Clark upon the numbers and condition of the Indian tribes, a note which is as follows:

"Ezekiel Williams, hunter of the Missouri Fur Company, was on his way from the Rocky Mountains with a considerable quantity of fine fur.

He struck the Arkansas River below the mountains and descended that river within about 150 miles of the Verdigrise when a band of the Kansas found him on the 23d of June last, who robbed him of all he had with him, and very much abused him, as he says, and kept him prisoner to about the 15 Augt. when they released him and restored the greater part of his property. The balance (except a few articles they deny having taken) I have this day caused the Kansas to refund and pay for * * * * *

Arrow Rock on the Missouri, November 30th, 1813."

Coyner says that Mr. Sibley came up the Missouri from St. Louis as far as Cooper's Fort, but was not able to get to Fort Osage on account of the ice and the severity of the winter. The Indians were therefore compelled to come down the river for their annuities to a place called Arrow Rock, and that Captain Williams was there to meet them.

It may be taken as settled, therefore, that the date of Williams return from his most adventurous journey was in the fall of 1813.

Appended to Williams' letter as printed in the *Gazette* there is a statement by Braxton Cooper, which is but a repetition of the statements made by Williams about his second visit to the Arapahoes, except for the fact that Cooper gives the date of starting, 16 May, 1814.

There is no affidavit by Williams to the statements contained in his letter; Cooper swore to the truth of his statements before John Munro, Justice of the Peace.

On this evidence, for none other is known to exist, it is for a jury of intelligent readers to determine when it was that Williams was in Colorado.

The article following, entitled *Singular Discovery,* is here reprinted in explanation of the occasion of Williams' letter.

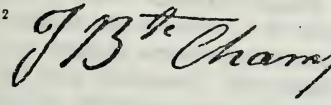
Singular Discovery.

We have been informed by a gentleman of respectability, that some two or three months since, several men started from the neighborhood of the Boons Lick Settlement on a Buffalo hunt, and returning, about 25 or 30 miles from the settlement they discovered a *grave* which they supposed contained the remains of some white man, as there was more pains taken with it than there is common to see with Indian graves, and determined to satisfy their curiosity by opening it and seeing what it contained; and to their astonishment and surprise, they saw the skeleton of a man dressed in uniform; he had a nice pair of epaulets; the buttons on his coat marked U. S.; he was buried setting up with his sword cane between his legs which had as is supposed the initials of his name on it. Our informant is not certain whether it was J. M. C. or J. B. C., but thinks it was one or the other.[1]

[1] The story of the opening of the grave and finding of the body of a white man is told in 1 Long's *Expedition to the Rocky Mountains* (Thwaites' Ed.), p. 151, with more detail than here and somewhat differently. It is there stated positively that the initials on the cane were J. M. C.

About 2 years ago a couple of men started from St. Louis in that direction for procuring fur, by the names of J. M. Champlain[2] and ———— Williams, the former of which never returned. All the information that his friends could get of him was from Williams, who said that they had separated some distance back, and had made an agreement that if either of them should fail in getting in, the other was to have the fur which was worth near 4000 dollars. Now from this circumstance the most reasonable conjecture which can be formed of whom this person is that has been found is, that it is the same person that accompanied Williams on the fur expedition. And that after they had procured their load of furs and was on the return he, Williams, who worshipped Mammon more than God, thought the opportunity very auspicious for speculation, and after they had progressed as far homewards as he thought it politic to do, putting as it seems, the evil hour off as long as possible in 25 or 30 miles from Boons Lick Settlement, he coolly and premeditatedly committed one of the most inhuman and outrageous acts of cruelty that the annals of history can produce, by putting to death the friend of his bosom for the sake of lucre! It is supposed that he either committed the act himself or employed the Indians in that quarter to do it for him. If it should be the latter it is likely that the Indians who committed the atrocious act of cruelty would tell all about it, if an inquiry was to be made.

The Western Intelligencer.—Kaskaskia (Illinois Territory) Wednesday evening, July 9, 1816.

[2] 
was in St. Louis as early as 1800. He owned land in northeastern Missouri. He was a man of education, probably an European Frenchman. He went up the river with Lisa in 1807, and no mention has been found of his return.

[LETTER OF EZEKIEL WILLIAMS.][3]

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Charless:

I beg leave through the medium of your Gazette, to answer the enormous charges alleged against me by some unknown calumniator published in the *'Western Intelligencer.'* I am positively charged with the murder of Champlain, of which together with every other fact alleged relative to the affair I trust I shall be able to disprove to the satisfaction of a just people.

In 1810 I went with the Fur Company up the Missouri, near the head of the river, where I hunted two years; there I first became acquainted with Champlain. In August, 1812, a party started to go towards the south to hunt; there were in all near twenty men, each man on his own footing except two who were in Champlain's employ; myself and Champlain were of the company. Manuel Lisa[4] who was an agent of the Fur Company commanded a fort on the Missouri, from whence we started, promised to keep up the fort and a good understanding with the Indians so that our return should not be cut off. We journeyed south forty or fifty days, struck a river I since found to be the Arkansas, where we hunted the first fall unmolested. The next spring the Indians commenced robbing and harrassing our company in every quarter. Some time in June we all assembled on the head

[3] The Williams family had numerous representatives among the early settlers in Howard and Cooper counties. It is said to have been a North Carolina family which migrated westward through Kentucky to Missouri. Several of those who came to Missouri were Baptist preachers, among them the famous mountain man, "Old Bill Williams." The place and date of the birth and death of Ezekiel Williams are unknown. He was captain of a party of traders to Santa Fe in 1827.

[4] For a sketch of Manuel Lisa see 3 Missouri Historical Collections, pp. 233, 367.

of a river since known to be the Platte, where we held a council and agreed to part. Eight or ten crossed the Rocky Mountains, about as many started southward along the mountains, Champlain and myself were with the latter party. We proceeded until we crossed the Arkansas where we were informed by Indians that the fort on the Missouri was broke up, that Manuel Lisa had fell out with the tribes near there and that they were killing each other as they could find them. We now thought it impossible to return to the Missouri, we concluded to part again. Four of our company determined to find the Spanish settlement, six remained; Champlain, his two hired men, two other Frenchmen and myself. We then set out to hunt in October in a cove in the mountain, taking care not to go more than a few miles apart. About the first of November we found three of our men killed; there now remained Champlain, one Porteau[5] and myself. We then took protection amongst the Arapahow nation of Indians, there we found the horses and equipment of our three men just killed. The head chief advised us as the only means to save our lives was to stay with him, which we did, and passed a wretched winter, filled with despair of ever being able to return home. The Indians told us that said Manuel's fort was broke up and that if we attempted to go back that way we would certainly be killed. Champlain and Porteau insisted that we should stay with the Indians until some white person came there who would be able to give the neces-

[5] The name Porteau does not appear in the St. Louis Archives, in Tanguay's Dictionnaire, nor in the lists of Lisa's *engagés*.

One François Potra was in St. Louis as early as 1802; Tanguay gives Potère *dit Chevalier*, and among Lisa's men, in 1807, there was a Poitras. In Long's Expedition (referred to above) at p. 274, Potera's Creek is mentioned; which creek is in the country where these adventurers were. These may be variations of one name, and the Chevalier *Cadet*, mentioned above, may be a younger brother of the man called Porteau by Williams. Such variations of name were not uncommon at that time.

sary information respecting the Fur Company, or the place where we were and of the means of escaping from thence. I decided to find white people or some place of safety or lose my life in the attempt. From the best information the Arrapahows could give me the river that we were on lead into the country of a nation which from their description I thought to be the Osage, and therefore determined to descend that river; my comrades assisted me to make a canoe and on the first day of March, according to our reckoning, I was accompanied by my two companions and a numerous band of Indians to the water side, where I took a final farewell of them. Champlain shook my hand and said farewell, the other turned his back and wept. A few minutes before we parted they told me they would start about three days afterwards. I have never seen them since. I promised them to inform the people at St. Louis of their situation if I should reach there before them, they made me a similar promise. I travelled down the Arkansas about four hundred miles, trapping for beaver the most of the way. I could proceed no further because of low water. About the first of June the water raised and I started down until the last (nearly) of said month. I was taken by the Kansas; they soon distributed my little property among themselves and bound me fast. Luckily I had but little except the skins I had caught descending the Arkansas. I had hid all my furs before that I left the Arrapahows and expected to see it again. The Kansas kept me with them. A party of the Osages were in that country and heard the Kansas had a white man prisoner and sent Messrs. Daniel Larisson[6] and Joseph Larivee with ten Osages to demand me from the Kansas, they would not give me up to the Osages, but would keep me until they returned to their town and send me home. After forty

[6] Daniel Larrison was of St. Louis, and was one of Lisa's men. Joseph Laviree has not been traced.

days we set off. I gave my gun, etc., to a mulatto man to be my friend and speak for me. The Indians returned me part of my furs, the balance was since demanded by the Governor and surrendered. Four Indians and the mulattoe brought me in. On the first day of September I arrived at Boons Lick. I was shortly afterwards in St. Louis where I seen Manuel Lisa, who told me all the above difficulties they had with the Indians at the post where he was, that my comrades had not got in, but were certainly killed if they went that road of which they talked when we parted. In the month of May following I started from Boons Lick to go and bring in my fur from the Arrapahows, in company with Morris May, Braxton Cooper[7] and 18 Frenchmen called Phillebers[8] Company. When we arrived at the Arrapahows I called a council of the chiefs in the presence of all the aforesaid men, two of whom, Durocher[9] and La France, served as interpreters, and asked "*what has become of Champlain and Porteau whom I left in this village*

[7] The Coopers were a numerous family. In the War of 1812 out of 112 men in the military company at Boon's Lick there were twelve of this name. The family migrated from Culpeper County, Virginia, to Madison County, Kentucky; came to Missouri in 1807, and after stopping for a time in St. Charles County removed to Boon's Lick in the Spring of 1808. Braxton Cooper, Jr.. was killed by the Indians in September, 1813, and Capt. Sarshall Cooper was shot by some unknown person while sitting in his house in Cooper's Fort, 14 April, 1814. There is an interesting letter by Capt. Joseph Cooper, a son of Capt. Sarshall Cooper, printed in Campbell's *Gazetteer of Missouri*, p. 242.

[8] Joseph Philibert came to St. Louis in 1801, from Canada, and here married Florence, daughter of Jean Baptiste Ortes and Elizabeth Barada in 1803. (For a notice and portrait of Madame Elizabeth Barada Ortes see 3 Missouri Historical Society *Collections*, p. 184.) Philibert was engaged in the Indian trade for many years, and some of his adventures are told in Edward's *Great West*, pp. 298-302. He died in St. Louis in 1866, leaving seven sons and two daughters. Descendants bearing the name are still living in St. Louis.

[9] See regarding Durocher, 4 Missouri Historical Society Collections, p. 10.

last year"? The chief said they had stayed with them three days after my departure, then went up the river hunting, saying they intended to wait to see if some white man would come there, that they came back again to the village after being gone some time and determined to wait no longer, but tried to go back to the fort on the Missouri. That they bought two other horses, loaded all their furs, etc., having then eleven horses, and started toward the Missouri, that they were seen on the road by two parties of their nation, and that the Crow Indians told them they seen two white men dead in their camp, which they believed were my companions. The Arapahows in the same council confessed that it was their nation that killed our three men in the cove before we took protection among them. They also told us "that three white men had come from the south, wintered with them and went back the same way with furs loaded on three mules and a jack, that they had left their traps. I insisted these were my companions; they produced the traps but they were not the traps of our company. I despaired now of ever finding them, hired Michael La Clair, one of Philleberts company, and with my two companions, Cooper and May, collected part of my fur and started down the Arkansas. We travelled down it about five hundred miles and could proceed no further on account of low water. There we hid the fur and came on home foot, intending to return in the spring following and get it. Some time in the winter I had information that my man La Clair had told of my fur and that a company were about to start to steal it, to be piloted by said La Clair. In consequence of that information I got two men to go with me, they were Joseph and William Cooper.

When I arrived at the little Osage village I was told that La Clair and the aforesaid company were then

at the Cheniers,[10] on their way. I pushed with all force and got there first, and waited the coming of the plunderers, but they did not appear. When the water raised in the Spring we set off with my fur down the Arkansas and when I arrived at the settlement I met Messrs. John and James Lemon's[11] who told me they were at the Cheniers village when the party returned which went to steal the fur, and were told by said party that they (said party) were employed by *certain men* in St. Louis and that their orders were to kill us if we had got there first, and take the fur and bring it in. That they were to have as many Indians to assist them as necessary, that they had hired a large party but had not told them the particulars of their business until they had got within a few miles of the fur. When the Indians were informed of it, they abruptly left them and went back home. Messrs. Lemon's asked the party the reason why they were directed to kill us, they told them that the fur belonged to a company in St. Louis, that I had stole it and if they killed us they would not be *hurt for it.* The above is a true and succinct statement of facts the most important and material parts of which I am still able to prove by good men as any of our country. I refer my fellow citizens to all men of my acquaintance in Kentucky, where I was raised, for my character and conduct from the cradle until I came to this country. I beg leave to refer them to Mr. Reuben Lewis, brother of the late Governor Lewis, and to Andrew Henry of the Mines, and to all others who recollect the facts relative to the circum-

[10] The "Cheniers" is a corruption of Chênes, the oaks. It was the village of the Arkansas band of the Osages, of which Clermont was the principal chief. See 3 Long's *Expedition to the Rocky Mountains* (Thwaites') p. 274; 2 Coues' Pike, 557.

[11] James Lemon was a Colonel in the Arkansas Militia, and in 1830 was living in Pulaski County, where he is recorded as the owner of eight negroes. Shinn's *Pioneers and Makers of Arkansas*, 72, 239.

stances of the company that went with me towards the south from the fort on the Missouri. I refer them to the depositions of Braxton Cooper and to Morris May and Phillebert's company relative to the facts stated in council by the Arrapahow chief respecting Champlain and Porteau, and the other three men which were killed. I refer them to Mr. John and James Lemon's respecting the facts stated, in which their names are mentioned, and finally I refer it to the impartial, unbiased opinion of all good men if I was the murderer of my bosom friend Champlain?

I profess myself an honest man and good citizen and I believe have been so reputed and taken, until the aforesaid libellous and malicious charges have been propagated against me. I demand justice of my countrymen. I call upon the base *liar* who published the aforesaid slander to put his name out publicly. Let him no longer stab me from behind the scene.

EZEKIEL WILLIAMS.

Boonslick, 7th August, 1816.

Missouri Gazette, September 14, 1816.

LETTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY:

Baltimore, May 7, 1836.

My Dear Miss Jane:

I hope you have not forgotten that I promised when you were in Baltimore to write something in your album. And as you left us before I fulfilled my promise I send you this note in order that you may paste it on the page where my name is written if you think it worthy of that honor. It may at some distant day remind you not only of your young friend Alice—but of the older friend who now writes to you and who most sincerely and cordially wishes you a long and happy life.

R. B. TANEY.

To

Miss Jane Linn.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ACTOR.

By Charles A. Krone.

(Read at a meeting of the Society, 17 March, 1906.)

Continued from Volume IV, No. 1.)

ACT THREE, SCENE THREE.

During the Spring of 1863, Madam Pozzoni, the wife of the wig maker, A. Pozzoni, who is known as the inventor of various cosmetics, was announced to fill in a week as Arline in "The Bohemian Girl." After the third rehearsal the singing man of the company, who was cast for Thaddeus, had left the city without notice, leaving DeBar in a most distressful position, as the affair was extensively advertised, the lady was very popular, and a week's big business at stake. On a Thursday noon I received notice to report at once at the theatre. I obeyed, and found DeBar awaiting me in front of the house. He told me of the predicament he was in and asked me to do Thaddeus, at which I was almost frightened out of my wits, and begged him to excuse me as such a thing was impossible. He laughed and began telling me that some of the company had told him about my voice and that I played the guitar. I tried to assure him that all this was a mistake, and that outside of the chorus business of the theatre and the singing of a simple ballad to the twanging of a guitar, which I played by ear, I was entirely ignorant of music. To which he replied: "Egad, you don't know what you can do until you have tried. Come inside. We'll talk the matter over and I am sure I'll convince you." Upon this he drew me into Fontaine's bar room and ordered drinks for both. Then he began to explain what an advantage it would be to me, and assuring me that only the solos, a few of the concerted pieces

and the choruses would be done, that Waldauer thought I could do it and would see me through, besides the great favor I would confer on him by helping him out of his frightful dilemma. And so with his persuasive talk and the drink I had taken I began to view the matter in a more hopeful light, and after he had added a little more flattery and another drink, I became quite convinced and I consented to attempt the job.

As I had but three days to get ready in, I was ordered to proceed at once to the house of the singer where I stood beside the piano the rest of the afternoon while she was hammering the notes of the different songs into my memory. Fortunately I was acquainted with the opera as I had sung in the chorus. After one more piano rehearsal on Friday I was ready to rehearse with the orchestra. I was heartily sorry I had undertaken the job but as I had given my promise I determined to fulfill it at all hazards, "come what come may, time and the hour run through the roughest day."

On Monday night when the performance took place I was so terrified that when I entered, the entire auditorium beyond the orchestra seemed to be enveloped in darkness. The only faces I saw were those of the musicians, among them Waldauer's smiling and encouraging looks shone forth like a star of hope, but I imagined that the mocking faces of the fellows in the pit were grinning at me as if to say: "Now we are going to have some fun out of the villain who imagines he can do this sort of thing." During the symphony Waldauer looked up at me and whispered: "You are all right." I began the air, "It is Sad to Leave Your Fatherland," and after the first stanza I was greeted with a vigorous sound of applause at which the darkness vanished and I was able to see the dense mass of faces turned toward me and radiated with what then seemed to me like smiles of the angels. My fear abated somewhat; however, the

last stanza I sang was also a prayer that heaven would prevent the audience from demanding an encore, but in vain for I had to repeat it, and though my terror vanished, I was suffering under a most painful anxiety. However, I received an encore for every song and a call before the curtain. The leader said: "I must make an opera singer of him," and DeBar remarked that this was another feather in my cap, and I rejoiced to have been relieved of a terrible burden. DeBar played "Devil's Hoof," which he sang and acted admirably. He was passionately fond of singing and dancing and he never failed to introduce these arts whenever it was possible. "The Bohemian Girl" ran a week to good business and, besides, doomed me to sing wherever it was possible.

The season had been prolific in new parts for my line of business but though I had to study through many nights, I also had days and weeks of leisure at various times to hunt or fish. My benefit, which I took jointly with Miss Mary Maddern, came off in the Spring of 1863. On this occasion Ben DeBar appeared as Ralph Stackpole, Miss Maddern as Edith and myself as Bloody Nathan in the melodrama of "Nick of the Woods." Several volunteers from Deaglé's varieties also appeared among whom were Clara Butler and Harry Leslie, the rope walker, who ascended from the stage to the gallery on a tight rope. The audience was good and so was my share, which made quite an addition to my small salary, which, though it had been raised, was still below the standard. However, as I was getting along and apparently well liked by the public and moreover at home with my relatives, and as my ambition was not only to become a good actor but a citizen and the head of a family, I re-engaged for the season of 1863-4 at a salary of twenty dollars per week. Although at the time I neither knew or felt it, it must have been a pretty hard struggle to support my wife and myself

on a salary of $12.00 per week when coffee was worth 75 and 80 cents per pound, cotton domestics one dollar, and ordinary calico stuffs 50 cents a yard, with all other necessities in proportion. But in this latter my wife, who was an excellent needle worker, helped me out bravely and often made more money than I did. However, rent was reasonable and with Fred Arendes, a man generally known in south St. Louis and still remembered for his kind and social disposition, and my friend Benj. Vogel, the leader, for neighbors, I was happy and satisfied. The vacation of this season of '63 I passed with my brother-in-law in the country where I spent the Summer months in the most agreeable manner in fishing, riding and hunting, after which I returned to St. Louis a week before the season opened in the beginning of September.

I cannot say who opened the season of 1863, as I have never kept a file of programmes, and am therefore unable to tell the exact dates of some occurrences, as I have stated at the commencement of this paper, whose object is rather to relate impressions and the general transactions and characteristics of the period I passed through. To those who are curious on the subject of the earlier history of the theatre, the writings of Sol Smith, and Ludlow's book, "The Drama as I Found It," will give full satisfaction.

Maggie Mitchell, who had now arrived at fame and was on the way to fortune through the excellent pieces furnished by Waldauer, filled an engagement of several weeks with us to continual packed houses. "Little Barefoot" and "Fanchon" were produced, and in the last named I was compelled to represent Landry Barbeaud, the lover, as she refused to play the piece with the leading man in the part for some reason unknown, the same thing occurring to me again in Louisville, where she objected to the man engaged for that work. Miss Mitchell played these

simple peasant girls with a pathos, naiveté and naturalness that took the public of every degree by storm. It was Aug. Waldauer who first discovered her natural talents for this line of work, furnished her with the material to bring it out and started her on a never failing tour that lasted for many years and brought her fame and fortune.

Matilda Heron also appeared for the first time in the city as Lady Isabel in "East Lynne" to filled houses. But although it was a money maker she soon discarded it from her repertoire as unworthy of the high powers that she possessed for better work.

Wm. Florence and wife appeared in Irish Domestic Dramas of a better order than heretofore. The "Colleen Bawn" by Dion Boucicault had quite a run. The Florences besides being excellent actors were affable and kind in their intercourse with their colleagues, and their arrival was always hailed with pleasure.

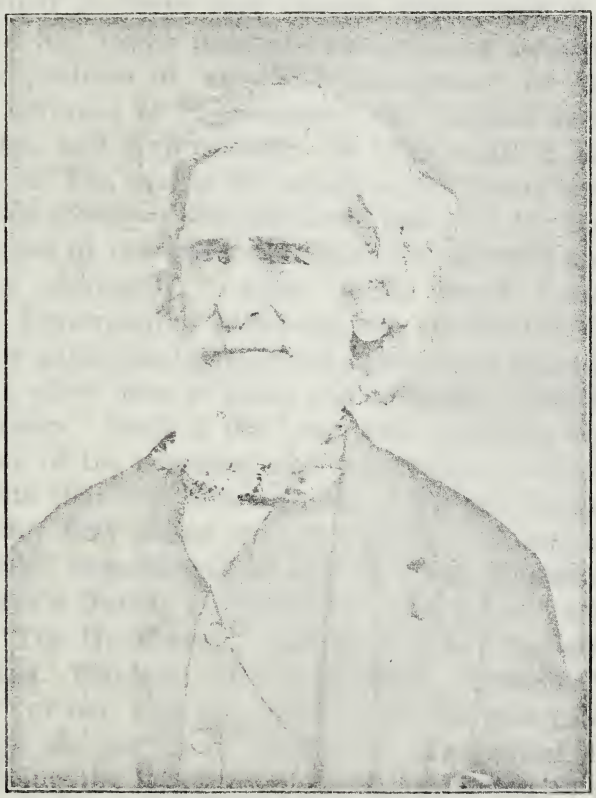
The business was excellent, and Ben DeBar performed his usual concert every night, which was to walk up and down behind the curtain before the performance commenced and whistle Scotch and Irish ballads; a habit of his whenever the house was well filled. His usual costume about the theatre consisted in an old black velvet coat and vest, short trousers and a pair of soft carpet shoes to prevent his footsteps being heard. Between the acts he would give directions for setting the scenes but when the curtain was up he sat upon a box near the stage where he could hear every word that was spoken and when an error or an omission occurred by some careless actor, he would say "Egad, there's another longshoreman."

Julia Dean came for two weeks, and as usual appeared to large and admiring audiences, and though I am not quite certain I am inclined to believe this was her last engagement in this city. To say that Julia Dean was a superior actress is but partly to ex-

press her merits. I will therefore attempt to give a brief outline of this lady's career which may be more to the purpose.

From Ludlow's excellent work entitled "Dramatic Life as I found it," a work which stands as a monument not only of himself but the period it so masterly describes, I have gleaned the following dates in regard to this lady's parentage, birth, entrance on the stage, her marriage and her death.

This gifted actress was born in the state of New York on the 23d of July, 1830, and of a family who were conspicuous as pioneers in the theatrical profession both in the South and West. Her father, Edwin Dean, was an actor; and her mother, a good actress, was the daughter of Sam Drake, noted as the father of the drama in Kentucky, where Mrs. Julia Drake, her grandmother, was idolized as a tragic actress of superior merit. I have had the pleasure of meeting her in Louisville where she would make occasional visits to perform Lady Randolph in the tragedy of "Douglas." I was also acquainted with her uncle, known as "Young Sam" Drake, although he was quite an elderly man. He lived on the Drake Farm, situated some few miles from the city of Louisville, in 1865, when he and I were members of the same company. During the summer vacation he would often invite actors to spend a few weeks on the farm to hunt, fish and tell stories. One of his anecdotes particularly delighted me and I will tell it. It was thus: He said that his father delighted in playing "Hamlet" and as there were no musicians in most of the cross road villages in which they performed during their wanderings, he had learned to perform on the violin, which enabled him to play the overture behind the curtain at the end of each act, and that when he died as "Hamlet" he would fall with half of his body hid behind a wing, whereupon "Young Sam" would hand him



N. C. LUDLOW.

his fiddle and he would play his own dying music. Surely an energetic grandfather.

While Miss Dean was quite a child, she lost her mother and was committed to the care of her father's family, who were Quakers, where she remained until her fourteenth year, when she and her father were engaged by the firm of Ludlow & Smith for the season of 1844. From this time forth she appeared in all the principal southern and western cities, and in a few years her rapid progress enabled her to command the position of an ideal interpreter of the youthful heroines of Shakespeare, the English standard drama, and high comedy. In 1855, while in the full bloom of life, and at the zenith of her fame, winning laurels wherever she appeared, and with the certain prospect of fortune before her, she married and alas, most unhappily. After much cruel treatment and heartrending suffering, she obtained a divorce; was subsequently married again, and happily, but after a short term of peace and calm died in 1868, aged 37 years. Such is the brief and mournful history of one of the brightest and most gentle and talented lights that has illumined the American Stage.

During my first season with Ben DeBar she played a few weeks' engagement at the St. Louis Theatre. Shakespeare's Juliet, Parthenia in "Ingomar" and Julia in "The Hunchback" were among her favorite parts. Aug. Waldauer had translated "Griseldis" especially for her, and she appeared in the title role, and though she played it beautifully, the subject of the plot being the honor of a woman subjected to a wager, the play was not popular at the time. She attended every rehearsal and in conjunction with Ben DeBar directed her plays.

Although I was too young then to understand the import of her talent and excellent character as fully as in later years I was deeply impressed by the cheerful yet dignified courtesy with which she gave her di-

rections to the younger members of the company, the earnest interest she showed for the details of their work, and the gentle regard and esteem in which she was held by all. Her figure was of medium height, slender and delicately proportioned. Her face of the oval type, rather full and fair, large and pensive eyes, a crown of brown hair, and a mouth and lips that indicated cheer and smiles; her voice was low and melodious and her gait and deportment that of a woman full of light and promise, with the natural grace and simplicity of girlhood. These as far as I can recollect were the outward graces of this lady. Great is the pity that the spiritual work of a player is so transitory and evanescent that death annihilates it completely and leaves but a sad memory to those who witnessed it. To have seen Julia Dean in Parthenia and Juliet was a charm never to be forgotten, and never since has there been a delineator of the youthful heroines of the classic drama to compare with her until Adelaide Neilson, who was the last of that class, came here in 1877. She too died young. When we think of the short and brilliant career of some beings and the overweight of sorrow that accompanies them, as they were ennobling and shedding joy and light upon others, while their own earthly existence was darkened and overwhelmed by secret grief and care, as in the case of Julia Dean, one is forced to think that Providence sends these superior beings to us, not for their own sakes, but for the betterment of others, and who come like the glorious sunset of a summer's eve to guild the dark clouds for a moment with transcendant beauty, and then die as the darkness of night falls o'er hill and plain. It was thus that this spirit illumined the vocation she had embraced, and thus she vanished from our admiring gaze.

Miss Charlotte Thompson, a new and successful star of this period, appeared in the same class of

JULIA DEAN, 1830-1869.

youthful heroines that Miss Dean had essayed and scored a decided success. During one of her engagements a new melodrama was produced from the pen of Thomas Garrett, a gentleman who was well known as an efficient newspaper man, theatrical critic, essayist and poet, who for many years formed one of the editorial staff of the St. Louis Republican. He died some few years ago lamented by all who knew him, especially by the actors of this period, to whom he had been a genuine friend and a fairminded and courteous critic.

The great London favorites, Chas. Mathews, Chas. Dillon and Madam Celeste, also paid us a visit. Whatever success these artists may have had in other cities of America, in St. Louis their efforts were anything but profitable.

The season progressed according to the usual routine of rehearsal, study and the appearance of the customary list of stars, embracing both those of this country and England. The most important event, however, that happened to me was when, on a cold night in December, 1863, as I mounted the stairs to my home, the feeble wail of an infant fell upon my ear proclaiming that a newcomer had arrived, and as I entered I found what I had longed for, a son, and the mother and child doing well. I was happy beyond measure, and having an additional incentive to struggle, the frequent interruptions in my studies by baby cries, or orders to prepare catnip tea or run to the druggist's, incommoded me but little, for my heart felt assured that these petty cares would be repaid some day in the future—and my heart did not deceive me.

During the last week of this year in 1863, the cold became so intense that men froze to death in the streets. On New Year's Eve, however, in spite of the cold, the house was packed to its utmost capacity to witness the drama of the "Hidden Hand." During

the performance a fight occurred in the pit and a terrible racket ensued for quite a time, the bouncers evidently not being able to eject the disturbers. Upon this, DeBar, who prided himself as a boxer, rushed to the front of the house while the actors on the stage paused and anxiously awaited further developments. DeBar was among them and ere long we heard him shout for "Bob," his stage carpenter, who had left immediately after him. Things evidently were coming to a crisis. The next thing we heard amidst the din was DeBar's shout of "Wh-o-o-p!" an exclamation he often made use of in his comic parts when struck in the wind, and immediately after the tumbling over of the red hot stove which fell with a loud crash, filling the auditorium with dense black smoke while the fighters were thrown into the street and the audience cheered the victors. Although there was much excitement and the hose attached to the fire pump of the theater had been dragged onto the stage, the audience after being assured there was no danger made no attempt at a stampede or even a rush, and all remained quiet. A very sickly and weak lady, the wife of an officer, had fainted in one of the boxes and a man had cleared the railing of the pit and jumped upon the stage to escape by the back door to the great amusement of the audience. The stove was speedily replaced and DeBar returned to the stage, his face heroically flushed and his sleeves rolled back, exclaiming: "E'gad, that fellow kicked like a mule but I got him, E'gad, I got him." Upon being told that it was thought that he had received a thump on his stomach, he answered: "Oh you thought so, did you? well, E'gad, maybe I didn't know it."

On my way home that night I was very cold and before long I began to feel sleepy and drowsy with an inclination to doze in some doorway, which grew upon me speedily. I no longer felt the cold as at first. I remembered the cause of this abnormal condition and

to save myself from freezing to death I ran as fast as I could. On the corner of Spruce street and Fourth a drunken man was seated on the icy pavement talking to himself. I reminded him of the bitter cold night and begged him to get up and save himself from freezing. Upon my attempting to raise him to his feet he heaped a volley of abuse on me and said that I was nothing but a common thief that wanted to steal his money; that he had seen me before; that the whole town knew me for a crooked son of a corkscrew and the sooner I got out of the way the better for he would call the police. I saw it was no use, for in his drunkenness he evidently had mixed up my profession with my moral character, and so wishing him a happy New Year, I again started to run until I had reached Rutger street, where a party of friends were enjoying a dance. Here I warmed up with coffee and food and proceeded home where I found all well. I was compelled to watch the entire night feeding the fire and studying some new parts I had received. My usual means to keep awake during my night studies was to drink potions of strong black coffee, and, as I am an inveterate smoker, a long German pipe was filled with Porto Rico tobacco, and thus armed, after closing the door where the wife and baby slept, I would walk the kitchen floor memorizing and loudly declaiming my part. This manner of studying after awhile was objected to by one of the tailors who slept in the rear of Arendes' establishment immediately under my kitchen. He complained that I disturbed him as he could hear every word I said and that he was kept awake most of the night by the loud vociferations and villainous sentiments uttered, and so I was compelled to keep quiet. My next plan was to run a low calico curtain across the sleeping room separating the stove and my studio from the bed wherein my little family slept, and spreading a wolf skin before the stove upon which I would stretch and

study and blow the smoke of my pipe into the fire, where it would cause no annoyance to the sleepers. When I look back upon those days with their scarcity of comforts as compared with those of the present; of the difficult and often fearful tasks that were performed at the shortest notice, and the small remuneration received, and all this borne too, with a willing and courageous heart, unconscious of there being anything meritorious or praiseworthy in such a life, for the words "hustle" and "strenuosity" had not been invented as yet, I cannot but think that they were among the most blessed days of my life. In spite of the corruption that had already begun to set in, the theatrical calling was still in the hands of cultured gentlemen and actors trained for the profession, and many of the greatest lights were still struggling to keep the ship afloat. There was still in all first class theatres some liberty of individual development, and a genuine poetic ardor alive in those who were in earnest, as in the case of DeBar, Jas. McVicker, Geo. Fuller and John Ellsler, who represented the West, North and South. There were no syndicates or trusts with their hosts of middlemen and agents, and "pick ups" from among those that were either too rich or too lazy to learn a trade; for acting then meant work and hard work under anything but easy conditions. And so it was, that outside of those who were born and bred to that labor in actor families, the greater part were recruited from men that had learned a trade and had been taught to do one thing right, at least, in this world. Individual character and merit had greater scope, and when an engagement was sought an efficient manager and actor was applied to and not an ignorant middleman or agent to whom with cap in hand and "bated breath and whispering humbleness" the supplication was made. Life was more regular, safe, and seemed so to last forever; and as each man first and

foremost was working for his own reputation freely and untrammeled, and no great nor luxurious demands were made on the necessities of life, the actor's vocation though hard, was not devoid of a rational content.

On Jan. 11th, 1864, John Wilkes Booth commenced a week's engagement during which he appeared pre-eminently as Richard III. and Raphael in the "Marble Heart." John Wilkes Booth possessed a slender and graceful figure like his brother Edwin, though apparently somewhat taller and more closely knit and wiry, revealing a larger amount of animal spirits and love of action. Hair and complexion were dark, and his face though meditative in expression was illumined by a pair of dark and brilliant eyes, which together with the pleasant smile of his curling lips rather bespoke a genial temper and a lover of good fellowship and pleasure. As he differed in personal appearance from Edwin, so did he differ in his acting, which was more forcible, and manifested itself in stronger colors and bursts of passion. His speech was musical like his brother's, but stronger and more rapid, though clear and distinct. In the fulness of youth, life and passion, with the glorious record and talents inherited from his father at his command, he gave promise of achieving the highest. Most men of that day considered him superior to his brother and predicted great things in his favor. He was very much liked by his colleagues, as his manner of directing and sociability was frank, manly and cheerful, and no one could have ever divined that this kind and courteous young man would soon become the principal actor in one of the saddest tragedies in the world's history.

His Richard III. was repeated on Jan. 16th, 1864, the last night of his engagement. Through the kindness of my esteemed old friend, Wm. Latour, at pres-

ent of Joplin, Mo., and who at that time was a citizen of St. Louis and prominent in amateur circles, and who has since gained an enviable reputation as a Lodge Lecturer on Masonic and other fraternal matters, I have been able to procure the following program with a list of the company. It reads as follows:

ST. LOUIS THEATRE
Between 3rd & 4th on Pine St.

POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT OF MR. J. WILKES BOOTH

WHO WILL (by request) REPEAT HIS GREAT CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

OR

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

Richard, Duke of Gloster.....Mr. J. W. Booth
Henry, Earl of Richmond.....Mr. Carden
King Henry .....Mr. Krone
Prince of Wales .....Miss Valle
Duke of York .....Miss Morris
Duke of Buckingham .....Mr. Sherry
Duke of Norfolk .....Mr. Stone
Lord Stanley .....Mr. Rogers
Tressel .....Mr. Simpson
Oxford .....Mr. Leonard
Catesby .....Mr. Barnes
Ratcliff .....Mr. Raymond
Lieut. of the Tower.....Mr. Kyle
Lord Mayor .....Mr. Huntley
Tirrel .....Mr. Hamilton
Queen Elizabeth .....Miss Charlotte Wyett
Lady Anne .....Miss Maddern
Duchess of York .....Mrs. McManus

TERRIFIC BROAD-SWORD COMBAT
BETWEEN RICHARD & RICHMOND

To conclude with the farce called the

SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

Diggory .....W. P. Smith
Aldwinkle .....Mr. Lemoyne
Vauntingdon .....Mr. Stone
Nicodemus .....Mr. Rogers
Paul .....Mr. Leonard
Lavina .....Miss E. Maddern
Georgiana .....Miss Burbank

MISS MATILDA HERON BEING ENGAGED
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY

Will appear on Monday night next as

CAMILLE.

At the close of the first act of this performance where Richard kills Henry 6th, a part which I represented, he whipped out his sword, and at the words "Die, prophet, in thy speech," made such a violent thrust at my side that I apprehended danger, and so, swiftly turning to the other side, the sword passed through the back of the black velvet arm-hole cloak I wore, and I fell. Thinking that he had stabbed me he was so frightened that while I was speaking the dying speech, he stood trembling and repeatedly asked me if I was hurt. When the curtain fell he raised me. I knew not whether I had been hurt or not, but a brief examination revealed that a small hole in the cloak had been the only damage done, at which he was highly delighted. Some years ago, rumaging among my wardrobe, I came across that cloak, all dingy and discolored by age, and I was about to throw it among the rags when my wife induced me to keep it as a mournful relic of those troublous times.

Joseph Murphy came with an Irish drama in which two donkeys were to be used in a race at a village fair. DeBar was very much opposed to animals appearing on his stage, and he tried his utmost to prevent this venture, but Murphy insisted on the donkeys. When evening came the long ears not only refused to run the race when brought upon the scene but actually refused to stir a foot after they were mounted by two boys dressed as jockeys. After much biting and kicking at everything within their reach, they were literally shoved off the scene by force, and tied up in the scene room, where in a short time they chewed off the ropes that bound them and wandered about the entrances and dressing rooms followed by Butts, the property man, with a gunny bag and DeBar with a shovel. But his disgust reached the limit when in a conspiracy scene between myself and a partner in crime, I said, "These papers only require one more witness and we are safe," one of the donkeys trotted on the stage and poked his hairy head between us as though it had been his cue, upon which my partner replied, "Well, now that we are all here, let's proceed to business." Everybody laughed and applauded and DeBar swore that he would never permit another animal to disgrace his theatre. On this occasion he triumphed for the donkeys were removed because they were useless, but the time was fast approaching when not only donkeys, horses and dogs but safe blowers, convicts and bandits would be featured alongside of the few remaining champions of the true art.

Song and dance men and variety buffoons, a few of whom were genuine in their calling, had begun to invade the stage, and were filling the treasury to the detriment of good taste and the dramatic literature. In addition to these the opera bouffe with its Duchess of Gerolstein and LaBelle Hélène, and the Black Crook made its entrance. Dramatic authors also, were as plentiful as blackberries and filled the country with the

most silly and brutal melodramas, in which men were being hanged on real gallows as in John Stephons' "Neck & Neck"; children were murdered by placing them on the wheel of a water mill, men were tied to a log near a circular saw in a saw mill to be killed by steam, wives were murdered by setting fire to their beds saturated with coal oil or throwing them from precipices. I know what all this means for as the villain of the theatre, it fell to my lot to commit all of these atrocities, and I gained quite a reputation in that unenviable position, and as it was my duty I strove to perform it to the best of my ability, but had it been known with what disgust and pangs of conscience that I undertook these idiotic jobs, they would have been convinced that it is possible that an honest man can play a rogue, a fact which the majority seemed to doubt. In the "Neck and Neck" piece I played the part of the villain who brings the hero to the gallows in the second act. He is hanged on a real modern gallows, but is not killed. He escapes, and with the rope in his hand goes whining about revenge on his accuser, whom, of course, he overtakes and who is condemned to hang. Now, I was to furnish the hanging to end the play. I objected and stated that I would sooner quit the theatre. Upon which DeBar was called, who after hearing the case said, "Egad, Krone is right, one hanging a night is enough." So I merely had the rope placed around my neck and the cap drawn over my head when the curtain descended. Heretofore, in a French revolutionary play I had been hanged every night for a week, and that too, on an old time cross beam gallows without a thought of objecting, but that was in a sensible historical play and the character, though bad, a rational human being.

The above incidents happened forty years ago, and though many things have improved for the better, popular amusements evidently have developed for the worse, for to the brutality of those former days is

added that af lasciviousness, twin children of the same parents, materialism and luxury. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to study the play bills, which for the most part decorate the bill boards of any city. If any reasonable inhabitant of sixty years ago could return and see these gaudy pictures, he would certainly think that the entire theatrical business had been reduced to two ideas, woman and revolver, and that the people were desperadoes who could delight in this carnival of lust and murder.

Mrs. Bowers, Chas. Dillon, Edwin Eddy and the majority of the stars of that period from both sides of the Atlantic played to excellent business. The season was drawing to a close and DeBar offered to re-engage me at the same salary for the next year. I demanded a raise of five dollars a week, which he said he was unable to pay. Upon this I broke off all further negotiations and prepared to look elsewhere when Thos. Conner, the former leading man whom DeBar had discharged, came from Louisville and told me he had been sent expressly by the Louisville management to make arrangements with me for the coming season at a salary of half as much again as that which I received here, that Geo. Fuller was the lessee and manager, and that he, Conner, would be the stage director, and that he had quit drinking, and so I closed with him at once. When DeBar heard of the transaction he offered me the same amount together with some advantages in regard to my benefit, but I refused. I regretted to make this change, for DeBar was one of the most efficient stage directors that this country has produced, and a man of honor. His every action whether in art or the business of life, clearly revealed the principles upon which they were based, and left no doubt as to what he intended or required of others. You were always clear with him, and if he was satisfied with you, there was no need to fear side issues or foreign interference, for he had the knack of knowing his likes, and

to such he was a quiet, straightforward and true friend. Economical to a fault, he never failed to come up to his obligations and to keep his contracts with his people even at a great loss. On being questioned why he kept a worthless actor who was walking the streets and drawing his salary every week without rendering service, he answered, "I made a contract with him for a season." And when reminded that the fellow was utterly worthless, he replied, "Egad, that's not his fault but mine, for it was my business to know him. Egad, I'm supposed to be the boss."

A collection had been made to assist a dissolute actor whom he had discharged for drunkenness, and the paper headed by him with five dollars. No sooner had the money been delivered over to this man to send him to his home in Philadelphia, when he squandered it in drink, lay in the streets, was arrested and placed in the calaboose. To prevent further disgrace a second petition was started and I was deputed to induce De-Bar again to head the signatures. I took the paper to his dressing room and he flatly refused saying we were getting too many of that kind of late, and that he, for his part, would not encourage these loafers to crowd into the business. I replied that it was done to ward off the shame every respectable actor would suffer while the fellow remained in town, and that a railroad ticket would be bought, lunch provided, and he packed into a car the last moment. Upon this he answered, "Krone, my boy, you can do what you like, but I have done," and I left the room. I had scarcely gone ten paces, when he shouted for me to return, upon which he took the paper and signed $2.00, warning me to be sure and see him on the train as he was tired of this goody-goody business that did nothing but ill. He was often deceived in his charities and in the confidence he reposed in others, yet never failed to respond where he was asked for help. One party had left him with a debt of $50.00 which he had advanced to buy him an

overcoat during the severe winter, and upon being advised by a citizen never again to advance money to any of his people, his answer was, "Egad, that's a fine philosophy you're teaching me. Because one damned rogue has deceived me, I suppose I am to let the next honest man freeze to death."

His economy, of which so much was said at one time by his critics, was nevertheless well timed, for he well knew it was impossible to run a theatre with a full force, pay salaries regularly for 38 or 43 weeks, and produce scenery and costumes as they do in the subsidized and court theatres of Europe. It could not be done then nor is it done at present without slighting the essentials. Although a lover of what was best and excellent in his profession, he was at times forced to submit and make concessions to popular demands, or what are termed up-to-date business methods. An instance of the latter kind was the advertising curtain which had become the fashion. He had one painted which in glaring colors presented the popular Oak Hall Clothing Store on the northwest corner of Fourth and Washington avenue with the delivery wagon and a driver in livery passing in front of the establishment. On the first night it was hailed with jeers and hisses, especially the driver in livery, who was often mocked and taunted when seen in the streets. I think this was the first liveried coachman I ever saw. After a few nights the curtain was removed. To his company DeBar was a strict but considerate manager, for with whomsoever he was satisfied enjoyed the liberty of working according to their own conception, never forcing his individuality on those he considered efficient, and to those who were not he was a teacher par excellence. He was an inveterate enemy of those he termed "Make believes" and one season sufficed for such, but ever anxious to retain those who harmonized with his ways. On one occasion a friend of his asked him why he did not change his company to which he replied:

"E'gad, you don't make anything of those I've got now, although many of them are as good as can be found in the country. And if I did change it and got Edwin Booth for a leading man, it would not be three weeks before you would say 'Ben, when are you going to get your new leading man?' Besides, I know what I am doing. I'm running this theatre and not you, and don't you forget it, E'gad I'm not a bricklayer." This was a favorite expression of his, and truly in his sense he was not a member of that trade. Nevertheless the spiritual plumb and line he worked with for thirty years to build a temple for the rational amusement and culture of the people; the many apprentices he taught and sent forth on their mission as intelligent journeymen if not as artists; the care and accuracy with which he pursued his work through joy and sorrow until the sad hour arrived for him to drop his plumb and line and leave his trowel in other hands, justifies a symbolic relation to the builders' craft. However, since then the trade has changed somewhat, for he built from the foundation. The present method seems to be to begin with the roof. He was opposed to extravagant stage properties such as furniture, dress and overloaded scenery and decorations, not only because they were expensive but because they detracted from the more important elements of the play, and as such were highly inartistic. The many characters which he performed were always dressed with rigid exactness and conformity as to their characteristics and without being costly or elaborate, for he thought no more of having the *real* thing, than he would have thought it necessary to have a costume of the period of Henry IV. from the Tower of London to play Falstaff in. But the imitation, and, mark it well, not the real, but the artistic imitation, was the beginning and end to him of all that had any worth either in costume, scenery or acting. His property man, Walter Butler, or "Butts" as he was called, was a skillful hand at his trade, who

in conjunction with the stage carpenter built every property needed for the theatre from Ophelia's coffin to a throne chair; and sofas, settees, chairs, etc., by the aid of proper covers and decorations were transformed into as many different shapes as the various periods called for. The dinner sets consisting of roast turkeys, chickens or a boar's head, together with the confectionery were of papiermache and made in the theatre, or were highly artistic imitations from France. The wine was cold tea, or water colored with burnt sugar, and when pipes were used camomile flowers were smoked instead of tobacco. Some few articles of real food were placed along side of the counterfeit and these were eaten. This system was prevalent in all first class theatres in the country and the public certainly lost nothing by the procedure if the actors understood their business. A story current at one time which amused many who were clamoring for one thousand dollar furniture sets, real turkeys, wine and other realities that had begun to invade the imitative art, was lately told me by Henry Hillicker, scene painter at the time, and who was present when it occurred. It was thus: The painter, the property man and the chief carpenter had come to present their semimonthly accounts to DeBar in his office, which was situated in the house adjoining the theatre and in which he also lived.

After having overlooked the painter's and the carpenter's accounts, it was the property man's turn. Camille, in which a champagne supper takes place, had been played during the whole week. In looking over the bill DeBar observed that forty cents had been spent each night for celery and he cried out: "What's this, how's this, forty cents for celery?" Butts replied that such was the case. "Where does it go to, E'gad they don't eat it, do they?" Butts replied they did not. "Then why don't you use it again?" Butts answered that they tear the stalks apart, which pre-

vented their further use. DeBar looked at him scornfully from head to foot, and said: "And you call yourself a property man? Bring me the stalks and a piece of thin pliable wire and I'll teach you your trade." The celery stalks and the wire were brought, and DeBar commenced adjusting the stalks and passing the wire through each, all the while giving angry admonitions to Butts and looking at him contemptously and exclaiming: "E'gad, you think you're a property man." While his parrot at the other end of the office kept crying: "Oh papa, oh papa" at each ejaculation until the celery bunch was finished in fine style. After looking over the bill again, he suddenly exclaimed: "What's this, twenty cents for lump sugar every night? What becomes of all the sugar?" Butts answered that the people eat it. "Oh they eat it, do they, E'gad, I'll soon put a stop to that," and he called for his housekeeper, angrily shouting "Rebecca, Rebecca." The parrot again took up the cue and woefully cried "Oh papa, oh papa," at which DeBar thundered out, "Shut up, you darn fool, I'm not talking to you." Rebecca entered and she was asked if there were any potatoes or turnips in the house. Rebecca had both, and she was ordered to bring a large turnip and a glass sugar bowl. The articles were brought and he peeled the turnip, after which he cut it into square lumps, placed them in the crystal bowl and shaking them before Butts' face, triumphantly shouted: "There's your sugar for you, and you, E'gad, you call yourself a property man." And Butts was dismissed from the room after having learned a new lesson in the art of property making.

When I hear some of our present speculator managers remark, with a sympathetic sneer, what DeBar would say if he returned and saw the present improvement in the theatrical business, and then compare the former cheap and unenlightened period with its poor struggling managers and actors to the present high-

priced and sumptuous productions, which they, the superior managers, are offering to the public, I am inclined to say with old King Lear, "Good apothecary, give me an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination." However, since DeBar left the arena, I do not know of one who managed a theatre for more than twenty-five years without missing a salary day and who died without owing an actor a cent. Without being lavish either in money, praises or promises, those who enjoyed his respect, were always free to ask him for money or for help, and his kindness was not of the sympathetic or sentimental type, but bluff and direct, and without show or condescension.

As regards the quality if his companies of that period, he did the best that was possible under the circumstances for the war had thrown a host of people on the market known as war actors, who filled the lower ranks in the business, whereas, those of the higher could always be found in his companies, and these were such as never had any trouble to secure engagements in the best of eastern theatres where they invariably made a record. St. Louis, comparatively, has not failed to raise its quota of good actors, singers, dramatic authors, scenic artists and leaders of orchestras, many of whom have attained to a national reputation. The critical spirit of those days was more severe than it is at present, and audiences would hiss as well as applaud. In the journals of that day very rarely will a company be mentioned as being excellent, as at present, when it appears it is taken for granted that all are good. A set of hyper-critics were then on hand who could not have been satisfied with anything short of a theatre in Utopia, where Forrest, Macready and Booth were the boot-jacks and the archangels played the leading business. These critics kept the actor alert, and prevented him from giving vent and imposing his conceits upon others, for men of acknowledged merit, when speaking of themselves as actors,

were liable to be told by some of their colleagues to stick a sign on their back so people might know them as such, and if someone said: "I played such or such a part," he was apt to be was asked if he didn't mean that "he went on for it."

I regretted very much to leave St. Louis, but as the Louisville engagement had been signed and settled upon, I went to bid DeBar good-bye after the season closed. I found him at his office where he was engaged arranging a dozen pair of polished shoes and slippers he was in the habit of keeping in order, on a shelf. This love of footwear was a fad with him and an object of curiosity and remark for everyone who entered the place. A Cerberus in the shape of a snappish black and tan lay under the shelf jealously guarding this pile of footwear. After a brief conversation, he assured me that if at any future period I desired to return to him, to drop him a line in time, when: "E'gad, I'll fix it all right for you, so good-bye, old boy," and with a somewhat heavy heart, I passed through the door as the curtain slowly descended on my third act.

LETTER FROM DICKENS TO SENATOR LINN.

Washington, March 16th, 1842.

My Dear Sir:

I am truly obliged to you for forwarding me the letter from St. Louis which (despite my stern resolves to the contrary) I *cannot* resist. As you kindly offerred to forward my reply, I enclose it—and am my Dear Sir

With true regard,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To Honorable L. F. Linn.

The letter from St. Louis was an invitation to a public dinner. Dickens accepted, and reached St. Louis, 5 April, 1842. Wilkin's *Charles Dickens in America,* 215, and see *American Notes.*

LETTER TO PRESIDENT JEFFERSON.[1]

René Jusseaume.

(From the Bixby Collection of Jeffersoniana.)

Monsieur Le President.

Comme vous m'avez permis l'honneur de vous parler j'espere que vous me pardonnerez la liberté que je prend de vous ecrire pour implorer votre generositè car je suis dans une position bien malheureuse et dans l'impossibilitè de fournir aux besoins de ma pauvre famille, n'etant plus capable de travailler. Je crois bien que Mr Prior Le chef de notre expedition vous aura instruit du mauvais succez de notre voyage et je pense qu'll aura dit la veritè, mais moi qui me trouve actuellement estropié et selon toute apparence pour le reste de mes jours car depuis le neuf septembre que les Ricaras m'ont donné deux balles a travers du corps j'ai restè plus de deux mois sans pouvoir me remuer et actuellement je souffre beaucoup. J'espere de votre gènerositè j'oserois même dire de votre justice que vous voudrez bien m'accorder une gratification qui puisse me mettre a même de pourvoir a ma famille qui manque de tout. Je vous demande encore en grace de vouloir bien me renvoyer chez les Mandanes pour que je puisse remettre mes enfans aux pa-

[1]The expedition referred to in this letter left St. Louis in the Spring of 1807, for the purpose of returning to his home the Mandan chief, Shehaka, who had come down the river and visited the President at Washington, at the invitation of Captains Lewis and Clark. Jusseaume accompanied Shehaka, as interpreter, and both he and the chief had their families with them. It has been generally understood that the Chouteau who was engaged in the fight with the Ricaras on this occasion, was Major Pierre Chouteau, but from this letter it appears that it was his eldest son, Auguste Pierre Chouteau. For an account of the expedition referred to see 3 Missouri Historical Society Collections, p. 252; for a notice of René Jusseaume, the author of this letter, see 4 *Ib.*, 36. See also *Ante*, p. 195 for a reference to this expedition.

The handwriting of this letter seems to be that of M. Provenchere, a resident of St. Louis at that time, but the signature is Jusseaume's own.

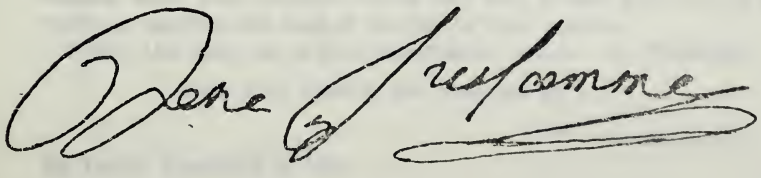
rens de leur mere qui en auront soin apres moi, mais vous voyez, President, que les sauvages ne porteront respect au Pavillon des Etats Unis que lors qu'il sera soutenu par une force suffisante. J'ai fait ainsi que Mr Auguste Chouteau fils et Dorion tout ce qui a ètè en mon pouvoir d'abord pour etre amis avec les sauvages ensuite pour nous deffendre contre eux et mes blessures ne m'ont point empechè de tirer plus de quarante coups de fusile et de reprendre la medaille que le matin même Mr Prior avoit donnè au chef qui a commencè L'attaque et l'a jettè avec mepris a nos pieds, Dieu merci je me suis sauvè et c'est ce que je ne concois pas encore, environ sept cent sauvages presque tous armés tirant sur la barge de Mr Auguste Chouteau ou j'etois et a trente pas de distance enfin nous n'avons eu que quatre hommes de tuez et cinq de blessez. Mr Prior a ètè plus heureux avant poussé au large des le commencement parce que le chef mandane etoit dans sa barge il n'a eut que trois hommes de blessez. Les Ricaras sont jaloux du retour du chef Mandane et veulent le faire perir mais j'espere que vous nous donnerez du monde comme il faut et que nous irons les punir et passer en maitres.

Je me recommande a vous, Monsieur Le President, et vous suplie de prendre en consideration la position de votre suppliant estropié et hors d'etat de travailler pour avoir obei a vos desirs en descendant avec le Cap^{n} Lewis et qui est et sera toujours pret a sacrifier le reste de sa vie a votre service.

J'ai l'honneur d'etre avec le plus profound respect

Monsieur Le President

Votre tres humble et
obeissant serviteur



St Louis le 3d Decembre 1807.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING LETTER,
BY ANTOINETTE DOUGLAS.

MR PRESIDENT:—

Since you allowed me the honor of speaking to you, I hope that you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to implore your generosity, for I am in a very unfortunate position in which it is impossible to provide for the needs of my poor family, being no longer fit for work. I believe that Mr. Prior, the leader of our expedition, will have informed you of the ill success of our voyage, and I think that he will have told the truth, but perhaps he did not tell that I am now crippled and to all appearances for the rest of my days; for since the ninth of September when the Ricaras sent two bullets through my body, I have lain for more than two months without being able to move and even at this time I suffer a great deal. I hope of your generosity, I even dare say of your justice, that you will be willing to grant me a gratification which will enable me to provide for my family which lacks everything. I also ask you the favor of sending me back to the Mandan tribe in order that I may take my children back to their mother's parents, who will take care of them after me. But you see, President, that the Indians will have respect for the flag of the United States only when it shall be defended by a sufficient force. I have done all that was in my power, as well as Mr. Auguste Chouteau, the younger, and Dorion, first to be friends with the Indians, then to defend ourselves against them. Nor did my wounds prevent me from firing more than forty rifle shots and from taking up the medal which on that same morning Mr. Prior had given to the chief who began the attack, and who had thrown it with scorn at our feet. Thank God, I escaped; and I am still unable to understand how amid seven hundred Indians, almost all armed, firing at Mr. Auguste Chouteau's barge where I was, and only thirty paces away, we had only four men killed and five wounded. Mr. Prior was very fortunate, having put off at the start because the Mandan chief was in his barge. He had only three men wounded. The Ricaras are jealous of the return of the Mandan chief, and wish to kill him; and for that reason I hope that you will give us enough men so that we may go to punish them and pass through as masters.

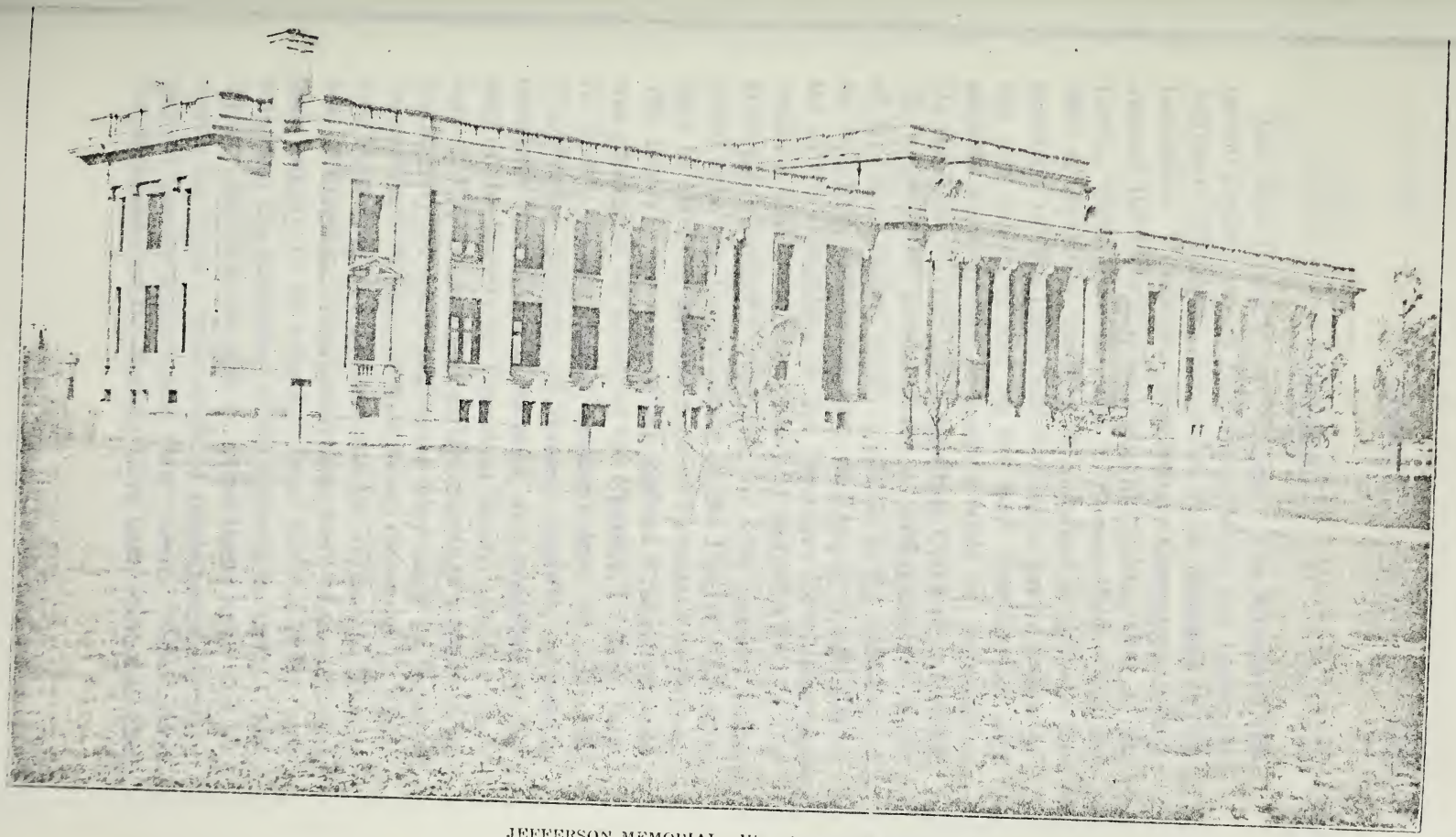
I recommend myself to you, Mr. President, and beg you to take into consideration the condition of your suppliant, crippled and not in a condition to work, through having obeyed your wishes in coming down with Captain Lewis, and who is and will always be ready to sacrifice the rest of his life in your service.

I have the honor to be with the deepest respec[illegible]r. President,

Your very humble and obedient se[illegible]

[illegible] JUSSEAUME.

St. Louis, December 3, 1807.



JEFFERSON MEMORIAL.—View from South West.

NOTES.

The New Home of the Society. The Missouri Historical Society is now established in its new home, the Jefferson Memorial, for which it is indebted to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, which erected the beautiful building, and to the City of St. Louis, which gave the site in Forest Park. On the 28th of April the building was opened to give to the members of the Historical Society a private view of the new quarters, and on the next evening the city officials were invited to make a visit of inspection. On the 30th of April the Exposition Company unveiled the magnificent heroic statue of Jefferson, the work of Mr. Karl Bitter, which is placed in the archway of the building, and on the same day the St. Louis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution unveiled a tablet which is placed in stairway hall of the Historical Society's quarters, to Col. Samuel Hammond, who was Commandant of the District of Louisiana in 1804, by appointment of President Jefferson. The tablet is the work of Mr. Robert Bringhurst, and was presented, on behalf of the Chapter, by Mrs. John N. Booth, former regent, acknowledged by Mrs. E. Washington Bellamy, of Macon, Georgia, a granddaughter of Colonel Hammond, and accepted on behalf of the Society by President Bixby. On the evenings of May 1st and 2nd, public meetings were held by the Society, at which addresses were made by General James Grant Wilson, of New York; Governor L. Bradford Prince, of New Mexico, and Dr. Willam M. Thornton, of Virginia. These addresses were of the unusual high quality to be expected from their authors, and delighted the audiences which listened to them. The Society hopes to be able to print them soon, and so insure for them a wide circle of readers and the permanent preservation which they merit. Since May 1st, the rooms of the Society have been opened to the

public upon every day of the week, and have attracted thousands of interested visitors.

The Exhibition of Jefferson Papers. The Society has had upon exhibition for some weeks a most remarkable collection of Jefferson Papers. There are several hundred letters from Jefferson, many letters to him, and a number of documents which are more or less closely connected with him and which were preserved by him. Among these latter there is the famous *subpoena duces tecum* which was served upon President Jefferson commanding him to produce certain papers at the trial of Aaron Burr, at Richmond, with a memorandum at the bottom signed by Burr, stating what would be satisfactory to him in the way of compliance with the *subpoena*. The letters written by Jefferson take in almost the whole period of his active life and are dated at Monticello, Philadelphia, Washington and Paris. One of them was written to Lafayette, many to other noted persons, and many to persons whose names have to us no significance. They cover the whole range of subjects in which Jefferson was interested, among which may be mentioned government, politics, science, Indians, history, taxation, books, wines, and personal matters. There are a number of letters relating to the southwest and the newly acquired territory of Louisiana. Among the letters written to Jefferson, there are several from St. Louis, signed by well known persons and ranging in subject from matters of governmental importance to expressions of good will and announcements of presents sent. There are two letters, one from Boston and one from Philadelphia, filled with gross personal abuse of the President because of the embargo. The only things in the exhibition aside from the Jefferson Papers is the letter from John Hancock, President of Congress, announcing to Washington his appointment

to command the Continental army, and a letter from Washington to General Sullivan, dated 1 Sept., 1788. A selection from the heretofore unpublished Jefferson Papers will be printed in a future issue of the COLLECTIONS. All of the papers included in the exhibition were loaned to the Society by President Bixby.

GIFTS: The Missouri Historical Society wishes to make grateful acknowledgment to its kind friends for their timely gifts.

Thanks are especially due to the St. Louis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for outfitting the *Auditorium*. The gift by the Chapter of mahogany chairs sufficient in number to fill the room, chairs which are comfortable to sit in as well as pleasing to look at, and also of folding chairs to fill the aisles and hall in case of need, of rugs for the floor and curtains for the windows, will always be most gratefully appreciated.

The Society gives its sincere thanks, also, to the following named persons:

To Mr. Arthur B. Barret for a portrait of his ancestor, Major William Christy; this admirable portrait was painted by Mrs. Barret (Adéle Hart).

To the Gerhart Sisters for a large number of magnificent photographs of American Indians, including one of the Apache Chief Geronimo; and of our Philippino fellow subjects. These photographs were made at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

To Mrs. James F. Ballard for three interesting letters from Jessie Benton Fremont, letters written by Mrs. Fremont to Mrs. Ballard.

To the Jefferson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for a coat of arms of Missouri,

carved in relief and done with technical heraldic accuracy.

To Mrs. Amelie Noel of Los Angeles, California, for a collection of interesting historical manuscripts, many written by her father, the late Judge Wilson Primm; and also for a scrap book containing addresses made by Judge Primm, many at meetings of this Society, and printed only in the newspapers, from which this scrap book was made.

To Mr. William Clark Breckenridge for a large number of books and pamphlets of great local interest.

To Mrs. Julia D. Taylor for a portrait of her father, the late John F. Darby, long a noted lawyer of St. Louis, who was Mayor, Representative in Congress, and writer, and won distinction in every field of his endeavor.

To Chester H. Kern, Esq., for a daguerreotype of a Missouri Confederate soldier—a sweet faced boy who to impress his sweet heart, for whom the picture was taken, had adorned himself with a specimen of every species of lethal weapon which the camp afforded.

Many other valuable gifts have been received which will be duly acknowledged later.

The Society's Need of Additional Members: The greatly increased expense incidental to the Society's occupation of its new home, and necessary to justify its use of public ground by efficient service rendered to the public, makes a material increase of income imperative. The one source of additional revenue which can be confidently relied upon is an increase in the number of its members. The total paying membership at the beginning of the year was less than four hundred. To do its work as it should be done, the Society should have a membership of not less than two thousand.

Since the beginning of the year, the following names have been added to the roll:

Mrs. William Barr, Orange, N. J., Life Member.
Mr. Joseph D. Bascom, St. Louis, Life Member.
Miss Mary Alicia Owen, St. Joseph, Mo., Life Member.
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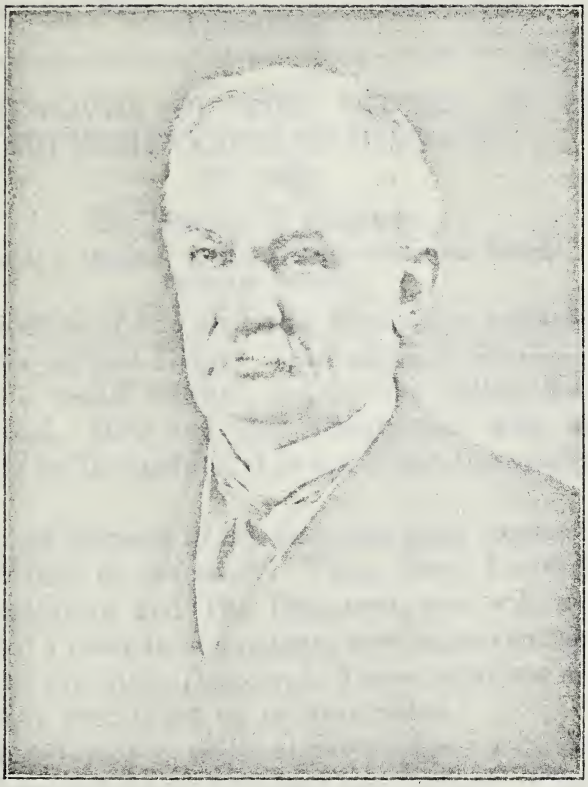
Dr. G. M. Tuttle,
Mr. Thomas H. West,
Mr. F. Churchill Whittemore,
Mr. B. S. Winchell,
Mr. John M. Wood,
Mr. Henry Wood.

The Jefferson Library: The Missouri Historical Society has undertaken to gather together a library of books and pamphlets relating to Jefferson. It is proposed to procure every thing obtainable written by Jefferson or about Jefferson. A good beginning has been made. There upon the shelves some dozen or more biographies of him, three different collections of his writings, many of his works in single volumes, and a large number of bound pamphlet essays and addresses of which he is the subject, some of which are laudatory and some abusive. The latest acquisition is a book on Jefferson's permanent influence on American Institutions by Senator John Sharp Williams, a collection of lectures delivered at Columbia University, which is an admirable piece of work. Members of the Society possessing books or pamphlets which should find a place in this collection, are requested to contribute.



T. N. Skinkle

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTIONS.*

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THE REMOVAL OF THE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MISSOURI, IN 1865.

BY THOMAS K. SKINKER.

Read at a Meeting of the Missouri Historical Society, February 20, 1914.

At the close of our civil war occurred a remarkable episode in judicial history — the original Recall of the Judges—a recall effected not by the ballot, but by the bayonet. How and why it happened, with some sidelights on the picture, it is my object to explain tonight.

For some persons in the audience some explanation of terms may be necessary. Thus, when I speak of The Republican and The Democrat, you will understand that I refer to newspapers now known as the Republic and the Globe-Democrat. These latter are names which have been taken on in later years.

In those days, too, political party names were different. Whigs and Know-Nothings had died out. Progressives, Bull-Moosers, Green-Backers, Populists, Gold-Bugs, etc., had, of course, never been heard of. Democrat and Republican were little used. To the dominant element in Missouri all Democrats were rebels, and they were commonly called by that name, or something worse. The other party was at first called the Union, or Unconditional Union party; but that soon split into wings, or branches, the Conservatives and the Radicals. These were commonly called, respectively, the Claybanks and the Charcoals. The Repub-

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licans had long been called by their political adversaries, "Black Republicans." This was easily converted into "Charcoals"; and these latter gave their conservative fellow-unionists the name of "Claybanks," as denoting a colorless sort of politics, which did not much distinguish them from out-and-out Rebels; or else Copperheads, after the deadly snake of that name, which strikes without warning. It was meant to be a synonym of hidden danger and secret hostility to the Union cause.

The event of which I speak occurred on the 14th day of June, 1865. The judges removed were Dryden and Bay, of the supreme court of Missouri.

In the only work thus far written which claims to be a comprehensive history of Missouri, little is made of this event. The author (Mr. Wm. F. Switzler) says that the attempt to enforce the ordinance for the removal of the judges, commonly called the "Ousting Ordinance," was attended with difficulty and unpleasant collisions; that David Wagner and Walter L. Lovelace were appointed Judges in place of Wm. V. N. Bay and John D. S. Dryden; that the latter gentlemen believed there was no legal validity in the ordinance removing them, and declined to vacate their places; that Gov. Fletcher issued an order to expel them from the bench, and they were taken from their seats by the police of the City of St. Louis, and were escorted as prisoners to the office of Recorder Wolff. Mr. Switzler was a member of the convention which promulgated this ordinance, and voted for it. Whether, when he came to write his history, he regarded it as an event of slight importance, or whether he had come to regret it as a crime against the Judiciary not to be dwelt upon, I do not know; this is all he says about it.

At the outbreak of the war the people of Missouri were devided in sentiment, how much devided it is hard to say. In the proceedings of the convention which ordained the removal of the judges, we find it stated

in one resolution that almost, if not quite, one-half of the people were disloyal, in another, that a large majority were loyal. These resolutions were adopted not many days apart, but with different objects in view. One was an effort to induce the President to reduce the quota of troops to be furnished by Missouri to the Union army. For this purpose it was material to show that the available population of the State was smaller than it seemed to be, because one-half of the people were disloyal, and the men of that half had either gone into the Confederate army, or else could not be trusted to fight against the South. The other resolution was a denunciation of Gov. Jackson and his associates for attempting to lead Missouri into the Southern camp when a large majority of the people were loyal. Of course this was a convenient variation of estimate, suited to the occasion. What was the fact, no one could tell with certainty.

In answer to a delegation from Missouri, which once presented a petition to President Lincoln, he described the conditions prevailing here among Union men in this language:

"We are in civil war. In such cases there is always a main question; but in this case that question is a perplexing compound—Union and Slavery. It thus becomes a question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides, even among those who are for the Union, saying nothing of those who are against it. Thus, those who are for the Union *with,* but not *without* slavery, those for it *without,* but not *with,* those for it *with,* or *without,* but prefer it *with,* and those for it *with* or *without,* but prefer it *without.* Among these again is a sub-division of those who are for *gradual,* but not for *immediate,* and those who are for *immediate,* but not for *gradual* extinction of slavery. It is easy to conceive that all of these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincerely entertained by honest and truthful men. Yet, all being for the Union, by reason of these differences each will prefer a different way of sustaining the Union. At once, sincerity is questioned and motives assailed.

Actual war coming, blood grows hot and blood is spilled. Thought is forced from old channels into confusion. Deception breeds and thrives. Confidence dies and universal suspicion reigns. Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor, lest he be killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow. And all this, as before said, may be among honest men only. But this is not all. Every foul bird comes abroad, and every dirty reptile rises up. These add crime to confusion. Strong measures, deemed indispensable, but harsh at best, such men make worse by mal-administration. Murders for old grudges and murders for pelf, proceed under any cloak that will best cover for the occasion."

This was Mr. Lincoln's diagnosis, made when the war had been under way some three years.

In the winter of 1861, a state convention had been assembled to consider the relations of Missouri with the Union. As it happened, nearly all of its members were men of southern birth. Leaders among these were Sterling Price and Hamilton R. Gamble. Price afterwards became commander of the Missouri State Guard, and ultimately Major General in the Confederate service. Gamble joined the Unconditional Union men, and became the Union Governor of the state. He soon found himself at the head of a discordant mass, whose members were agreed upon only one thing, and that was to fight the South. Between times, when the weather was bad, or military movements were slow, they were perfectly ready to fight each other. Gamble was a Virginian by birth, and a slave holder, and most of those who took an active part in putting him into office, either were slave holders or were accustomed to the institution, and had no objection to it. Their ingrained love of the Union alone, caused them to separate themselves from the mass of their friends and kindred to espouse the Union cause.

A numerous wing of this Unconditional Union party, on the other hand, were bitterly opposed to

slavery, and at all times looked with suspicion upon any who would tolerate it. Among these especially were the Germans, who in St. Louis, constituted the bulk of the Union party. The Germans of that day were, nearly all of them, new-comers to the country, and, unlike their descendants of today, knew little of our institutions, and could not therefore, feel the same in-born love for the Union that native citizens did; but they hated slavery with a bitter hatred. It was too much like the condition they and their ancestors had endured for ages in their own country, and which they had made sacrifices to escape. Here was the difference that led to a long train of political results, including the Removal of the Judges.

Whilst there was danger of Confederate domination in Missouri, these differences were smothered, but in course of time, the Union men of Missouri, with the aid of armies from Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, overcame the Southern element; and the more certain it became that the victory was with them, the more did the fires of political disunion burn among them. Some language of Mr. Lincoln reported at the time by our fellow townsman, Mr. Taussig, still happily among us, shows this in a strong light. Mr. Taussig was a delegate from the German Radicals of St. Louis, and a member of the committee already spoken of. Upon his return from Washington, he quoted the President as having declared that—

"The dissensions between Union men in Missouri are due solely to a factious spirit, which is exceedingly reprehensible. The two parties ought to have their heads knocked together. Either would rather see the defeat of their adversary than that of Jefferson Davis."

Also, in an official letter to Gen. Schofield, dated May 27, 1863, Mr. Lincoln said that the Union men of Missouri "had entered into a pestilent factional quarrel among themselves."

The state convention which, in the summer of 1861,

had put Gamble at the head, and reorganized the whole state government in favor of the Union, in 1863 passed an ordinance decreeing the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Under this ordinance all slaves were to be free from and after the fourth day of July, 1870, but their former masters were to retain some measure of control over them, for graduated periods of time, according to the age of the individual; some of them, the oldest, even for their whole lives. Restrictions also were put upon the sale of slaves, and upon importation from other states.

This ordinance, though a long step beyond what had been originally intended by its framers, gave great offense to those who were abolitionists pure and simple. They denounced it as a compromise with the powers of darkness, and as riveting the chains of slavery more securely than even the Rebels could hope to, and they charged Gov. Gamble with enforcing a pro-slavery policy. Their dissatisfaction with the state administration, already great, was intensified by the passage of this ordinance. An editorial in The Democrat spoke of the Conservative Unionists as having "played a role more disreputable than treason itself."

On the other hand, on the 12th of October, 1863, Gov. Gamble issued a proclamation aimed at the Radicals, in which he said that for many months past innumerable false accusations had daily issued from a corrupt and malignant press; that there could be traitors against the State as well as against the Federal Government, and that the masses were being misled by the arts and falsehoods of a few designing leaders; and he warned all the good people of Missouri to be on their guard against the artifices of these men, as likely to lead them to their ruin.

Long before this, on the 12th of January, 1861, a numerously attended public meeting had been held in the City of St. Louis, at which was adopted a resolution declaring that—

"The possession of slave property is a constitutional right, and if the Federal Government should fail and refuse to secure this right, the southern states should be united in its defense; in which event Missouri will share the common duties and common dangers of the South."

It was now (in 1863) pointed out by Governor Gamble's opponents that he was one of the principal movers and leading figures of this meeting, and it was remembered that at that time he had said, that Missouri ought to await the action of Virginia on the question of secession, and ought to go out of the Union, or stay in, as Virginia did. It was said that at that time Sterling Price entertained the same views, and had later shown more sincerity and consistency by going into the Confederate army. Some even said that Gamble had finally decided to embrace the Union cause only because he was a man of large property, and thought this was the safer course. A loud demand for his resignation followed. Personally, Gov. Gamble had no special ambition to hold the office, and he tendered his resignation, but was prevailed upon to withdraw it.

The wrath of the Radicals was not directed against Gov. Gamble and his administration, alone. It included also Gen. Schofield, the commander of the Union forces in this State. The committee already mentioned demanded his removal. It was in answer to this demand that the President gave the above quoted summary of the situation in Missouri; and he added that the facts so stated sufficiently accounted for what had occurred in Missouri, without ascribing the situation to the weakness or the wickedness of any general. He therefore refused the demand.

The fact was that Schofield's record was not satisfactory to the out-and-out abolitionists. Unlike Fremont, he had not been one of them from the beginning. When Fremont, in August, 1861, proclaimed the freedom of all slaves belonging to persons in Missouri

who took an active part against the Government, and Benj. F. Butler, about the same time, declared contraband of war and free, the slaves of Confederates in Virginia, the Radicals were delighted. For a time Mr. Lincoln was the subject of distrust among them, because he disapproved the action of both of these generals. Schofield was known to look upon negroes as good material for servants. As an officer of the army he had never had much knowledge of, or use for, them in any other capacity.

In this connection I may relate an incident which took place in September, 1860. Schofield was a professor in Washington University. Delightful old Joseph G. Hoyt was chancellor. I was a student, with decided southern sympathies. The chancellor had just returned from his summer vacation in New England, and was recounting to Maj. Schofield his summer experiences. Among other things he said that he had been making some abolition speeches. "You might have been better employed," said the major. Word spread of this throughout the school, and greatly increased the popularity of the major with us southern boys, a popularity already well established in the school at large, because the Major did not require too much learning of us.

The foregoing only describes one side of the causes of irritation and suspicion between Union men. At the outset and often, Mr. Lincoln declared that the war was waged, not to free the slaves, but to save the Union. His treatment of Fremont and Butler seemed to carry out this idea. There were many thousands of men in Missouri, and in the border states in general, who saw nothing inconsistent in being upholders of slavery, and at the same time upholders of the Union; they and their fathers before them had always been both. Great numbers of these volunteered in the Union army. As time wore on, the pressure upon Mr. Lincoln to free the slaves became greater, and finally, in January, 1863, he issued the historic procla-

mation. Nominally this did not apply to the border states, but it was plain to all that it was part of a continually rising tide. It was a staggering blow to a large section of the Union party in Missouri, as it was in all the border states, and indeed, in many other parts of the Union. Evidence of this last is found in the testimony of Gen. Joseph Hooker, before the Congressional Committee of Inquiry, that a large element of the army of the Potomac had taken sides against the emancipation proclamation, and had declared that if they had anticipated it, they would never have gone into the war. To this he attributed in a large measure the extraordinary number of absences without leave from that army, amounting to many thousands, and including both officers and men.

Mr. Lincoln's change of policy was peculiarly felt in the border states, where many slaves were owned. My friend, the late Charles S. Brent, of Lexington, Kentucky, whose name is preserved in our neighboring suburb of Brentmoor, once described to me the feeling among Kentuckians in the Union army when the proclamation came out. Many considered that they had been hoodwinked into the service. For the greater number, the privates, there was of course no escape. Willingly or unwillingly they must continue to serve; to abandon their regiments would be desertion, with death the penalty. The officers, however, could resign, and many did, including Captain Brent.

Events such as these stirred up and increased ill feeling among Union men.

Other elements also entered into the situation, some of them personal.

Thus, when the movement to divide Virginia into two states culminated in the creation of the state of West Virginia, it became a serious question whether or not the United States could recognize the new state. The President referred this question to Judge Edward Bates, then Attorney General. Judge Bates

considered the act to be unconstitutional and revolutionary, and also unnecessary, and so advised the President in a formal opinion. From that moment he began to fall from grace, and in time left the cabinet; he was not radical enough; he was an obstacle in the way of progress. He was by birth a Virginian and by adoption a Missourian. When he came back to his home in St. Louis, he naturally allied himself with the Conservative element, and for the brief remainder of his life was a conspicuous leader of that party.

Gen. Frank P. Blair was also on the side of the Conservatives. An abolitionist before the war when that was not the winning side in Missouri, the most conspicuous figure on the Union side in the early stages of the contest for control of the state, and throughout a valiant soldier in the field, he yet disapproved the Radical programme. With him went a great body of the most determined Union men.

The Radical element was, however, rapidly gaining the ascendant. This was inevitable. In all revolutions the extremists sooner or later prevail. It was so in the French revolution, several times over. Just now we have seen the same rule at work in Mexico. Madero proclaimed a distribution of property among the people, and overthrew a government that had been established for thirty years. But he was slow in carrying out his programme; so he fell. Huerta, Blanquet and the younger Diaz rose up to right the wrong. But Villa, Zapata and their associates, who in our eyes do not rise above the grade of bandits, are now contesting with them the claims to the most advanced patriotism.

If the Southern element in Missouri in the days of the civil war were rebellious, the Union element were revolutionary, and so the usual rule found room for action. By the first of the year 1864, the legislature had been won over to the Radical side. With a view of undoing the work of the first convention, an act was passed providing for the holding of another convention, the members to be elected in November, 1864,

and to assemble in St. Louis, January 6, 1865. This act provided that the new convention should proceed to consider such amendments to the Constitution of the state as might be by them deemed necessary, first, for the emancipation of the slaves, second, to preserve in purity the elective franchise to loyal citizens, and third, generally to promote the public good. The election was held and the result was all that could be desired by its promoters. Three-fourths of those elected were Radicals. Thomas B. Harris, of Callaway County, was the principal exception, and he was promptly expelled as disloyal. Mr. Harris was probably as loyal a man as could at that time be elected in the Kingdom of Callaway, if any vote at all was allowed to its people; but that qualification was itself enough to condemn him in the minds of those in control of the convention.

The convention assembled on the appointed day.

Promptly the movement to oust the judges was initiated by Mr. Green, of Marion County, with a resolution which declared that in order to meet the wants and interests of the progressive spirit of the people, it was necessary to reorganize the judicial system, and to declare vacant all judicial offices from the Supreme Bench down.

The convention appointed a committee to consider this subject, the chairman of which was Mr. Henry A. Clover, whom many present will remember as a learned lawyer of this city. This committee soon reported an ordinance, the object of which was expressed to be "to vacate certain civil offices, to harmonize the workings of the government, and to protect citizens from injury and harassment from prosecution for acts done by them in support of the government." This is the ordinance which has come down into history under the name of the "Ousting Ordinance." It was accompanied by a report, recommending its adoption. The following excerpt is sufficient to show the drift of the report:

"The Committee is of opinion that, to harmonize the working of the state government in all its departments, it is necessary to vacate throughout, and in detail, all the judicial offices of the state. The convention has already enacted an ordinance emancipating slaves. Should the judicial department of the state government be held at liberty to impeach the entire lawfulness of this act? Property in man exists and has always heretofore been recognized in this state, and if rightfully existing at one time, it may always rightfully exist. The convention, or the majority of the people, have no right or lawful authority to deprive a citizen of property without compensation, not even pretended to be taken for public use. The right or authority so to do is denied in the very nature of the social contract. Upon this plea the lawfulness of this act of the convention may be denied by the judges. Should it be permitted, if it can be prevented?

"Again, the convention has considered a measure for preserving in purity the elective franchise, and, in so doing, to disfranchise the rebel and rebel sympathizer. Shall the effect of this measure be allowed to be frittered away by unfavorable and hostile construction and interpretation of term and phrase?

"Again, martial law, which is simply the will of the military commander, since its institution in this state, has suppressed newspapers; has stopped, as well as regulated, commercial intercourse; has seized property; has punished the citizen; has controlled the courts; has forbidden the institution or prosecution of suits; has imprisoned the person of the suitor; has instructed the Judge; has entered houses; has taken household furniture, has sold and made title thereto, has apportioned the proceeds thereof—not the property of citizens actually engaged in war, but of those who were simply disloyal and disaffected; has levied assessments, collected moneys, imprisoned, banished and put to death. All this is utterly incompatible with the ordinary and usual workings of civil government.

"This has been and is being done in palpable and direct violation of the plainest principles we are retaining in our new work. It has been done, not through the medium of courts of justice, not through the intervention of a jury, not by the judgment of the peers, not by the law of the land, but in the opinion

of the Committee it has been necessarily done. This condition of affairs has been brought about by no fault of the loyal people of the state.

"The question recurs, shall all the matters which the committee have spoken of be drawn into controversy and adjudication by the civil or criminal courts of the land? In the opinion of the committee it would not be the part of wisdom to have this be."

The ordinance, whose passage was thus recommended, included all the judges and clerks of all the courts in the state, also all county recorders, and all circuit attorneys and their assistants, and later all sheriffs were added. It provided that all these offices, more than 1,000 in number, should become vacant on the first day of May, 1865, and that the vacancies should be filled by the Governor.

Before this, the convention had passed an ordinance for the immediate abolition of slavery, and they were then planning one to disfranchise all southern sympathizers.

It is plain from the report above quoted that Judge Clover and his committee fully realized that in declaring the abolition of slavery, they were committing an act of revolution and confiscation. Property in negro slaves had always been recognized by the law of the land; there was not a single state in the Union in which this was not true at some time in its history. In Missouri it was distinctly recognized at that very time, and the very constitution, which the convention was then submitting to the people for adoption, contained a provision, the same as in the earlier constitution, and in all the constitutions of all the states in this country, both before and since that time, declaring that no private property ought to be taken by the state without just compensation to the owners. In violation of this accepted principle, this convention was undertaking to take away from their owners this kind of property without making compensation. At the time, this was denounced by a large element of the

people as the extreme of lawlessness. Today it is, to socialists and communists, the supreme precedent in favor of their theory that the State may do as it will with all private property.

Fully realizing all of this, as their report candidly shows, Mr. Clover and his committee also knew that no lawyer could be trusted to depart from this fundamental principle, who was not schooled or pledged in advance to overthrow it. Hence they were determined to reorganize the judiciary, as they called it, by putting into the courts men who could be depended upon to approve the action of the convention, at all cost, and in spite of all principle. That is what the committee meant when it spoke of "harmonizing the government."

The ordinance did not pass entirely unopposed.

Mr. Isidor Bush, of St. Louis, offered a substitute, authorizing the Governor to vacate any office upon proof satisfactory to him that the incumbent was disloyal. Mr. Bush said that he was willing that all disloyal officers should be ousted, that the great body of the officers of the state were loyal, that the cases worthy of removal were few, and that it was wrong to vacate all on account of these few.

Mr. Hughes, of Pettis County, said that members wanted to clean out all the offices, and then make the Governor appoint all Radicals to the places; that he did not want to depose men because they were accused; that he wanted to see proof against them before putting them out; that mere difference of opinion in politics ought not to be enough to depose a man. Mr. Hughes claimed to be "equal to any member in radicalism, abolitionism, or any other ism that was decried by Rebels and Copperheads," but he could not agree to the ordinance as reported by the committee.

Mr. Holland, of Henry County, said that if Mr. Hughes had not said he was a Radical, they might from his speech have deemed him a Copperhead. He

(Mr. Holland) was for getting at these Conservative men whose influence always went against Union men. The Radical party was the only true Union party in the state.

Mr. Emory S. Foster, of Johnson County, said:

"We came here to disfranchise Rebels, and our duty would not be completed if we did not turn out all, both Conservative and Rebel officers, if they were elected by Rebels. There are many loyal officers in the State who were elected by Rebels, because they had always been so tender to them, and so ready to testify to their loyalty before provost-marshals. I am in favor of cleaning them out. I believe the Supreme Judges now on the bench, although Union men, were elected by Rebel votes."

Mr. Gilbert, of Platte County, said that this was a square-toed age, and he was glad to see the convention come up to the mark, and say that a man who was not a Radical was not fit to hold office; that he would vote for the substitute, but hoped it would not pass. "Hustle these officers out," he said—"Don't put these Copperheads and sympathizers to the trouble of proving their loyalty—make a clean sweep of all who disagree with you in politics." (The reporter says that this speech was in an ironical vein.)

Mr. Folmsbee, of Daviess County, said that he believed a man who was mean enough to be a traitor, would not scruple to do anything to establish his loyalty. He would take these men by the throat, say to them, "You haven't even the right to citizenship here," and kick them out.

Mr. Chauncey I. Filley, the only member of the St. Louis delegation who still survives, said he believed with the gentleman from Platte, in toeing the mark. This thing of vacating offices was commenced by the Provisional Government. He had once given a postmaster a letter to the Provisional Governor (Gamble), and they actually tried to get the man out of his post-office, because he took a letter from a St. Louis "Charcoal." "It is our time now," said Filley.

Mr. Wyllys King, of St. Louis, related an anecdote of early times when he first commenced to sell combs in Southern Illinois. A man came to buy a fine tooth comb. "How fine do you want it?" I asked. "I want one fine enough to take 'em all out without crippling any." Mr. King said the convention ought to act on the same principle—make a clean sweep, without crippling any.

Mr. St. Gem, of St. Genevieve County, looked at the subject from a different angle. He thought the Governor would not thank the convention if it made him a judge of the loyalty of men, and thus saddled a large amount of business on him.

In this vein did the majority of the convention treat Mr. Bush's substitute, a proposition which must now strike all of us as very fair, even from a Union standpoint. It was lost by a vote of 44 to 4.

Mr. Bush, still anxious to save the reputation of the convention for fairness, offered an amendment providing that no member of the convention should be appointed to any office vacated by the ordinance, except such as were then filled by members. Mr. Bush said he wished to show to the world that the convention was acting disinterestedly.

Mr. Geo. P. Strong, of St. Louis, opposed Mr. Bush's amendment. He could see no reason why the members of the convention should deny themselves the right, which every citizen has, to aspire to office. Besides, he said, the aspirants, if there were any, might have cause to remember the old song:

> I'll not marry you, my pretty maid,
> Who ever asked you, sir? she said.

And so did Mr. Strong, with a pleasantry, think to hide the point of his opposition.

Mr. Bush's amendment was lost by a vote of 29 to 5.

When the Ousting Ordinance came up for final passage, Mr. Wm. D'Oench, of St. Louis, opposed it. He said that it removed from office more than 1,000 judges, clerks, sheriffs and other officers.

"In doing this the convention steps upon ground most dangerous—dangerous on account of a revolution it introduces into state affairs, dangerous as introducing a precedent unheard of in the annals of legislation. Let us well consider what we are doing; let us well weigh an act, which, sweeping as it is, may and will do injustice even to loyal men. In turning out all of our provisional officers and giving the reappointing power to the Governor, we assume powers which, though we may possess them, we have not been instructed or expected by the people to exercise. I am willing to disfranchise rebels; but I am not willing to vacate the offices of 950 good and true men for the purpose of reaching 50 men, who, in general terms are charged with sympathy for the rebel cause. Can such men not be reached by laws which can be made by the convention?"

This speech of Mr. D'Oench's is the only one reported which has the least smack of statesmanship. He concluded:

"My radicalism is not of yesterday; I belong to the men who withdrew from the Claybank convention in 1861, and assisted in calling into existence the now powerful Radical party."

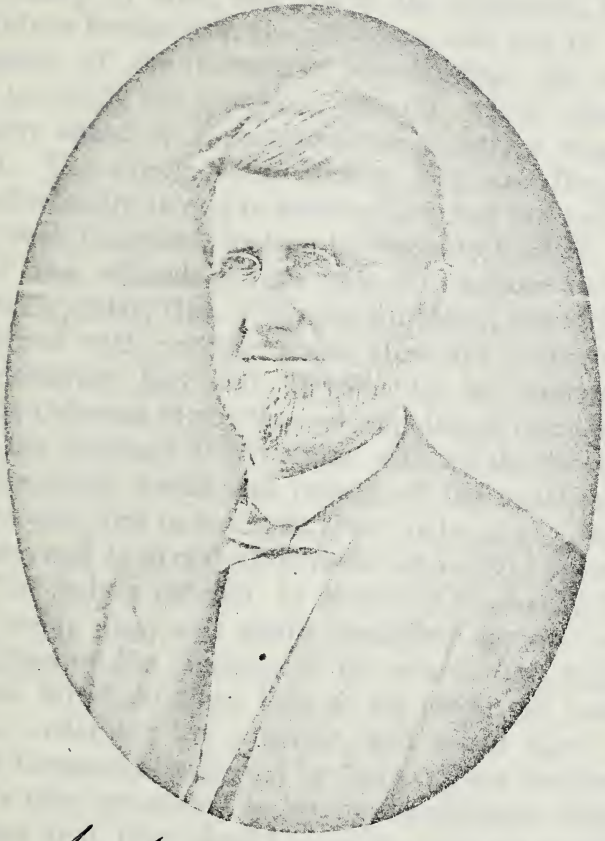
Mr. Rankin, of Franklin County, said there was not a disloyal officer in his county, but he was willing to vote for an ordinance turning out all officers, including constables and justices of the peace. The ordinance did not go far enough for him.

On the final vote, the Ousting Ordinance was adopted by 43 to 5.

Whilst it was under consideration, Judge Barton Bates resigned from the Supreme Court, leaving Bay and Dryden on the Bench. Bay had been a Republican, Dryden a Democrat, before the war. They had been appointed in 1861, when the old court was ousted, and then had been elected in 1863—"by gross fraud," The Democrat said; "in spite of fraud, intimidation and terrorism," The Republican said.

Before the Ousting Ordinance was adopted, Gov.

Gamble had died, Lieutenant Governor Willard P. Hall had taken his place, and he in turn had been succeeded as Governor by Thomas C. Fletcher, elected in the Fall of 1864. Fletcher belonged to the Radical element, and was fully committed to the enforcement of the Ousting Ordinance. Accordingly, he appointed David Wagner and Walter L. Lovelace, and afterwards Nathaniel Holmes, to take the places of the old judges. On the 13th of June, Messrs. Wagner and Lovelace met and made an order requiring Andrew W. Mead, then clerk of the Supreme Court, to surrender the records of the court to their clerk, Mr. Bowman. Mr. Mead declined to comply, and immediately applied to the Circuit Court for an injunction against Wagner, Lovelace and their associates to prevent them from meddling with the records of the court. Circuit Judge Moodey, an original Republican, was of the opinion that the Ousting Ordinance was void, and accordingly issued the injunction. He had already decided the identical question in the case of Alfred C. Bernoudy, whose office of Recorder of Deeds fell within the same ordinance, and was claimed by Mr. Conrad, an appointee of Gov. Fletcher. On the next day, June 14th, the Governor issued an order to General David C. Coleman of the State Militia, to be served by him upon Judges Bay and Dryden, warning them that they were usurpers and that he would deal with them summarily if they failed to vacate. The General went to the Court House in St. Louis, found Judges Bay and Dryden holding court, and presented this order. They declined to yield to the Governor's threat, declaring that he had no authority of law for interrupting them in the discharge of their duties. They claimed that, as they had been elected pursuant to the constitution and laws of the state, they had a right to remain in office until their terms expired. They denied that the convention had power to pass the Ousting Ordinance, because it was not one of the matters named as a subject of legislation in the act



John D. Snyder

of the legislature calling the convention. They denied its validity because it had not been submitted to a vote of the people. They insisted that it was in effect an abolishment, as far as it went, of the old constitution, without the consent of the people; that it was the business of the courts to pass on the constitutionality of laws, and not of the Governor, that it therefore belonged to the old court, and not to the appointees of the Governor, constituting the new court, to decide the question; else the whole theory of liberty based on a constitutional judiciary was at an end. The argument of Messrs. Bay and Dryden was undoubtedly strong in point of law, but in practice it was weak because it had no bayonets to back it.

After the refusal of the judges to submit to the Governor's order, Gen. Coleman withdrew, but shortly returned with another order from the Governor, again declaring Bay and Dryden to be usurpers, directing Coleman to put the new appointees in possession of the Supreme Court room, with all the records seals, furniture, books and papers of the court, and also directing him to use such force as he might deem necessary, and to arrest all persons who might oppose him. The judges refused to recognize the authority of this order also, and again protested against any interruption of the business of the court. Gen. Coleman then informed them that as an officer, he must obey the orders of his superior, and asked them to consider themselves removed by force. They declined this. He then proceeded to lay his hands upon them, and asked that they should consider this an arrest. This was also declined, and he was told that they would only yield to the presence and command of a force which they could not successfully resist. Coleman then called in a detachment of police who were held in readiness, and at his order the judges were taken from their seats by the police and were escorted as prisoners to the office of Recorder Wolff, a police justice. A complaint was there lodged against them

as having disturbed the peace by interfering with the Supreme Court. Fletcher, Wagner, Lovelace, Holmes and Bowman were named as witnesses. The case was set for trial next morning, but nobody appeared to prosecute, and so the complaint was dismissed.

After the judges were removed from the court room, the police remained in and about the room for several hours. A military force also was stationed outside the court house, consisting of the 48th regiment of Missouri Infantry, some 600 or 700 men. These were posted in Chestnut Street, from Tenth Street eastward, and were under the command of our genial friend, Col. Wells H. Blodgett, then a young warrior, but now, and for many years last past known to us all as the bland, wise and efficient General Counsel of the Wabash Railroad Company.

It also appears from The Republican of June 13th and 15th, that a company of the Seventh Regiment of Enrolled Militia was called out and stationed at their armory on Walnut Street on the 12th, and that Company A of the Third Ward Militia relieved the other company after two days service. It would seem that the authorities either expected forcible opposition to their measures, or were determined to forestall and prevent opposition. The Democrat of June 15th, mentioned that a large military force was held in readiness "in case of an outbreak."

Judge Dryden promptly sued Gov. Fletcher for $50,000 damages. His attorneys were Thos. T. Gantt and Samuel T. Glover. These had been among the staunchest and promptest supporters of the Union from the beginning. But they had not kept pace with the growth of Radical sentiment, and so they had been sent to the back seat, next to the out-and-out rebels. As might have been expected with such lawyers for his counsel, the petition in Judge Dryden's suit was a model of good pleading. But the cards were stacked; the judges before whom the case was to come, owed their positions to the very ordinance whose validity

the petition attacked. The case lingered for a while in court and was then dismissed.

The Radicals had the military power under their control, and they had used it—with the skill of experts, as they thought; with the brutality of bandits, as their adversaries thought.

As we look back to 1865 and over the intervening years, it seems to me that we cannot deny to the Radicals of that day and their successors the meed of political skill. Without it, how could they have kept within the fold of the same party for a generation two such discordant elements as the Germans and the church-going, Sunday-closing, temperance-loving New Englanders, who together have always constituted the strength of that party in Missouri?

In every country which has claimed to have a Constitutional government, the control of the judiciary has always been deemed vital. Hence it was that King George Third made the judges dependent on his will alone, as our ancestors charged in the Declaration of Independence. This convention was not afraid or ashamed to create a judiciary of its own, pledged to support measures which it acknowledged to be unlawful and revolutionary, and for that purpose to oust judges whose only fault was that they could not be depended upon to uphold these measures.

You have seen how the members of the convention viewed the Ousting Ordinance. It will be interesting to note the attitude of some of the leading journals, and the reasons why they supported or opposed it.

In the Missouri Democrat, of June 13, 1865, there was an editorial entitled:

"*Bold Usurpation. Last Struggle of the Gamble Dynasty.*

"The desperation of the Rebel conservative element in Missouri, as it sees the power passing from its hands into those of the Radical loyal men, is vividly illustrated in its bold, revolutionary attempt of yester-

day to retain a foothold in authority, by unscrupulously asserting possession of the Supreme Bench, in open defiance of an ordinance of the late state convention. We do not propose to speak in terms unnecessarily harsh of this audacious and utterly unscrupulous proceeding. It is enough that the facts should be known to put the seal of condemnation upon it in every honest mind. The authority of the state government, as vested in the hands of the Governor, is sufficient to right the wrong which has been committed, and in so doing he will at once punish the gross usurpation and defend the power of the people as exercised by their proper representatives in convention assembled. The Ousting Ordinance was passed, to get rid of certain disloyal officials, who had managed to secure positions which they held to the great detriment of the interests and rights of loyal men. The removing clause applied to the Judges of the Supreme Court, who were especially obnoxious to the great class of loyal citizens. This ordinance was adopted by a convention of the people elected upon the plain understanding that it represented the supreme power of the state. The Governor recognized its authority, and appointed Messrs. Lovelace and Wagner to fill the places of the deposed judges. Yesterday when the new judges met in this city to enter upon the discharge of their official duties, they found the old judges occupying the Supreme Court room, in session, and the regular clerk calling the docket with all the books and records in his possession. Under such circumstances, Messrs. Wagner and Lovelace were powerless to take their seats. They, however, called court in another room in the court house, appointed a clerk, and through him served notice on Mr. Mead, the old clerk, to deliver up the records, which Mr. Mead declined to do.

"It is well known that this movement on the part of the old judges and their friends was the result of concert and premeditation. It has been plainly foreshadowed in inflammatory articles appearing in the conservative journals of this city, one of which, the Dispatch, went so far as to threaten the Governor, if he undertook to carry out the policy in this city, which he had enforced elsewhere, of installing the new appointees, that he would be hung from a gibbet or cast into the Mississippi. Such language, in connec-

W. T. M. Ray
City Councilman

tion with the remarkable demonstration of yesterday, shows that revolutionary resistance of the law has been deliberately decided upon by the conservative leaders of this city and state.

"The importance of retaining possession of the Supreme Court by the old judges is plain enough, because not only of its power to pass upon the convention's ordinances, thereby retaining all the disloyal officials in their offices, but, after the precedent of Judge Moodey of the St. Louis Circuit Court, to declare all ordinances of the convention null and void and thus re-instate slavery in Missouri. That such are the ends for which the old court and its friends are now so audaciously striving, no one will dispute. It is a last and desperate attempt on the part of the men who ruled and flourished under what was known as the Gamble Dynasty to perpetuate their power in Missouri, through the agency of an unscrupulous court, in insolent defiance of the popular will.

"To show how utterly inexcusable is the proceeding of Judges Dryden and Bay, it need merely be mentioned that they entered office by virtue of precisely the same authority which they now dispute. The old convention of 1861, which possessed in no sense a greater power than the last convention, deposed former Judges Napton, Ewing and Scott, and authorized the Governor (Gamble) to supply their seats, which was done by the appointment of Messrs. Bay, Dryden and Barton Bates. Messrs. Dryden and Bay then seemed to have no doubt of the authority of the state convention to remove judges, and of the Governor to appoint their successors. They accepted the positions and drew their salaries without a word of protest. It was not until they were deposed themselves, that they discovered that there was no legal power in the sovereign people, through their lawful representatives, to remove obnoxious and unfaithful judges. In view of this remarkable inconsistency, we must confess our astonishment at the course pursued by Messrs. Dryden and Bay. In nought else are we much surprised. When we consider that these judges were perpetuated in power, after it had been obtained in the manner above described, by a gross fraud upon the soldiers of Missouri, whose votes elected other men in their places in the election of 1863, but were rejected by corrupt state officials, that these men might

be continued in office, we see nothing strange in their willingness to participate in active usurpation, however flagrant."

In the Missouri Democrat of June 14, is an editorial entitled:

Making the Rebels Respectable.

It says:

"It might be admitted that the Rebels are not now the worst disturbers of the peace in Missouri. Many of them would act with propriety if a certain class of Union men would let them alone. Unquestionably, the greatest mischief makers now in the state are those Conservative Unionists, who want to use the Rebels for political purposes, and who are constantly stirring them up against the Radicals. At the last election great numbers of the Rebels committed perjury by taking an oath that they had always been loyal men. Many of them would never have thought of doing so if Edward Bates had not taught them the lesson of false swearing. This disorganizing and violent course of the old Supreme Court and its Conservative advisers and backers has completely eclipsed any little peccadillos which the Rebels are now committing. The greatest disturbances which we now have in the state are chiefly the work of professed Union men—that is, Conservative Union men. If the former keep on as they did just before and during the election, and as they are doing now, the Rebels will come to be regarded as good citizens by contrast."

In another editorial, The Democrat said:

"No man in the State took so active a part in opposing the new constitution as Edward Bates, who, although out of office, is still looked up to as a leader second only to General Blair, by the Conservative Unionists, or Claybanks, as they are called. Fearing lest the Rebels would be deterred from voting by the oath prescribed by the late state constitution, requiring every voter to swear that he had always been loyal to the government, Judge Bates wrote and published an opinion, advising them to vote notwithstanding

they had to take the oath, and thereby swear to what was false, upon the ground that the convention had no legal power to require the oath. This opinion brought many thousand Rebels to the polls. Nor were the other members of the Claybank party a particle less zealous in their efforts. Men who had lived upon the government during the entire war, went arm in arm to the polls with men who had fought the government for the greater part of that time, and voted the same ticket. In fact it became a matter of common remark and joke that the political followings of General Blair and Sterling Price had consolidated."

The following editorial extracts give an idea of the view entertained of these proceedings by the opposition, and also some details of the several steps.

On June 13th, The Republican said:

"Hon. David Wagner and Walter L. Lovelace, Esq., entered the court room and took their seats among the spectators. James O. Broadhead was arguing a case. At a suitable opportunity Mr. Wagner approached Judge Dryden, and after the usual salutation between personal friends, informed the judge that he had in his pocket a commission from the Governor appointing him a judge of the Supreme Court, adding, 'But I suppose you do not intend to recognize the appointment.' Being informed that he was right in this, he and Lovelace withdrew from the court room, while the court went on with its business."

The Republican submissively expressed a hope that the matter would drop there, asserting that the ablest lawyers in Missouri, and in the constitutional convention, denied the power of the convention to pass the Ousting Ordinance.

The Anzeiger went further, and asserted that Judges Bay and Dryden had no right to give up their offices.

On the 14th, The Republican noticed Mr. Mead's injunction suit, and again indulged the hope that this was an unnecessary proceeding. As we now know, this was a futile hope. This very day the judges were

arrested, and on the next day The Republican gave an account of the proceeding. Discussing the law of the case, The Republican correctly but vainly said:

"This was not only done without law, but after a solemn decision of the St. Louis Circuit Court, that the Ousting Ordinance was not valid, and also in the face of an injunction already issued and pending against the very act in question. It was not done in time of war, for there is no war now existing. There is no pretense of military necessity, because there was no enemy against whom military force could be directed. It was not done by virtue of martial law, for the State of Missouri has never declared martial law, and Gov. Fletcher was not the minister of martial law. The case presented a mere controversy between civil powers.

"The court whose authority was struck down was a legal, constitutional, loyal court, as to whose fidelity to the duties of its office, to the laws, to the constitution and to the country, no question had ever been made, or could be made. It was elected by the people in 1863. Its members were sworn to support the constitution of Missouri. They not only had the right, but it was their duty to support that constitution, as their best judgment dictated. The late convention passed an ordinance turning them out of office. This was not within the scope of the act calling the convention, was not within the powers of the convention, and was not incorporated into the constitution framed by them, and submitted to the people at the late election. The offense which the old judges committed, was that they were of opinion that this ordinance was not valid. The Governor thought it was. If they honestly believed that the ordinance was not valid, they were bound to disregard it. This was done, whereupon, the Governor sends a brigadier-general in force to turn them out. This act of the Governor is mitigated by nothing that is plausible or decent. It was an act of coarse, vulgar, brutal tyranny. Any fair-minded person must see that it is the business of some court to pass on the constitutionality and effect of the laws of the state. This is not the province of the Governor. There is no use of courts at all, if the Governor is the one to expound as well as execute the laws.

"The new judges were severally polled in advance as to their opinions on the vacating ordinance; and a city paper made bold to announce, unquestionably by authority, that they would make quick work of all objections to it. The Governor had the greatest difficulty to find respectable members of the bar who would consent to humiliate themselves by accepting his commissions. The ordinance has been the theme of ridicule throughout the state, the opinions of the bar were everywhere against it, and the masses of the people everywhere condemned and scoffed at it. Such was the torrent of indignation that the convention which had the wickedness to pass it, was afraid to submit it to the people.

"The question of validity rose before Judge Moodey, a member of the same party with the convention. He promptly held it void. It rose next before the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Judge Tutt, who was of the same party with, and had just been appointed by the Governor; but this lordly tyrant was afraid to trust Judge Tutt to pass on it. So he sent a file of soldiers, who decided it. The same question rose in Pettis County, and the circuit judge of that county was competent and ready to rule on the case, but the Governor was afraid to trust him, because the narrow-minded and reckless fanatics who advise and govern him, know that there is no certainty of sustaining the ordinance, save by the soldiery."

The Chicago Republican had this to say:

"The difficulty is that the ordinance put the judges of the Supreme Court out of office, and left no tribunal with final authority to decide upon the question. New judges might be appointed by the Governor, but if the ordinance is void, these certainly would have no power to decide a question involving their own tenure of office, and that of those constitutionally entitled to execute that office. Altogether, the constitution-makers in Missouri have succeeded in getting the government machine in that state into a very curious muddle."

I have sought to describe the situation in Missouri, as it existed toward the close of the war, among Union

men. I have said almost nothing of that large element who were not in favor of the Union. To them the most of this contention seemed of little consequence in comparison with what they had endured for years. It had come to be a common saying that a Rebel had no rights that a Union man was bound to respect, and many of the Union men had acted on that theory. To the Southern element therefore, Radicals and Conservatives, or as they were commonly called, Charcoals and Claybanks, looked about alike. In the matter of the removal of the judges, this element were at first indifferent spectators. They remembered that this was not the first set of judges which had been deposed. In 1861, the first convention had prescribed a test oath, and because the lawfully elected judges, Napton, Scott and Ewing, declined to take it, their places were vacated, and as pointed out by The Democrat in one of its editorials, these same gentlemen, Bay and Dryden, with Barton Bates were put into them. That there was nothing against Judge Napton and his associates, except their politics is shown by the fact, that the new judges adopted and promulgated, as their own, twenty-two decisions which had been prepared by the old judges, but had not been announced. See Volume 31 of Missouri Supreme Court Reports.

When it came the turn of these new judges to be deposed simply because they were not acceptable to a dominant party, the old judges and their friends spent no sympathy upon them. "Serves them right," "Dog eat dog," were common expressions among the Southern element. Some, inclined to be more reverent, talked of retribution and quoted those classic lines:

"He digged a pit,
He digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother,
But for his sin,
He did fall in
The pit he digged for t' other."

That there had been a flagrant violation of the Constitution and laws of the land meant little to this element. There had already been so many such violations that to them this one did not seem to count. They judged it to be a mere contest for office between contending factions. Later, when it became apparent that this and other acts of the second convention had caused an irreconcilable breach between the Charcoals and the Claybanks, that it was no longer a mere matter of contest for office, and that this breach promised political deliverance for the Southern element, they began to realize the magnitude of the crime against law which had been committed.

This sketch would be incomplete if it failed to notice the attitude of the German element of the population during these events. With few exceptions, as is well known, the Germans took the side of the Union, and their influence in Missouri became controlling. They claimed this as their due—as having saved Missouri to the Union. Accordingly the constitutional convention, of which I have been speaking, selected as its President, Arnold Krekel, a native of Prussia. At a Republican state convention held in September, 1863, out of about 500 delegates, 243, or just about one-half, were Germans. St. Louis was the principal seat of their power, and Turner Hall on Tenth Street, south of Market, their principal place of assembly. If a Union victory was announced a paean went up from Turner Hall; if a defeat, a thunder of condemnation against the Rebels and perhaps against the unsuccessful general. If the Radicals carried an election the trombones and bass drums at Turner Hall made the welkin ring; if it went the other way, Turner Hall furnished a suitable set of resolutions denouncing the fraud. By degrees the predominance of this element and their policies became offensive to many native born Union men, not a few of whom had only recently ceased to belong to the Know-Nothing, or American party. They declared that the Germans were assuming

too much unto themselves. Some remarkable outbursts of this sentiment took place in the constitutional convention.

In February, 1865, a meeting was held at Turner Hall, at which a resolution and petition were offered strongly urging upon the convention action which it was thought that body was unwilling to take. Mr. St. Gem, a member of the convention, took an active part in the meeting. He said:

"I rejoice to see that your demonstration is so vigorous here tonight, and I am informed that your petition is of such magnitude that you can walk up to the hall of that convention, like the barons of old, and force them to submit the proper measure, as those barons forced King John of England; and if they do not do it, I hope that there will be a spirit that will have the force of Cromwell and walk up in those halls and dissolve that long parliament."

A member of the convention offered a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. St. Gem for inciting persons to enter the convention, and Cromwell-like dissolve it. Another member suggested that Mr. St. Gem ought to be censured, but not expelled. A third obtained a kind of retraction or apology from Mr. St. Gem, and this was accepted as satisfactory. Thereupon, a country member, looking upon this as a concession to Turner Hall, offered a resolution,—

"That St. Louis is Missouri; that Turner Hall is the forum of America, the mouth-piece of this state, and celebrated for its great Barons, its Cromwellian style of doing business, its lager beer and big petitions; that St. Louis is, and by right ought to be a free and independent city, with full power to elect its own Governor and legislature; and that all attempts to annex it to the State of Missouri, or to subject it to the same laws to which other parts of the state are subject, ought to be resisted with the whole power of the German empire."

On another occasion a preamble to the constitution had been introduced, which acknowledged gratitude

to and dependence upon Almighty God. A member moved to strike out the words "Almighty God," and substitute the words, "German citizens."

Of course these resolutions were not adopted, and the outbursts at the time came to nothing. They did, however, serve to emphasize a feeling which was destined eventually to bear fruit. The Southern element, harking back to the days when Washington and Gates had captured the German armies in the pay of the British King, at Trenton and Saratoga, had from the beginning of the civil war been accustomed to call all Germans, Hessians. This feeling of opposition to the Germans formed a bond of union between the Conservatives and the Southern element, and eventually cut a great figure in the overthrow of the Radical party and its policies in Missouri.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the Germans were altogether unanimous in favor of Radicalism. A small, but earnest, minority was strong in its disapproval. In March, 1865, that vigorous and courageous man, Carl Daenzer, wrote in the Anzeiger:

"The question is whether the brutal, wicked and intolerable abuse of power on the part of the convention is any longer to be endured in silence."

I may add that within the last few weeks it has been my pleasure to get the name of one German veteran on the Confederate pension roll of Missouri. Another German, a scholarly gentleman, who in his boyhood days was a strong sympathizer with the South, though always an opponent of slavery, introduced this man to me, with the remark that a German Confederate soldier was a *rara avis,* which certainly is true. But the veteran's name was found duly enrolled in the Confederate records, now on file in the War Department at Washington, D. C. The introducer, it ought to be said, is himself a *rara avis* in his line. He is a druggist, and in his store may be found all the usual medical remedies. If a customer asks for a particular article he will sell it; but if the customer first asks

whether it is an efficient remedy, the druggist, as likely as not, will tell him it is worthless, and will advise him not to buy it, but to take some treatment that does not call for the use of drugs.

It is interesting to observe how a man may sometimes be a philosopher and yet no prophet. The Democrat of March 25, 1865, contains a debate between Drake, Bush and Krekel, in which also Mr. Gilstrap took part. The debate was anent the Germans. Mr. Krekel was a pronounced advocate of negro suffrage. Mr. Gilstrap, who had voted for the emancipation ordinance and also for the Ousting Ordinance, balked at this. He declared, "that these friends of negro voting are nearer that policy now, when passion and fanaticism are ruling the public mind, than they will be any day during the next 40 years." Mr. Gilstrap was surely right in declaring that passion and fanaticism were ruling the public mind, but his prophecy that negroes would not vote during the next 40 years, we know to our cost was not fulfilled.

The matters of which I have spoken are now long gone by, nearly half a century, and are mostly forgotten—by many no doubt, have never been heard of before. Perhaps some of you are thinking, why dig up these disagreeable old things, why not leave them buried in the dead past? One answer is that it is good to make men realize that they are forgotten. It is significant of the character of the American people. The Battle of the Boyne is still celebrated in the North of Ireland, and wherever else Orange-men do congregate, though it took place away back in 1688. On the other hand, it is said that there are still in England adherents of the house of Stuart, who habitually put the postage stamps on their letters up side down, by way of showing contempt for the vignette of the reigning monarch, and loyalty to the Stuarts, though there has been no Stuart on the throne for 200 years. Animosities do not live so long in this country. It is to be hoped the time will never come when they will thus survive the lapse of generations.

DR. L. M. LAWSON.

FOUNDING AND LOCATION OF WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE.

L. M. Lawson.

At the request of the honored President of the Board of Trustees of William Jewell College, Richard E. Turner, of Saint Joseph, Missouri, the following events and circumstances are related by one who was a youthful witness of the greater part of them, and who has received the authentication of the remainder of them from the direct testimony of those who were themselves the principal participants in these important transactions. It is most probable that the remembrance of these deeds cannot be found in any other living repository, because most of the actors and their coetanians have passed away.

The legal existence of the institution began when on the 27th day of February, 1849, the Governor of Missouri approved the act of incorporation which constituted the persons named therein a body politic and corporate for the purpose of endowing and building up a college under the direction of the General Association of the Baptists of the State of Missouri. But as early as the year 1834 the subject of higher education began to be discussed and written about by prominent members of this enlightened and enterprising denomination in various parts of the state, and a voluminous correspondence is still in existence which evidences the rising interest in this important subject.

In a recent perusal of some of this quaint correspondence between the primitive promoters of this great educational enterprise, the writer has remarked the frequently recurring use of the word "Seminary," as descriptive and definitive of the school it was the intention of the Baptists to establish. It is worthy of

especial note that the significant etymology of this word was a happy forecast and an appropriate harbinger of the great work that has been accomplished. A seminary is a place where seed is sown for producing plants for transplantation. Felicitous metaphor has applied the word to an institution of learning, and appropriately and aptly to this great school, because it has become a spot where is sown the seeds of superior scholarship and of the principles of civil and religious liberty, so vividly illustrated in the history of the great denomination of Christians which has struggled and fought and suffered on all the great fields of thought. The seed here sown has germinated and fructified and multiplied an hundred fold, and by the free winds borne have been wafted to the remotest regions of our land and country, and have found a lodgment and a habitation under alien skies.

In the annals of a nation, a state or a community, there is nothing of so transcending importance as the history of the origin, the location, the establishment and growth of its eminent schools. The existence of a college gifted with a great, energetic and intrepid spirit, like that which informs the people of Missouri and the neighboring districts of the Mississippi Valley, diffuses an intellectual atmosphere which makes life better worth for every one who has the opportunity of breathing its invigorating influences. Immortal honors are due to those who conceived the work, who laid its foundations, who labored for its success, who made sacrifices for its completion, and who stimulated the pulses of the people to a common effort for the great achievement.

The inhabitants of the region which was destined to become the home of the seminary were a vigorous, manly, liberty-loving people, and their devotion to freedom, caused them to name their county after the great Western statesman whose father was a Virginian Baptist minister; and one of that heroic band who stood for religious liberty in the Old Dominion. The

early occupation of the son bestowed upon him the sportive appellation of "The Mill Boy of the Slashes," and his great service to the people won for him the title of the "Great Commoner." The sterling worth of this people and the vitalizing power of the principles which governed their public and private conduct made Clay County an eligible spot in which to plant a seminary of learning.

When the Baptists of Missouri determined to establish a college, and appointed the meeting of a convention at Boonville, on the 21st of August, 1849, to effect an organization and settle the place of its permanent abode, the friends of learning and education at Liberty committed to Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan the task of arousing the people of the county to the importance of making an effort to secure the location of the school in their county town and of obtaining the necessary subscriptions of money for that purpose. He responded to the call.

General Doniphan had but recently returned from Mexico, crowned with great military distinction, and had been everywhere greeted with the applauses of his admiring countrymen. He was at the zenith of his fame as a soldier, a lawyer and a statesman. Seldom has it been the lot of a great leader to unite in the same bright combination so rare, so happy and so delicate an assemblage of eminent qualities and qualifications as met in this brilliant man. His intellect was of passing power and force, incisive, serene, capacious and catholic, rapidly assimilative, luxuriantly fruitful. His memory was astonishing, and at the docile service of a nimble and agile intellectuality. His discernment resembled inspiration. His imagination was warm and vivid, his judgment clear, his energy surpassing. His mind had been enlarged by an unusually wide experience. In the world of literature and the world of life he was equally at home. His face and figure were such as sculptors love to dwell upon. His person was tall and commanding; his stature was

six feet and four inches; his features were of classic elegance, but eager, mobile, animated; his hair was of the richest auburn hue; his forehead was high and intellectual; his finely cut nose was a combination of Grecian and Roman significance; his lips indicated eloquence; his dark eyes were full of fire; grace and dignity blended themselves in his deportment; his mental character was so happily constituted that his powers so compatible with each other were tempered into an exquisite harmony. One faculty especially had been granted to him in the largest measure—the faculty of eloquent expression. There was a thrilling note of sincerity in his voice, vibrant with a vast store of feeling and compelling magnetism.

These superb powers he devoted to the task of awakening his fellow-citizens to an interest in higher education, and to inspiring an effort to secure the establishment of a college in the capital of their county. In making a series of brilliant addresses, he visited every part of the county, traversed every community, and presented a masterly, convincing argument for the cause of the college, and with unflagging zeal and tireless energy, he solicited the aid and support of the people in the great undertaking. Crowds poured forth to meet him, and joyful acclamations rent the air, similar to those which are evoked in times of great political excitement. The ambition of the people was stirred, their zeal was inflamed, and social, political and religious distinctions were submerged in the waves of the rising enthusiasm. With so powerful an advocate, with so grand a cause, and with so receptive a community, failure was hardly possible. The great effort was crowned with success and with a formidable subscription the delegates from Clay County were sent to the convention at Boonville.

Great interest in the enterprise had developed, and was manifest in other parts of the state. Lively competition sprang into life, and there was active and determined rivalry in the emulous contest. Marion

County, Callaway County, Boone County, Howard County, and Cooper County were represented by delegations composed of influential Baptists, and they bore with them important contributions to the capital fund for the foundation of the college. Cooper County, in which Boonville is situate, and where the convention was to be held, was making a special effort, and with the advantage of being the convention city, and the opportunity thus afforded for the exercise of the social amenities of its graceful hospitality, was exerting a powerful influence upon the assembling congress of the Baptists of the state. It was the center of a society which numbered among its members some of the most accomplished men and women of the time.

On the early morning of August 21st, 1849, a conference of the partisans of Boonville was held to consider and discuss the situation. It met in the counting room of Isaac Lionberger, an eminent and enlightened merchant, a devoted Baptist, and a relative of President Richard E. Turner, who was then a youthful resident of Cooper County. There were present, among others, the brilliant and versatile Tyre C. Harris, and notably the sturdy, stalwart, Jordon O'Bryan, who had journeyed from his country home to counsel, encourage and aid his friends with his presence and his advice. They gathered round a circular board, but where the O'Bryan sat was the head of the table. He was a great planter, a man of wide knowledge and practical wisdom, his acquaintance with affairs was large, his judgment was sound. He was a skillful and adroit politician, a man of the highest probity, a loyal Baptist and an enthusiastic advocate of the candidacy of Boonville for the location of the college. He had been a representative of his county, and a senator from his district in the State Legislature. His influence was potent. Senator O'Bryan inquired of his colleagues about the personnel of the several delegations which were in attendance upon the convention. The names of those from

Howard, Boone, Callaway and Marion Counties were given him. They were the eminent Baptists of the several localities. Confidence was expressed that a canvass of the lists indicated a condition favorable to the choice of Boonville. At last, Senator O'Bryan inquired if no one had come from Liberty? The reply was that Clay County had not evinced any great interest, that no Baptist people had come thence, that two distinguished gentlemen, not Baptists, had arrived, but that the Baptists of that locality were not in the contest. Besides, Liberty was a frontier town, on the verge of the vast desert which stretched a limitless waste and unbroken wilderness until it reached the shores of the Pacific (At this period, 1849, the noble cities and prosperous commonwealths that embellish the map of the regions west of the Missouri river were not only unborn and unnamed, but they were even undreamed of, save in the fecund brain of that illustrious statesman and precient geomancer, Thomas Jefferson, who forty-six years before, had bought from the Emperor of the French the vast domain of rivers and plains and mountains, and dedicated it to American enterprise and American freedom). Senator O'Bryan listened with patient urbanity, and asked who were the distinguished gentlemen who had arrived from Clay County. He was told they were Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan and Judge J. T. V. Thompson. A look of surprise and anxiety mantled the bright, genial face of Jordon O'Bryan. He spoke gently, but with emphasis and concern. Said he: "Gentlemen, you have trained your guns in the wrong direction. You have been wasting your ammunition and your energies. Liberty is the point for you to attack, the fortress you must take. Doniphan and Thompson have not come here for mere maneuver or dress-parade. There will be no mock tournament. I have served in the Legislature with both these men, and I know their character and abilities. Judge Thompson is a shrewd and prudent manager, and

Doniphan is no carpet knight. While he is chivalrous and fair and gallant, you will find him armed cap-a-pie and ready to do and dare for his cause. He is the greatest master of polemical controversy this state has ever seen. His vigilance provides for all contingencies, except those which no human foresight can foresee. You will do well to rouse yourselves to encounter a sturdier competition than any you have yet imagined." The startled conference heard these words with dismay and adjourned. The Knights of the Round Table dispersed to begin new labors for Boonville among the delegates from the other counties.

At the appointed hour, the convention assembled in the Baptist meeting house. The building was densely crowded, the organization was effected without delay.

When the credentials of the delegations were presented and passed upon, it was evident that the subscription of no single county was sufficient to constitute a majority of the total capital subscribed, and that the final result would depend upon concession, compromise, or a change of sentiment or opinion of some delegation. The sum subscribed by Clay County was the largest plurality.

After the formal and preliminary work of organization was completed the president of the convention announced that the nomination of the place for the home of the college was in order. There was a hush of expectancy, and there was hesitancy in every quarter. The friends of each place thought the proper policy at the beginning was masterly inactivity, and that some advantage might be gained by waiting for others to make the first move. All seemed to wish the beneficial influence of the final word.

The assembled multitude became impatient of the delay, and the members of the convention were restive and uneasy. Doniphan's quick perception saw that the time had come to take the hazard of decisive measures. He determined to hesitate no longer.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not to put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

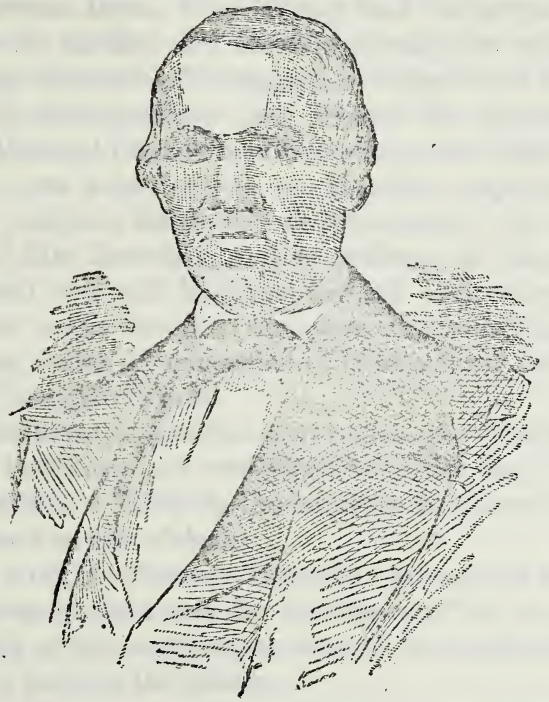
He had applied his powers of observation to the study of the peculiarities of every class of the great family of mankind--their humors, their prejudices and their passions, and to all these he knew how to appeal with exquisite propriety. He was a master of the rhetoric which casts a spell over deliberative bodies, as well as the rhetoric that stirs the masses to enthusiasm. With these formidable powers he had entered the convention at Boonville.

He rose and began the presentation of his place and people with the remark that as no one else appeared to want the college, he wished to make it clear to the convention that Liberty would take it with grateful thanks and would exert its best efforts to deserve the boon and to foster, sustain and upbuild the infant institution. Then followed a careful and discriminating eulogy of his constituency and the eligibility of Liberty as a proper place for planting a great seminary.

The entrant having been broken by Doniphan, the nomination of other places followed, with tasteful and appropriate commendations by the several speakers who presented their claims and their merits. At last came the offering of Boonville, which was gracefully and powerfully presented by her most eminent citizen, John G. Miller, whose career in Congress has shed luster upon the name of Missouri.

Just when the balloting was about to begin, Dr. William Jewell, of Columbia, Boone County, proposed to the convention an additional subscription of ten thousand dollars, to be paid in lands situated in Mercer, Sullivan and Grundy Counties, in the State of Missouri, the subscriber to have the corresponding number of votes on the question of the location of the college and the right to bestow a name upon the new

institution. This proposition was earnestly supported by the Boonville delegation and others, but was strongly opposed by General Doniphan and his allies. It was believed that Dr. Jewell was favorable to Boonville as the home of the college. Gen. Doniphan's opposition was most vigorous. He demonstrated the



injustice of permitting the votes which represented an arbitrary valuation of unimproved and uncultivated land to weigh against the votes of subscriptions which represented available funds. He kindled in the breasts of his allies the same ardor that burned in his own. The justice of his contention was recognized, his ar-

guments availed with a majority of the convention, and the proposition of Dr. Jewell was rejected.

Then came the balloting upon the choice among the places in nomination. An *entente cordiale* had long existed between the Counties of Howard and Clay. The territory of the latter was formerly a part of Howard County, and there were close family connections between them. Clay County had the largest subscription in the list, and Howard County the smallest. Under the influence of Doniphan, and the ties of friendship and consanguinity that bound the peoples together, Howard County made common cause with Clay, and the two joined made an absolute majority for Liberty, and the location was determined. In recognition of this liberality, and in evidence of the reciprocal good will and kindness toward each other, the President of the Board of Trustees of the College was for a long series of years chosen from among the Baptists of Howard County.

The deliberations of the convention, the discussions and the balloting, had occupied the entire day. After the selection of Liberty, the meeting adjourned until the morrow at ten o'clock.

After a night of repose, Doniphan arose with mental inspiration fit and ready for the labors of the new day. The work of the convention was to be appropriately closed by naming the college.

Nothing is more useful, nothing is more necessary, in the conduct of public affairs, than a just discernment of the spirit of our fellow-men. This means that natural private sagacity which is conversant about individuals, and enables some men with penetrating eye to look as it were into the heads and hearts of others, and to discover in them the latent principles which constitute their true characters. This part of human wisdom is of use everywhere, and with it the combination of peculiar circumstances is improved to the best advantage. Doniphan knew Dr. Jewell, he knew that his whole soul was stirred by an honorable desire for

literary distinction, and that he aspired to enroll his name among those who have shaped the fortunes of great institutions, and guided the course of mighty destinies. He desired that his name should be entered in a great arena as a noble candidate contending for a noble prize. Doniphan determined to contribute to the gratification of this honorable ambition, and lay these lofty sentiments under contribution for the welfare and promotion of the new institution which had just been ushered into existence, and found a home on the Western confines of the State. Doniphan prepared a careful, appropriate and tasteful resolution, which recited the labors of Dr. Jewell in the cause of liberal culture, his devotion to the interests of enlightened civilization, and proposed that the new seminary of learning should be baptized with the name of "William Jewell College." This resolution, in an early hour of the day, Doniphan privately and confidentially carried to the Rev. William C. Ligon, with instructions to offer it to the convention as soon as the session opened. No man was better fitted for the delicate task than Mr. Ligon. His speech was effective, tender and devoted, courteous, decorous and sympathetic, and profoundly expressed the sentiments of the convention and the large assemblage.

The motion for the adoption of the resolution was seconded by General Doniphan in a manner of surpassing charm and excellence, and in a style wherein the graces of colloquy and the graces of rhetoric were harmoniously blended. At no period of his life was his genius seen to greater advantage. The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the name of William Jewell was indelibly stamped upon the educational destiny of the Baptists of Missouri.

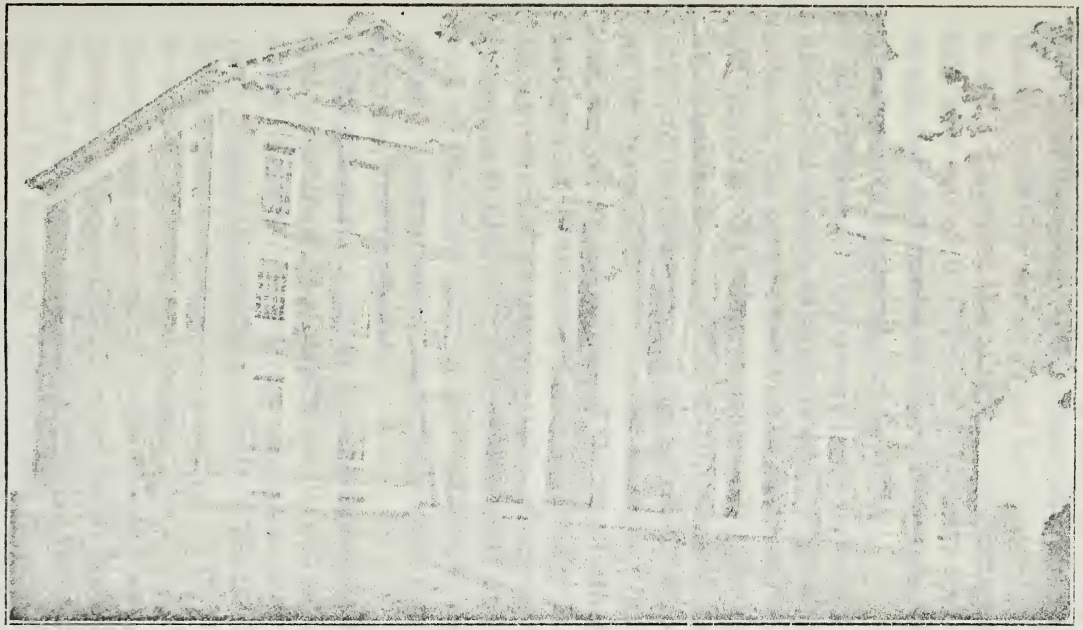
Overwhelmed with the gratifying evidence of the devotion of his people and the honors that crowned his life, Dr. Jewell was barely able to make his acknowledgements in the articulate tones of spoken language, but he gave visible evidence of an eloquence richer

than the richest words. He then and there made the noble gift of the lands he had offered on the first day of the convention. His other benefactions absorbed one-third of his entire fortune, an instance of unrivalled liberality without antecedent example, and without subsequent imitation. He afterward went to Liberty to give his services in the superintendence of the erection of the first large building that crowned the hill. In the midst of his labors, during the canicular days of a Missourian summer, he was stricken with a fatal fever, and consummated his devotion with the princely sacrifice of his life.

Thus was founded this great school. Thus was established this great college. Thus was planted the great seminary whose seeds are destined to sow vast fields which shall ripen into abundant harvests.

The college entered upon a career of varying fortunes and vicissitudes, but in the darkest hour of the gloom that sometimes enveloped its destiny, it was upheld by the faithful hands of heroic men and devoted women. Other chroniclers will tell of the labors of Roland Hughes, Oliver Perry Moss, Elizabeth Trigg Thornton, Wade M. Jackson, Caroline Thornton Moss, and R. E. McDaniel. Everything that could be effected by a courage that rose superior to privation and reverses, by fidelity even to martyrdom, and by a fortitude which death could subdue only by extinguishment, these indomitable spirits have done, and their triumph is here.

Recurring to the story of its birth and baptism and the struggles of its infancy, it is difficult to realize the superb attainments in the arts of life and learning which this institution today presents, and in view of its immediate usefulness and influence, the impulse to cast its horoscope cannot be resisted. The progress of knowledge has given birth, of late years, to arts and sciences so many and so varied that a man of liberal enlightenment finds here ample occupation for his time and talents in the acquisition of such as are most at-



WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE—JEWELL HALL.

tractive and most absorbing; and without a knowledge of these elegant and refined pursuits a man can scarcely pass muster in the informed circles of society. While there is no popular or royal road to the profound truths of learning and philosophy, the facilities for their acquisition are so great here that it is impossible to defend against the alluring invitation, especially in this new era of intellectual enterprise and vigor, and in this age distinguished above all others for the rapid development of the human faculties.

In a region of unsurpassed opulence, in a climate of unrivalled charm, salubrious and invigorating, midway between the oceans and in the heart of the continent, William Jewell College is dedicated to the high purpose of opening the youthful mind, purified and imaginative, to the influence of the moral affections, as well as the graceful humanities of enlarging the knowledge and increasing the power of the intellectual and physical man, of inculcating the lessons of gentle and ennobling virtue, of presenting lofty precepts and bright examples of liberality and magnanimity and pure taste, and of inducing men to love goodness, aspire to elegance, and improve at once the imagination, the understanding and the heart.

The great and increasing importance and the perennial growth of the institution is attracting a large share of the public interest. It has mounted to a high place among the eminent schools of the land, and there is none now to oppose the progress of its fame. There is reason to hope and believe that the riches of the harvest will correspond to the splendors of the present promise. Its position of proud distinction is a vindication of the sound and comprehensive views of the President of the Board of Trustees and its extension and its strength is a brilliant monument to the genius, the unrivalled common-sense and wisdom that has marked the twelve years of consecrated service rendered by Richard E. Turner in that important position. The enlightened plans and patriotic purposes that inform his

mind and heart and that of his worthy colleagues in the Board of Trustees united with the zeal, the wisdom and energy of Dr. J. E. Cook, as Trustee, Secretary of the Board, and Treasurer of William Jewell College, the learning and the magnetic influence of the distinguished President of the College, Dr. J. P. Greene, and the faculty that surround him, give assurance that its facilities and resources will be enlarged and widened until, growing older in years, but fresh in eternal youth, and immortal as the principles that gave it birth, it becomes so famed a seat of learning and influence as to induce to its portals ardent concourses of students, comparable in numbers to those which in former times flowed to Paris and Vienna, Padova, Upsal and Valencia.

The edifice in which were enacted the scenes which have been related still stands in Boonville. The very spot can be identified where the Rev. William C. Ligon stood to deliver his panegyric upon the life and character of William Jewell. The very seat can be indicated whence rose the tall form of Doniphan to pour the tide of his eloquence upon the ears of the intent assembly, as well as the place occupied by Dr. Jewell, when with faltering accents of sublime emotion, he expressed his gratitude for the action which was to make his name immortal. This was the inauguration of the first great enterprise which the writer of these lines has witnessed. He will never see another of so great import. The delegation returned to Liberty, they bore themselves with the dignity and moderation of considerate victors. Judge J. T. V. Thompson signalized his generosity by the gift of the land which is now crowned with noble edifices, fraught with the Orient spoil and the hoarded treasures of the learning of all ages. Doniphan went home, his brow adorned with that truly civic crown which far outshines the coronals of power and the laurels of conquest won upon ensanguined fields, and which can only be surpassed by those unfading garlands which await the champions of light and lib-

erty in the higher regions, in the loftier realms of mind and thought. Missouri does him appropriate honor.

> "Her waters murmur of his name,
> Her woods are peopled with his fame;
> Her smallest rill, her mightiest river,
> Roll, mingled with his fame, forever."

St. Louis in 1850: St. Louis, being only a pleasant hour's drive from Jefferson Barracks, is the constant resort of the younger officers when not on duty. It is probably the greatest army place in the United States. The young ladies there are most accomplished coquettes, and turn the heads and break the hearts of almost every Second Lieutenant who chances to come this way. In order to keep up appearances in this gay society, many of the young men, fresh from West Point, hypothecate or sell their pay accounts several months in advance; and are then compelled, when they join their companies at some out of the way post, to live as economically as possible, in order to replenish their exchequer.—*Journal of Army Life,* by R. Glisan.

HISTORIC HOMES IN MISSOURI.

The Berthold Mansion.

By S. M. D.

On the northwest corner of Broadway (formerly called Fifth Street), and Pine Street, was a two story brick mansion quite famous in the history of St. Louis. It was the center of many stirring events, and its broad expanse of roof sheltered many famous people. The Berthold Mansion, as it was always called, was a most stately and elegant house, and one of the best in St. Louis of that day. The halls led to wide verandas, upper and lower, supported by four large pillars, and the spacious rooms were arranged on either side. Surrounding the grounds was a stone wall surmounted by an iron fence, very much in the conventional style of that period, and as a part of them were, of course, the gardens—those wonderful gardens—the delight and pride of every French woman.

Broadway, which is now regarded as the extreme eastern boundary of the active business district of the city, was somewhat suburban in the day when Bartholomew Berthold spoke of building on this site.[1] His friends were amazed at first and then horrified, and said that to build so far out in the country was flying in the face of Providence; that his family would surely be murdered. But Mr. Berthold was not easily discouraged, and persevered in his plans. There he built and there his family lived for some years without any neighbors.

[1]This land was bought by Bernard Pratte from Ann Lucas Hunt, May 8, 1829, along with the remainder of the block, for $3,750.00. He, on May 13, 1829, conveyed the south half of the block to Mr. Berthold for the nominal consideration, as expressed in the deed, of $5.00; this part being bounded by Fifth, Pine and Sixth Streets.

Mrs. W. L. Ewing, Mrs. William Waggaman, Miss Tulia Berthold. (Standing on porch).
Mrs. Bartholomew Berthold, Mrs. Sylvestre Labadie, Mr. Amédée Berthold. (Sitting on porch).
Claire Kennedy, Maj. Waggaman. (On steps).

The master of the house was a native of Trent in the Italian Tyrol. In 1798, when eighteen years old, he came to the United States as Secretary to Gen. Willot, who fled from France when Napoleon came into power. Young Berthold had fought with Gen. Willot against Napoleon's forces in the battle of Marengo, where he was wounded in the head. Soon after his arrival in America he was naturalized in Philadelphia and afterwards lived in Baltimore, which place he left in 1809 to come to St. Louis. On the 12th of January, 1811, Mr. Berthold married Pelagie Chouteau, the "Lone Woman," as the Indians called her, because she was the only daughter of Pierre Chouteau and Pelagie Kiersereau. The following year he joined with his brother-in-law, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., in the fur trade. This business association continued until his death in 1831; although in the latter years of Mr. Berthold's life they were associated with John Jacob Astor, John P. Cabanne, and Bernard Pratte under the name of American Fur Co.

Mr. Berthold was considered the most finished and accomplished merchant of his day in St. Louis. He was also a fine scholar and linguist, speaking French, Spanish, Italian and German with ease and fluency. When Gen. Lafayette visited St. Louis he had in his suite men of various nationalities, and Mr. Berthold was the only gentleman who could speak with ease and elegance the language suited to each distinguished guest.

In the foregoing picture are represented the wife and children of Mr. Berthold, excepting his sons Pierre, Auguste and Frederick. His son Frederick, married Virginia Sarpy, who is still living, the widow of Armand Peugnet. Madame Peugnet has a wonderful memory and recounts most vividly incidents of her early days. Pierre Alexander married Virginia Elizabeth Maclot. Clara became the wife of William L. Ewing, and Emelie married first, Dr. Alfred W. Ken-

nedy, U. S. A., and secondly Maj. William Waggaman. Auguste, Amedée and Miss Tulia Berthold died unmarried. Mrs. Sylvestre Labadie was Pelagie Chouteau, aunt of Mrs. Berthold. The little child in the picture is Claire Kennedy; she married Robert J. Lucas.

The Berthold mansion was the rendezvous for all the Creole families and was the scene of many festivities in the good old days. Here they came to meet their friend and adviser Cadet,[2] as Pierre Chouteau, Sr., was called by his friends and kinsmen. He himself lived far out on the prairie (now about St. Louis and Prairie Avenues), and almost every Sunday he came in from his farm to visit his daughter, Madame Pelagie Berthold, to receive his friends and play cards. It was here that the venerable man died in 1849, a victim of that dread disease, which almost depopulated the city—cholera.

Fifth St. in 1859 was beginning to become a business thoroughfare, and Madame Berthold moved out west on Olive St. The house was numbered 144 Olive St., but was between 9th and 10th Streets. The old mansion then became headquarters of the Douglas and Johnson party, and after the election of Lincoln was headquarters for a military organization called the "Minute Men," gotten up in opposition to the German military society which designated its members as the "Wide Awakes." The latter organization was stimulated by the excitement over secession, and the political differences existing in the city at that time. Then the old house was called "Fort Berthold," and was watched with a jealous eye by the political opponents. So when a flag was set flying therefrom, it provoked great excitement. If it was seriously dis-

[2]*Cadet* is a French word meaning the second or younger son. Many writers considering it the equivalent of our word *junior* have confused Pierre Chouteau I with his son Pierre. The latter also was known as Cadet, and for the same reason.

played as an emblem, it may be said that the first Southern partisan flag[3] set to the breeze in Missouri floated over the pillars of this old mansion on March 4th, 1861.

According to a newspaper of the following day, there was unusual excitement; large crowds of people congregated on Fifth Street, and some went so far as to say "that flag must come down." But no one seemed to have the audacity to pull it down. The Mayor was appealed to and he sent a letter to some of the Minute Men politely asking them to take it down. The article further says: "They gave him some encouragement that his wishes should be granted, but up to a very late hour last night 'Our flag was still there.' The vast crowd was kept swaying to and fro all the afternoon and evening, but they did no harm. A sentry passed back and forth on the balcony of the 'Berthold mansion,' but that was the only appearance of fighting we observed."

The Wide Awakes finally decided to storm the fort. But the Minute Men, placing a cannon in the door-way, dared any one to enter. No attack was made.

Soon after the War this interesting house gave way before the advance of business. On May 23rd, 1866,

[3]Strange as it may seem, there are many different descriptions of this flag. It was, of course, not the authorized flag of the Confederacy, for at that time none had been decided upon. That afternoon the Confederate Congress adopted the "Stars and Bars," but at this precise moment the Committee was doubtless considering the advice of Gov. Wise and others to use the Stars and Stripes, which he described as belonging to the states which "were upholding the Constitution."

Gen. Basil W. Duke, who, by virtue of being chairman of the "Military Committee of the Minute Men" had charge of the headquarters in the Berthold mansion (in a letter of April 21, 1914), gives the following account:

"My recollection of the flag hung out over the Berthold mansion is rather indistinct, but I remember that it was a green field, with a crescent and stars (and perhaps some other device) in yellow. It had indeed, no definite method or meaning, but was intended to signify Southern assertion and defiance, and seemed to be very readily accepted as such."

Capt. Joseph Boyce, a member of the St. Louis Grays, claims it

Mrs. Berthold leased the Fifth Street corner, at a rental of $7,020.00 per annum, to a Confectioner, and the old building was wrecked to make way for a business structure. In June, 1885, the corner of Fifth and Pine, running 58 feet north and 127 feet west, was sold by the heirs of Pelagie Berthold to Gerard B. Allen for approximately $127,000.00, and the remaining Fifth Street frontage of 58 feet was sold the following November by her executors to the St. Louis National Bank for $90,000. Thus one-half of the original Berthold tract sold for more than fifty times the price paid by Bernard Pratte for the whole block. Mr. Allen erected the present building, which is just now being partially wrecked and rebuilt.

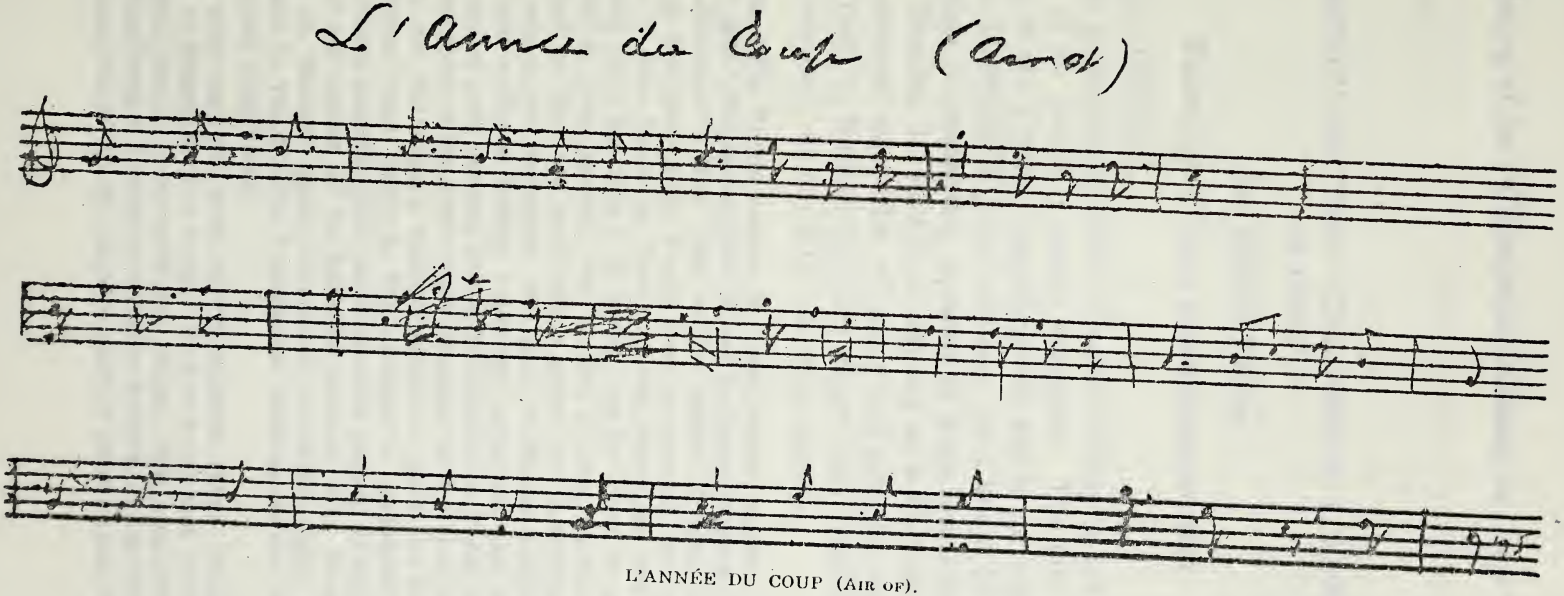
was pale blue and yellow with a crescent on it; that while it in no way resembled a Confederate flag it was intended as such.

Col. William Bull, a youthful member of the Minute Men, and in the building at the time, says it was the flag of a secret organization—the "Sons of Malta"; that it had been put out in the spirit of fun, and that there was no idea of fighting under it until the opponents threatened to tear it down.

Mr. J. White Kennett does not remember whether or not the flag belonged to a secret society; he recollects it as a red cross on a dark blue field.

The Missouri Republican of March 5, 1861, contains the following:

"Our citizens displayed much taste yesterday in the flag line. Quite a spirited competition was kept up between the parties whose only ambition seemed to be to hang out the oddest piece of cloth. The Union men, who have the State Convention under their special charge, flung to the breeze the time-worn Star Spangled banner. The Missouri Minute Men flaunted from their headquarters a singular piece of patch work. It reminded one very strikingly of a fancy patchwork quilt manufactured by a young miss of thirteen summers for the premium at a country fair. This quilt, however, we judge would not even be entered as a competitor for the second premium. If it was intended as a burlesque on the Palmetto flag it was a good one, but if the author and finisher of this cloth supposed he was making a genuine State's right Palmetto Southern Confederacy flag he is vastly mistaken. The ground work of this flag was nearly black; on one corner was a crescent, in the center a cross turned upside down and in the other corner a single star—a bad looking star—in fact the whole thing was ill-starred."



L'ANNÉE DU COUP (AIR OF).

HISTORY OF THE "CHANSON de L'ANNÉE du COUP."

By Wilson Primm.

Edited by William Clark Breckenridge.

Messrs. Editors:[1]

The following specimen of poetic ability in the early days of St. Louis, is nearly forgotten. The fact of its being in the French Language will not be an objection to its insertion in your columns, as I know that the language is vernacular to many of your best subscribers. Besides, its insertion may act as a *Reveille* upon the dormant memories of many old citizens, and induce them to furnish for your paper their recollections of *Paincourt*,[2] as our city was once named.

[1] From "*The Weekly Reveille*, St. Louis, Monday Morning, February 17, 1845." *The Reveille* was started by Keemle, Field & Co. as a daily newspaper in May, 1844, and on Monday morning, July 15, 1844, the first issue of *The Weekly Reveille* appeared. Its office was at No. 22 Olive Street (nr. Main). It was one of the best papers published up to that time in St. Louis. For five years the *Reveille* delighted St. Louis readers. Then on May 17, 1849, the Great Fire destroyed its office and plant and it passed out of existence. Its three editors and proprietors were men of unusual qualifications. They were:—Charles Keemle, a life long newspaper man of high ideals and of great personal popularity; Matthew C. Field, formerly assistant editor of the *New Orleans Picayune* and a poet of no mean ability, who had made a national reputation under the signature of "Phazma"; and Joseph M. Field, formerly a contributor to the *New Orleans Picayune*, then one of the most popular writers in the country and famous for his humorous sketches under the *nom de plume* of "Straws" which were widely reprinted. Judge Primm published in *The Reveille* a number of historical articles entitled "Old Times in St. Louis."

[2] In early days this town was by outsiders called "Paincourt," which in French literally means a loaf of bread that is short, of insufficient length, or of insufficient weight. This appellation may have been given it by way of retallative derision, on account of the nicknames which the St. Louisans gave to other towns, such as

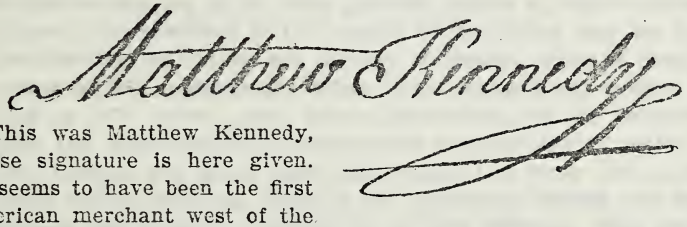
The following are the incidents connected with the versification:

In the month of May, in the year 1780, St. Louis was attacked[3] by a large number of Indians and Canadians. Notwithstanding the treachery of Fernando de Leyba, who was then acting Lieutenant Governor of Upper Louisiana, under the Spanish Government, the attacking party were repulsed—not, however, until after they had killed several of the most valuable inhabitants of the town; amongst others, the first *"American"*[4] who had ever been with them.

"Misere" to Ste. Genevieve, and "Videpoche" to Carondelet; but, in reality, it was the name of the parish in which the "post of St. Louis" was situated, as shown by official records of the Spanish government. In France there is still a parish of that name.

From *Origin of Old Local Names*, by Wilson Primm.

[3]For a detailed account of this attack see "History of St. Louis," by Wilson Primm, in *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, Volume IV, Number 2, pages 177-187 inclusive.



[4]This was Matthew Kennedy, whose signature is here given. He seems to have been the first American merchant west of the Mississippi. His was the first American or Irish name to be found of record in St. Louis. The record referred to is that of the suit of Madame Montardy against Michel Calas for slander; he is mentioned here as a witness, and, in giving his testimony, affirmed upon his word of honor. The date of this trial was June 23, 1770, at which time he was living with Pierre Montardy, the husband of the plaintiff. On April 4, 1771, he was in St. Louis and signed a bond (now in the possession of the Missouri Historical Society) before Lieutenant Governor Piernas. In this document he states that he resides ordinarily at Ste. Genevieve, that he is indebted to Antoine Berard, a merchant of the post of St. Louis, in the sum of 2100 livres in specie dollars, the balance of a sum of 3400 livres 15 sols loaned him by said Berard at New Orleans on September 7, 1770, to complete the outfit and cargo of the last boat he dispatched to this upper country. He had agreed to reimburse the said Berard on his arrival at Ste. Genevieve, but not being able to do so to this day, and being about to ship to the post of Arkansas 12000

After the attack had been repulsed, a courier express was sent by the inhabitants to the Governor General[5] of Louisiana at New Orleans, with information of the events which had just occurred. The courier was the bearer, likewise, of the piece of versification which I give you below; and tradition says, that the venerable schoolmaster[6] of the village, who composed it, received from the Governor General, in return, a handsome present.

I will merely add, that the verses were set to music,[7]

pounds of flour, he gives him a mortgage on it to secure this borrowed money. From this it appears that he was a merchant doing quite an extensive business in his day. Nothing more is known of Matthew Kennedy, except the fact of his killing by the Indians on May 26, 1780, the circumstances of which are described by Primm in his History of St. Louis. See *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, Volume IV, Number 2, page 186.

[5]This Governor General was Senor Don Bernardo de Galvez. "Don Bernardo de Galvez was appointed governor of Louisiana in 1777. He was at that time only 21 years of age, but his uncle Don Joseph de Galvez was one of the most powerful nobles of Spain—secretary of state and president of the council of the Indies, and his father Don Mathias de Galvez was viceroy of Mexico. This no doubt accounts for his appointment. When Spain declared war against England in 1779, Galvez made active preparations for the conquest of East and West Florida, a scheme the practicability of which Col. Geo. Morgan had urged upon him before this time. He captured Baton Rouge, Manchac, Natchez and afterwards Mobile and Pensacola—in fact drove the English out of both Floridas. This brilliant campaign secured him the rank of lieutenant-general. He was decorated with the cross of the Order of Charles III, made a count and received the commission of captain general of the province of Louisiana and the Floridas. In 1785 he was also appointed captain general of Cuba, and upon the death of his father viceroy of Mexico. He died at the age of 38, while viceroy of Mexico. In New Orleans, November 2, 1777, he married Felicitas de St. Maxent, a daughter of the partner of Laclede. His predecessor, Don Louis de Unzaga, also married a St. Maxent. Don Pedro Piernas served under him in his campaign against the English in Florida. Galveston Bay was so named in honor of this family."

From Houck's *Spanish Regime in Missouri*, Volume I, page 135, note 3.

[6]Jean Baptiste Trudeau.

[7]The air and words of this Chanson are written by Wilson Primm as sung by his mother and grandmother, so there is no doubt of

and, for years afterwards, and until the inhabitants, by intermixture with the "*Americans,*" laid aside or forgot their old habits, customs and reminiscences, were sung by all, with the same spirit and zest that a Frenchman sings the Marseillaise.

CHANSON de L'ANNÉE du COUP.

Le Gouverneur.

Courrier, qu'y a-t-il de nouveau?
Tu parais troublé du cerveau:
Les Illinois sont—ils conquis?
Les Anglais ont-ils pris le pays?
Tu parais tout déconcerté;
Quel grand malheur est arrivé?

Le Courrier.

Grand Général, tout est perdu.
S'il n'est promptement secouru:
Nous avons été attaqués,—
Nous sommes encore menacés;
Beaucoup de monde ont été tués,
Sans pouvoir secours leur donner.

Quand l'ennemi a paru,
Aux armes chacun a couru:
Habitans, bourgeois, jolis gens,
Vous vous battrez vaillamment—
Mais la défense a été donnée
De ne point sortir des tranchées.

Le Gouverneur.

Que faisaient—ils en ce moment:
Etaient-ils tous sans sentiment?
N'aviez-vous pas ce grand Leyba,
Et ce fameux Cartabona;
Aussi bien que vôtre Major,
Et toute la garde du fort?

their accuracy. The notes for this tune were preserved in his handwriting, in an old scrap book and the reproduction here given was made direct from that old sheet of music.

Que faisaient-ils en ce moment,
Etaient-ils tous sans sentiment?
Revenez, canaille, revenez!
De long-temps vous ne nous surprendrez!
Nous avons dans nôtre rempart,
Pour conserver nôtre étendard,
Un Commandant brave et prudent,
Qui vous étrillera vaillamment!

Calvé, ce petit chaudronnier,
Se croirait-il brave guerrier,
Pour avoir fait assassiner
Son neveu, pauvre infortuné?
Pour voir ses parens, ses amis
Abandonnés, dans la prairie,
A des barbares pleins de furie?

Canadiens, sans coeur, sans honneur,
Faites égorger vos frères, vos soeurs;
Vous vous êtes ensuite échappés
Par une fuite précipitée.

We give, below, a free translation[8] of this, perhaps, *father* of all Western poems. Shades of "*le grand*

[8]Translation made by Joseph M. Field one of the editors and proprietors of *The Weekly Reveille.*

Joseph M. Field was of English descent, born in Dublin, Ireland in 1810. Son of Matthew Field a leading Catholic of Dublin who emigrated to Baltimore, Maryland in 1812, where he became a publisher and brought out the first Catholic almanac in this country. His father dying in early life, Joseph M. Field's opportunities of acquiring an education were limited. In his earliest youth he went upon the stage and became a great favorite as an actor, excelling in light comedy. During the greater part of his career, he was with the companies managed by N. M. Ludlow and by Ludlow and Smith. On Monday night, July 13, 1835, he made his first appearance in St. Louis playing the title role in Richard III; and on September 28, 1835, his future wife, Miss Eliza Riddle, came before the St. Louis public for the first time. They were married at St. Louis, Missouri in October 1837, and both of them continued their connection with the stage; Mr. Field until his death, and Mrs. Field until her final return to the East in 1856. In May, 1844, he associated himself with his brother Matthew C. Field, and Charles Keemle in editing and publishing the *St. Louis Reveille.* After

Leyba," and *"fameux Cartabona"!* it is not the first time that your rest has been disturbed by the *Reveille.*

BALLAD OF THE YEAR OF THE SURPRISE.

Governor.

Courier, say, what is the news
That seems thy fancies to confuse?
What! have we lost the *Illinois?*
The English—do they the land enjoy?
Down-hearted, thus! speak, courier, say
What great misfortune has happen'd, I pray?

Courier.

Oh, General, General, all is lost,
If not redeemed with speed and cost;
We've been by savages attacked—
They threaten us, still, by others backed:
Ever so many, alas, were killed—
Unable to aid them,—with grief we're filled.

When the enemy first appeared,
To arms we ran, no one afeard;
Townsmen, traders, grave and gay,
Bravely to battle and win the day;

the destruction of its plant by fire, he went back to the stage and later on became the first manager and principal stockholder of "Field's Varieties" which opened on May 10, 1852, but he did not make a success of this venture. This theater was built on the site of what was later known as De Bar's Opera House and was located on the south side of Market Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets. His last venture was as manager of a company of his own at Mobile, Alabama, where on the morning of June 28, 1856, he died suddenly of pneumonia. His remains were taken to Boston and buried in the family lot in Mount Auburn. He was the author of many plays, some of which were brought out with great success. Under the pseudonyms of "Straws" and "Everpoint" he made a name for himself as a writer of short sketches of a humorous nature. Joseph M. Field was a poet, an actor, a playwright, a journalist, and a theatre-manager. He was cursed with a fatal versatility—too richly endowed, indeed, in various lines, for that concentration upon any single line, which is the condition of special success. He was the father of Kate Field, who was beyond a doubt the foremost woman journalist the United States has as yet produced.

But, by command, we were forbid
To quit the trench where our ranks were hid.

Governor.

What did they in that moment—then?
Lacked they, all, the souls of men?
What! had ye not the great Leyba!
Where was the famous Cartabona;
Your Major![9] where was he, as well;
The Garrison, too, your force to swell?

[9]This was Pierre François d' Haute-mer de Volsey a Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, who bore the Spanish title of "Ayudante del Teniente de Gobernador." The poet's use of the title "Major" seems justified as his successor to this office, Antoine Pierre Soulard, is referred to by Governor De Lassus as "Adjutant Major."

Pierre François d' Haute-mer de Volsey was the son of Louis Joseph d' Haute-mer de Volsey, Captain of Infantry in the French service, and of his wife Louise de Coné de Lusignan. He was born in 1730 in the Parish of St. Sulpice, Paris. Apparently he entered the army at an early age and worked his way up through the various grades, but the date of his coming to America is not known. The church records of the Parish of Ste. Anne de Fort Chartres show that he was married in that church on January 9th, 1758 to Elizabeth de Villiers daughter of Chevalier François Coulon de Villiers, *Capitaine d'une Compagnie detachée de la Marine*, and of his wife Elizabeth St. Ange, who was the sister of Governor Louis de St. Ange de Bellerive. This marriage turned out unhappily—Madame de Volsey's dissolute life being a sore scandal to the good people of Upper Louisiana, where such conduct as hers in that day was not only rare but excessively so. After forgiving her desertion of him in 1772 and taking her back, de Volsey was finally forced to divorce her on account of her flagrant misconduct with René Kiercereau *dit* Renaud. This proceeding for a dissolution of his marriage ties was begun before Governor Cruzat on September 11th, 1777 and a decree was granted him on August 21st, 1779 by Governor de Leyba. This was the first divorce case in St. Louis.

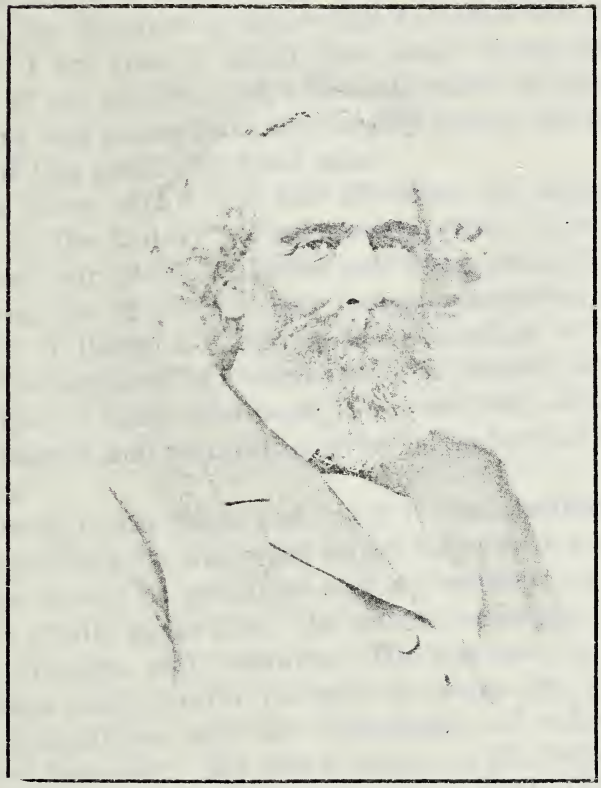
Records show that on September 9, 1765 Captain de Volsey was Commandant of the Post of Cahokia and that when St. Ange withdrew from Fort Chartres on October 23, 1765, and crossed over the river to St. Louis, Captain de Volsey accompanied him. From this time on, with the exception of a two years' furlough (from 1774 to 1776) when he visited France on business, he was on military duty at St. Louis until his death on September 28th, 1795. Captain de Volsey was a brave, capable and efficient officer, but in his later years became a hard drinker.

Oh, that moment! what did they, then?
Lacked they, all, the souls of men!
Homeward cravens, come ye back;
Long have we feared your course, alack!
Here we've at least, within our wall,
To watch our standard—prevent its fall,
An officer prudent, bold and wise,
Who'll valiantly guard you against surprise.

Calvé, the petty tinkering knave!
Called he himself a warrior brave!
Yet saw his nephew slain, alas!—
Kinsmen and friends on the prairie grass,—
Helpless, abandoned, to meet their fate
From the savages' fierce and furious hate!

Heartless Canadians! 'Twas their deed!
Brothers and sisters, you saw them bleed!
Cut-throats exult in your acts of night,
And, coward-like, safety seek in flight.

St. Louis in 1867: "In no American city, not even in Cincinnati, although more Germans, in proportion live there than in St. Louis, have I found the German element so preponderant. This is best illustrated, perhaps, by an anecdote which is told of a comptroller, a German, who one day exclaimed, 'I must put up a notice in my office with the word, Here English is spoken; for the Americans no longer trust themselves here among so many Germans.'"—*Neue Reisen,* Friederich Gerstäker, Ch. IV.



Theodor Bush

SKETCH OF ISIDOR BUSH.

By Jacob Furth.

This sketch is intended to be a tribute to one whom it was my pleasure to know and to honor for many years. I am free to admit that many of my ideals, many of my actions, and, above all, many of my convictions and conceptions are largely due to the teachings of this great and good man.

The story of his life will fill many an important page in the history of our country, our State, our city and our people. Modest and unassuming though he was, he could not help being recognized as a leader of thought. Without the advantage of physical development he commanded the respect and admiration of those who came in contact with him, and this respect and admiration grew as he became better known.

Strong in his faith and loyal to the traditions of his ancestors, he was what might be termed a citizen of the world; no creed, no sect, no country, no party could wholly claim him. He was an advocate of justice, freedom and tolerance. He was one to whom distress might prefer its suit; to whom the wrongs, the tribulations and the vicissitudes of others appealed intensely. He was a father to the fatherless; a humanitarian and a lover of men in the broadest and noblest sense of the term.

The dignity of labor found in him a powerful advocate; the rights of the oppressed found in him a fearless champion. He lived respected and he died regretted, mourned by thousands. The individuality of his work is indelibly impressed upon the legislation, the history and the achievements of his time and generation.

Born in the city of Prague, the capital of Bohemia, on January 15th, 1822, he died August 5th,

1898, in the City of St. Louis, where he had lived since 1849.

When he was about seven years old he was seriously injured and almost crippled for life as the result of burns received at a conflagration.

As was the custom among the well-to-do people of those times, he attended neither school nor college but received his education at the hands of private tutors. At an early age he made the acquaintance of and became quite friendly with some of the most noted Jewish scholars of his time.

In 1837, when but fifteen years of age, his family removed from Prague to Vienna and there established a printing house. He applied himself with energy to the business and soon developed a taste for literature. The firm of Von Schmit & Bush became one of the largest publishing houses of its kind in the world and issued many new and elegant editions of Bibles, Talmud and other Hebrew works.

In 1842 he published the "Jahrbuch Fuer Israeliten," which numbered among its contributors some of the most eminent Jewish writers of the time, though of widely different dogmatic views.

On May 7th, 1844, Isidor Bush married Theresa Taussig. At the breaking out of the revolution in March, 1848, he became zealously active in the advancement of this cause. He was a Liberal in politics and the failure of the movement compelled him, as it compelled so many others who espoused the cause of republican principles, to seek safety in flight. He sought refuge and found it in the land that has been the haven of refuge to the oppressed of all nations, that vouchsafes liberty and the right of individual thought to all; that has been and, I hope always will be, the home of the brave and of the free; our own glorious country, the United States of America.

On January 8th, 1849, he arrived in the City of New York with his wife and child. He opened a small stationery store at 411 Grand Street in that City

and on March 30th, 1849, issued the first number of a German Jewish paper known as "Israel's Herald." This was the first Jewish weekly published in the United States. The enterprise was unsuccessful and had to be given up after three months of hard struggle.

In 1849 Isidor Bush removed to St. Louis where he continued to reside the remainder of his life. With Charles Taussig he opened a general store at Carondelet (South St. Louis), which business was continued for about six years.

In 1853 his Father joined him and subsequently the firm of Bush & Taussig was established in the wholesale grocery business. In 1857 he was elected President of the Peoples' Savings Bank which office he held until 1863.

Following the election of President Lincoln and the secession of a number of southern states from the Union, a State Convention having been called for the purpose of taking the State of Missouri out of the Union, he was nominated and elected a member of this Convention on the Union ticket. The Convention deposed the Governor and the Legislature of the State, established a provisional Government for Missouri and the State was saved to the Union. The Convention met from time to time for about three years and Isidor Bush was chosen a member of a committee of nine, one from each Congressional District, to whom the most important matters were referred.

In 1861 General John C. Fremont being in command of the Western Department with headquarters at St. Louis, he invited Isidor Bush to become a member of his staff and he became aid-de-camp with the rank of captain. He resigned this position in November of that year.

He submitted to Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, a plan for a popular Government loan which, while favorably reported by the depart-

ment, failed to receive the sanction and endorsement of Secretary Chase. Bush received a Government position which, however, he soon resigned to accept the position of General Freight and Passenger Agent of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, which position he held for three years.

In 1864 he was elected a member of the State Convention called in that year for the purpose of passing an ordinance for the emancipation of the slaves in Missouri and for disfranchising those who had taken up arms against the Government. This Convention framed a State Constitution which was adopted against the strong opposition of the minority, which included Isidor Bush.

The wisdom of his views was borne out by the consequences, which resulted in the removal of the dominant party from power and the repeal of the constitution in 1875. Bush received many tempting political offers but he declined them all except the position of membership in the Missouri State Board of Immigration. He accepted this position because he was then engaged in work of a similar character, having been for nearly twelve years president of the German Immigrant Aid Society of St. Louis.

In 1868 he retired from the office which he held with the Iron Mountain Railroad Company and devoted himself to vine culture. He established nurseries upon a tract of land which he had acquired at a point about twenty miles south of St. Louis, now known as Bushberg. He did business there under the firm name of Bush & Son & Meissner. He also established a wholesale wine and liquor business at St. Louis under the firm name of Isidor Bush & Co. He devoted a great deal of time and study to vine culture and his Bushberg Catalogue, a Grape Manual, became so well and so favorably known that it was translated into many languages, and his writings on the subject of vine culture are recognized as valuable

contributions and brought him, not only fame and glory, but also substantial financial returns.

Isidor Bush became an acknowledged authority and was recognized by men like Marshall P. Wilder, President of the American Pomological Society, P. Barry, Vice-President of the American Pomological Society, William Saunders, Superintendent of the Experimental Station, United States Department of Agriculture, Robert Manning, Secretary Massachusetts Agricultural Society, Prof. P. J. Burrill, President of the Illinois Industrial University, and many other leading men of this and foreign countries. In a letter to him dated Denison, Texas, Sept. 1, 1883, Prof. T. V. Munson writes as follows: "I think your modesty in simply calling it a Catalogue does this great work an injustice. It is a most complete and valuable treatise on American Grapes."

Isidor Bush was a mathematician of no ordinary degree. He devoted a great deal of his time to actuarial work and became well known throughout the country as a Life Insurance Actuary. As such he was officially connected with the German Life Insurance Company of this City.

In 1878 he published the pamphlet "Fraternal Endowment" which, together with his magazine and newspaper articles on the subject and his reports as Chairman of the Covenant Endowment Fund of the Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, constitute important contributions to the study and history of Fraternal Endowments. Not only in his writings but in his intercourse with mankind and particularly with the unfortunate of his own Faith, a peculiar kindness and affability was discernible at all times. As was said of his descriptions of the great number of American wines, so it may also be said that in contact with his fellow men he was,

"To all their faults a little blind,
To all their virtues very kind."

He framed the Endowment Law of District No. 2,

Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith but refused to become a beneficiary under it. After having paid his assessments, he designated that his Endowment be paid to the Lodge for the benefit of such poor members who may not be financially able to pay their Endowment dues.

The great institution on the shores of Lake Erie, the world-wide known and celebrated Jewish Orphan Asylum, Districts Nos. 2, 6 and 7 Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, was loved by him as he loved his own family and it was duly remembered in his will.

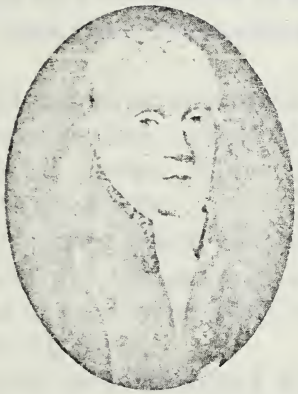
Mr. Bush was for many years an active and enthusiastic member of the Missouri Historical Society. In 1882, he was chosen Vice-President and served in that capacity until he declined re-election. He rendered to the Society much valuable service, and he was second to none as a wise counselor.

During the latter years of his life his physical infirmities became more and more marked, his sufferings increased until, on the morning of the 5th of August, 1898, the heart which beat in love for all mankind was stilled and he joined the silent majority.

His funeral took place at two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, August 7th, 1898. Brief services having been conducted at the house in which he died the remains were taken to Temple Shaare Emeth where public services were held and the funeral oration delivered by Rev. Doctor Samuel Sale, the minister of that congregation. Mr. Samuel Bowman, representing District Grand Lodge No. 2, Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, delivered an address in behalf of that Order and District.

The remains were interred in the Bush family lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies.

By his will the executors of his estate, Jacob Furth, Frank Block and Raphael Bush, his son, were directed to execute numerous charitable bequests in keeping with the high ideals, the character and life work of Isidor Bush.



JACQUES TOUTANT BEAUREGARD.

INSTRUCTIONS OF JACQUES TOUTANT BEAUREGARD TO HIS SON CONCERNING A VOYAGE TO THE ILLINOIS, 1779.[1]

Translated by NETTIE HARNEY BEAUREGARD.

1779, March 25.

Instructions, which I Jacques Toutant Beauregard, give to my son Élie Toutant Beauregard, to be observed upon a voyage which he is to make to the Illinois.

1—You will do your utmost to reach the Illinois; at St. Louis, where the Commandant lives, you will unload.

2—You will endeavor to remain with Mr. Perrault,[2] to whom I have written, asking him to give you every assistance in his power; follow all advice which he will be able to give you.

3—Upon reaching there, you will at once unload your boat, and put the cargo in storage, sending me back the boat as soon as possible, as I am paying forty piastres a month for it.

4—When you have arranged all of your cargo in the warehouse, you will sell nothing except what you have taken [with you?]. Pay attention to everything which happens in Spanish and English Illinois.

5—In case you should find that the Americans have issued a great deal of paper which they use as money, you will see the Commandant and in the course of conversation find out if for this same paper he gives letters of exchange on the State of Virginia or upon Congress; and whether these letters of exchange are paid in money or by other letters of exchange on Eu-

[1] For the original text of this document the Society is indebted to Mrs. Felicité Gayoso de Lemos Tennent of New Orleans, a descendant of M. Elie Toutant Beauregard.

[2] This is M. Louis Perrault, at that time a prominent merchant of St. Louis.

rope. Should he tell you that such is the case, you will thereupon, sell your entire cargo for these papers, provided there should be a good profit in the sale, at least 100 per cent more than in selling for peltries.[3] You can sell directly to the Commandant or to individuals if it is more advantageous, without ever divulging your intention.

6—As soon as your sales are made, you will immediately arrange with the Commandant for an escort either to Virginia or to the Congress, which ever place he indicates that your paper should be paid you; then notify me of the transaction as early as possible. You will take with you the mulatto Jean; take good care that no harm befalls him, and you will bring him back with you.

7—When you have reached either one of these places, you must do your best to have the paper which

[3] It appears that M. Beauregard sold his merchandise for both peltries and paper. On 14 Sept. 1779, he turned over to Colonel John Todd peltries to the amount of $21,000 (the printed copy of the account uses the character £, but it seems to be an error) and $10,000 in paper, and received therefor drafts on Virginia for $30,000.

Mr. Jefferson writing to Colonel Todd, 19 March 1780, says:—"The expenses attending the support of our troops in Illinois has obliged us to call them all to the South side of the Ohio, where our paper money is current. Hard money is not to be got here, and we find the difficulty of sending commodities to New Orleans very great. The Draughts presented from yourself and Colonel Clarke on Pollock, those presented us by Le Gras and Lintot, others for about 50,000 dollars presented by a Mr. Nathan from the Havannah, who took them up at the hard money price, have rendered us bankrupt there—for we have no means of paying them. Mr. Brusegard's [Beauregard] bill for $30,000 will be on a footing with these. We will accept it, promise payment, and make it —as soon as we shall be able."

A report of the Board of Commissioners for the settlement of Western Accounts, dated 17 February 1783, shows that M. Beauregard's draft was still unpaid, and the commissioners suggest that since the peltries for which it was given were bought with depreciated paper money, at a little more than five and a half for one, that the draft should be taken up at the above discount. Whether the draft was ever paid is uncertain. See Chicago Historical Society's, *Early Chicago and Illinois*, pp. 314, 348, 357.

you receive in payment from the said State or Congress made upon Paris or upon some other French city; in this case, you will go on to Bordeau to the address of Messrs. Montête, Henry & Company and endorse it to their order, to my account.

8—Be careful to see that you are given a couple of duplicates of these said letters of exchange, that you may send me one, but always keep one, which you must never give up.

9—If, instead of giving you the paper of which I speak, they should propose giving you only merchandise, such as grain, for payment, saying that they refuse to pay in any other way, you will tell them, if such is the case, that you have no use for this grain and that they may give you a receipt which will bear interest and can be paid when I send boats to that part of the country, which will be as soon as their affairs are settled with Europe, when it will be possible to reach them without risk; or rather, if I am to send, for that reason I ought to be master, and they must bind themselves to place the grain to my account, or in case of my death, to my childrens' account, together with the interest which shall accumulate, until such time as they shall furnish the said grain.

10—You will have a contract drawn up according to law, for the amount which you will deliver to them, according to my instructions to you in the preceding articles, and this, you will make out in my name for my account and that of friends; mine is the only name which must appear, though you will be master to act as you think best, on account of your fifth interest which I have granted you in your outfit. After having deducted a fifth of the expenses which should be your share as a consequence of your one-fifth interest according to agreement.

11—As I understand, there is paper at the Illinois, of the Congress and of the Province of Virginia; if you are in a position to take some, I should advise that you take all of one kind, giving the preference

to that of Congress, in which case, you will go directly to Congress and claim the reimbursement, as I have told you above and in other places.

12—I have also been informed, that on the Ohio River, [*"La Belle Rivière"*], there are posts inhabited by the Americans, where I am assured, one could sell very advantageously for this paper; in regard to this, you might get some information, acting upon which you might go there on your expedition with your entire cargo, or part of it, according to whatever you think advisable.

13—If in these places, you find that it is easy to obtain peltries for Tafia [a sort of liquor], and that it would be easy to send them here, through the Illinois country without risk, you might take part of it that way. Should it be necessary that I send you a second cargo, your prospects must appear advantageous and sure.

14—Should you find that the paper is discredited and that there is a considerable advantage in having merchandise, with which to gather much of it, you could, in this case, buy two thousand piastres worth of merchandise, and draw upon me for this amount at one month's sight; but you will only make this transaction, in the event that you go at once to Congress or to Virginia and that I shall not be required to make a second expedition.

15—When you will have made all of these transactions, you will assuredly be questioned as to your intentions; you will reply at once that you find no profit in selling for peltries and that you have decided to take this paper, in order to close the deal.

16—In all your travels, through New England, you will try to incur only the unavoidable expenses, and [pay] in the Congress paper; in case that you should not have the necessary funds to bring you back, whether it be by sea or *via* the Cape, or Havana, and you should need money, you could draw six hundred piastres on Messrs. Riviere and Chevally at the Cape,

or on your brother Toutant in Havana, if this be impossible, draw on Mr. Annis administrator of Couriers. I shall notify them accordingly, but draw only what you cannot possibly do without. Should you return by sea, send Jean back *via* the Illinois, unless peace has been declared, as I do not wish to risk his being captured by the English.

17—If the Congress gives you letters of exchange on France or Spain, and you should wish to go in person to demand payment, you could do so, by taking advantage of the first good opportunity which presents itself; in this case you would send me Jean *via* the Illinois with a passport from the Congress, and send me a duplicate copy of all transactions to the address of Mr. Perrault, or in his absence to his son,[4] whom you will ask to send me the mulatto with the letters, at the first opportunity.

18—Should you decide to go to France yourself, be sure to endorse the letters of exchange, in order that they may remit to you those which you have sent without waiting for an order from me; of this I should be notified as soon as possible that I may have time to give orders to that effect. You shall await my further orders at Bordeau, care of Messrs. Montête, Henry & Co. or at Mr. Lafitte Cadet's.

19—If it appears to you feasible to act as I have suggested, in article 9th of these instructions, you should stipulate in the contract that they must furnish the cargo for the boats which I shall send, fifteen days after their arrival, otherwise they must pay demurrage of said ships to the amount of twenty-five piastres a day until the day of departure of said ships, after they are fully loaded with grain of their country, but of my selection.

20—Better to succeed, you will make them appreci-

[4] Joseph Francois Perrault, son of Louis Perrault. He undertook to make a journey to Virginia to collect on some of this paper money, but was captured on the way by Indians and never reached his destination.

ate all the services which I have rendered to them, or I should say, the Congress, in assisting their agent here, the Sr. Pollock, in every way possible, as far as was in my power, all of which he must have informed them, especially in the letter which you bear from him to the Congress.

21—If, contrary to my expectations, you should not succeed in reaching the Congress or Virginia and should be obliged to sell your cargo in the Illinois, you must sell only to reliable people, that you may be sure of your payment, in case you are compelled to sell on credit.

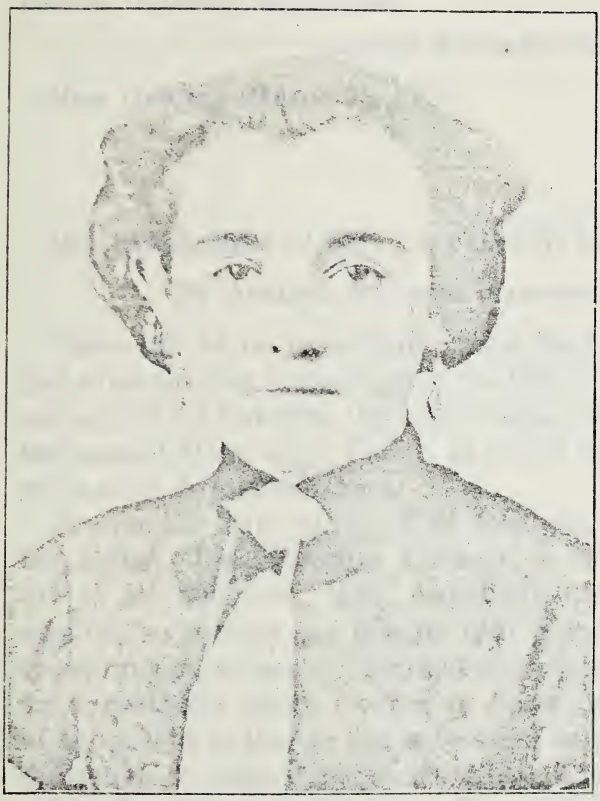
22—Should you go to *La Belle Rivièré* you might unload your cargo, and derive greater advantages by selling for cash, thus preventing any difficulty about payment with the inhabitants of that place.

23—If you should ask me for another cargo, and should foresee that you will be in no hurry for it; you will have a boat made for me, which you will send me, loaded with peltries or flour, if that be possible, for our account; to insure success you might proceed as I have directed you in article 14 of the present.

24—If contrary to expectations neither of my suggestions meet with success, I leave it all to the experience which you will have acquired on the spot, to conduct the undertaking according to circumstances which will arise. But you must pay careful attention to everything, and use more prudence than risk in all of these affairs of yours; and should you be obliged to make your sales (in the Spanish parts) you will sell, as I told you for cash, or if you sell on credit see that it be to reliable parties; or, do not sell at all rather than run any chances.

25—Write to me at every opportunity and send me account of sales and specify in said account the nature of the sale, whether it be for cash or credit, likewise send me accounts of your expenses up to the time of writing.

26—Be careful to keep an exact record of all your



LOUISE PALMIER MYERS.

Great-grand-daughter of Madame Angelique Chauvin Beaulieu.

accounts whether of sales or expenses incurred, and on what account.

You will keep separate accounts and mark on each the date on which you send it to me, that I may know the state of your affairs.

This present writing, is made in duplicate, for use in case it should be needed.

JACQUES TOUTANT BEAUREGARD.

New Orleans, March 25, 1779.

MADAME BEAULIEU; A COLONIAL DAME.

BY ADELINE PALMIER WAGONER.

There can be no more fitting time than now [1912] just after the fete celebration of the Holy Family Catholic church of Cahokia, the oldest house of worship in the central Mississippi Valley, to give a sketch of one of its most devout members.

Born in the little village of St. Philippe, where lived her father, Jean Baptiste Chauvin, a subaltern officer of Ft. Chartres, Mlle. Angelique Chauvin early acquired a bravery and dignity that placed her in the front rank of women of her time and place. Hers was an opportunity given to few, in those pioneer days, of being sent to Quebec for knowledge and graces that did much to make her the historic character of Cahokia she afterwards became. About 1760, Jean Baptiste Chauvin and family moved to Cahokia, where Mlle. Chauvin, on completing her convent education, returned and married Michel Beaulieu, *dit* Palmier. Jacques Chauvin, a brother, married Mlle. Louise Michelle, *dit* Tayon, and came with his wife's family to St. Louis after the transfer of Illinois in 1765; later settling on a Spanish Grant, just across the river from St. Charles, where he died in 1826. There is little doubt in my mind after deep investigation, though no

proof, so many records having been lost, that Jean Baptiste Chauvin was the son of Nicholas Chauvin (called La Frenière) one of the famous Canadian brothers, visited by Charlevoix, and whose names figure most prominently in the pioneer history of the Mississippi Valley. Another brother of Nicholas was called De Lery and, strange to say, the third one of the Chauvin brothers was known as Beaulieu.

History tells us that first came the missionaries, then prominent French families to Cahokia, among them the Beaulieus, descended from Pierre Palmier (or Parmier *dit* Beaulieu) of St. Sulpice, Paris, and his wife, Jeanne Deunant, whose son Michel, a voyageur, born 1700, was married at Montreal, June 30, 1733, to Marie Marguerite Roy, widow of Vincent Matthieu Guay, and their son Michel Joseph, born April 10, 1734, married Angelique Chauvin about 1760. Michel Joseph Beaulieu (*surnom* Palmier) was no less prominent than his wife. He was a judge of Clark's Court, in the records of which his name appears frequently up to the time of his death late in the year 1780. He was also Captain of the first regularly organized American militia of Illinois.

In a petition of the people of Cahokia to M. Mottin de la Balme, pensioner of the King of France, asking protection from the Virginia Troops' ill treatment of them, "Captain Michel Beaulieu, a mill owner, was the only Cahokian who exposed himself to their violence and fury, and against whom they have not dared to exercise their cruel tyranny. We are still doubtful whether fear or shame restrained them."

Mme. Beaulieu seems to have had the proverbial widow's troubles, and was compelled to resort to the Court for the protection of her rights.

In 1782 she brought suit against M. Antoine Harmand for the sum of fourteen hundred *livres* in peltries which had been long owing to her. The defendant answered that he was unable to pay because of the impossibility of finding peltries, and that even if he

sold all of his property it would not be sufficient to make up the said sum. The Court ordered him to make some arrangement with Madame Beaulieu. He thereupon entered into an agreement with M. Trottier, whereby M. Trottier assumed the payment of his debt.

Another suit in which she was complainant, and in which a number of the citizens of Cahokia took part with her, is of sufficient interest to deserve notice.

In February, 1786, she presented the following petition to the Court:

"The Widow Beaulieu, Plaintiff, vs. Antoine Girardin, Defendant.

To MM., the Magistrate and President, holding the Court of the District of Cahokia:

Madame Beaulieu, widow, has the honor to show you that for the space of 23 years or more she has been proprietor of a sugar farm, conceded to her by MM., the Missionaries, from whom she has all the title deeds therefor; and that some months ago when M. Girardin presented himself at your Court, to demand it from you anew, you granted it to him on the misinformation which he made to you; and that I and also several citizens of this village, having had knowledge of this and judging that this could only be prejudicial, we have shown M. Girardin that he could not take away a property which belonged to us so legitimately. He resisted us, saying that we were too ignorant to judge of that and that he knew the extent of the seigniory (of the Mission) better than any inhabitant living in the village, etc. M. Girardin had forbidden us ever to go to the sugar farm and said if necessary to move to extremities he would fight and prefer to be killed on the spot and would make no reserve in dealing with rascals. Madame Beaulieu said it was no question of destroying oneself, that they would submit to justice. M. Girardin replied he was unwilling to be judged by any citizen of the place, as they were lacking in knowledge and probity. Mme. Beaulieu and citizens asked that M. Girardin be deprived of that which was granted him in Sugar Loaf Meadow, as he was in position to injure all inhabitants."

Signed at Cahokia February 7, 1786, by Widow Beaulieu, Pierre Martin, Louis Trottier, Deshayes, Bte. Saucier, Fr. Lonval, Pierre La fleur, Francis Lapancé, Antoine Boyer, Fr. Grandmont, Joseph Cesire, Charles La Croix and others.

In defense M. Girardin said the Court had granted the concession on the refusal of Madame Beaulieu to exhibit her title deed in Court. He offered to deliver the said land to Madame Beaulieu and inhabitants if they would reimburse him for expenses, they had permitted him to make, amounting to 728 livres. The Court considered the petition of Madame Beaulieu as follows: "In view of the petition and pleadings by all parties and also of a deed dated Nov. 19, 1763, from the vicar of *cureé* of Cahokia, by terms of which he gave to M. Beaulieu, the section of woods, which his possessors had reserved for making sugar, and which was exhibited this day by the Widow Beaulieu, and also of our concession made to M. Girardin, dated Oct. 1, 1783, the Court not being able to decide on the validity of either deed, not wishing to annul either concession, we remit this decision to the government which we are expecting, and which will render justice to whomsoever it belongs."

In May, 1785, Madame Beaulieu made application for a grant of land, in what is now Missouri, as follows:

"To Don Francisco Cruzat, Lt. Colonel of Infantry, for his Catholic Majesty, Governor of western part of the Illinois:

Angelique Chauvin, widow of defunct Michel Beaulieu, has the honor to state to you that she would wish to settle with her family in this Spanish Colony, but as she cannot do so without being given permission, she supplicates you to grant her this favor, and inasmuch as her family is numerous, she hopes from you, Sir, that you will be pleased to give her a concession on the River des Peres, containing 40 arpents in front in ascending the said river north and south by the customary depth of 40 arpents on each side of the said river, which concession adjoins on the north side

to that of Louis Robert, in descending, to the King's Domain. The petitioner hopes you will take into consideration the unhappy situation in which she is now placed and grant her request. She shall pray heaven that God may preserve you, prolong your days and bestow all prosperity upon you.

In St. Louis of Ills., the 6th day of May, 1785.

Signed,

WIDOW BEAULIEU."

And the governor made the desired concession in the following terms:

"Having seen the statement in the foregoing memorial, presented by Angelica Chauvin, widow of the late Michel Beaulieu, citizen of this Post of St. Louis, dated the 6th of May, in this current year, I have conceded to her in fee simple for herself and her heirs, and others that might represent her rights, 40 arpents of land in front by 40 A. in depth, along the River des Peres from north to south, bounded on one side by the lands of Louis Robert and on the other by King's Domain, under condition to improve the same and cultivate it within one year from this date and on the contrary, the said 40 arpents shall be reunited to the King's Domain, the land remaining liable to the public and other charges, which his Majesty must be pleased to impose therein.

Given in St. Louis, Ills., the 12th of May, 1785.

Signed,

FRANCISCO CRUZAT."

Just when Madame Beaulieu took possession of the property granted to her is not known. In June, 1786, the land was granted to Charles Tayon because, so it is stated, of the failure of Madame Beaulieu to improve and cultivate the same.

The fact appears, however, that she did take possession of the land with her family and slaves, built a house upon it and cultivated it. There was a spring and a pond upon the place, which were for years afterwards known, respectively, as the *fontaine* Beaulieu and the *marais* Beaulieu.

The occurrence of an Indian outbreak and the killing of a number of people in her neighborhood, caused

Madame Beaulieu to abandon her new home and return to Cahokia.

In 1805 she sold her Missouri property, which was a portion of the present Forest Park, to Jean Francois Perry for one hundred and sixty dollars, and the title to it was confirmed to him by the United States.

No attempt to survey it was made until 1832, at which time there were conflicting claims, and this, together with the indefinite designation of the land in the original grant, has given rise to much litigation, which has made the "Chauvin Claim" historic.

Mme. Beaulieu's father, Jean Baptiste Chauvin, died in 1789 and was buried in St. Louis, according to church register of interments of the old Cathedral. The sons of Michel Beaulieu, like their father, were leaders of men. Jean and Michel were legal officials of Cahokia, to look after the commons and Common Field which were held according to the customs of the French Regime. Michel Beaulieu served as Lieutenant and Jean Beaulieu as Captain of the Second Illinois Regiment Light Infantry in the War of 1812.

Madame Beaulieu's daughter, Marguerite, was married Jan. 28, 1786, to Nicholas Boismenue, of a distinguished family. A son, Bazile, married Celeste Saucier, and Jean married Marie Poirier. The grandchildren of M. and Mme. Michel Beaulieu married Joseph Beaird, Henry Godin, Joseph Tremble, Vital Jarrot, Jacques Martin, Marie Belcour, Celeste Bompart, Louis Turcolte, Julie Trottier, Susanne Pensonneau, Therese Turgeon, Sophie Trottier and Julie Le Page.

A son of Jean Beaulieu, Michel, born 1800, married in 1828, Elizabeth Ramey, daughter of Nancy Chance and George Ramey. William Chance, the father of Nancy, came with his wife, Elizabeth Tichnor, from Delaware in 1795, together with his brother, Rev. Joseph Chance. Elizabeth Tichnor Chance after the death of her husband married William Clark, a cousin of George Rogers Clark.

George Ramey came from Virginia in 1803 and was married to Nancy Chance in 1805. They soon bought what has been known for a hundred years as the Ramey Home, one and a half miles west of Columbia, Illinois. George Ramey had his private race track and many fine Kentucky horses. He lies buried in a large mound between the old home and the race track.

It was a tradition of the Indians that George Ramey was buried standing with a spy-glass in his hand to overlook the race track. It was here that Michel Beaulieu Palmier, the fourth, lived with his wife and children and gave his name to much of the surrounding country. The Palmier Hill, long and steep, lies between Columbia and the old home. The Palmier grave yard (over one hundred years old) is the oldest burial ground thereabouts. The last trace of the Ramey home was removed about a year ago when the electric road cut through the spot in which stood the log house, but the mound where was buried George Ramey is still intact.

Michel Beaulieu Palmier, a great hunter and a friend of the Indians, was a noted gunsmith, manufacturing guns for the United States government at Rock Island, Illinois, and in his shop near the Ramey home where he employed many men. It was here he died in 1851, leaving a widow and five children. The fourth child of Elizabeth Ramey and Michel Beaulieu Palmier, Louisa, born 1837, was educated at St. Joseph Convent (Carondelet) and married Frederick Myers of Maryland; she now lives in Chicago with her daughter, Mrs. Walter S. Dray. A son of Mrs. Walter S. Dray, Walter Reme Dray, was graduated from Yale College in 1908 with a most brilliant record, holding the world's record in the pole-vault, having won the mathematical prize of his class each of the three years, made a member of Psi Upsilon, was offered a Fellowship, and elected captain of the Track Team for 1908. He was graduated in 1912 from the Massachu-

setts Institute of Technology as an electrical and mechanical engineer.

Louisa Palmier Myers' youngest child, Adeline, was married to Harry E. Wagoner of St. Louis in 1890. Mrs. Dray and Mrs. Wagoner are graduates of the St. Louis High and Normal schools.

Stanley Blewett Wagoner, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wagoner, is in his senior year at Yale College and is the captain of the Track Team for 1913, holding the Junior record and the Southern Atlantic record in the pole-vault. He is a college Cheer Leader, member of Delta Kappa Epsilon and Wolf's Head.

In closing this sketch of Mme. Beaulieu I can do no better than to quote the tribute paid her by Governor Reynolds, one who knew her well:

"Mme. Beaulieu was educated and intelligent. She was the director-general in moral and medical matters. She was possessed of a strong and active mind and was a pattern of morality and virtue. She was the doctress in most cases, and the *sage femme* for many years. She was extremely devout and an exemplary member of the Catholic Church.

"This, together with her merit generally, enables her to fix up many of the male and female delinquencies of the village. She was sincerely entitled to the praise due a peacemaker. Many of the young and accomplished ladies courted the society of this old lady for improvement. She lived a long and useful life and died in Cahokia in 1826 at the age of 84, much lamented by all classes."

The father of Madame Chauvin Beaulieu, an officer at Fort Chartres during colonial times; her husband, Michel Beaulieu, a captain of the earliest organization of American militia force in this region, and the first of a long line adorned by many brilliant names of those who have held Illinois commissions; her sons, a captain, a lieutenant, and private in the War of 1812, Madame Beaulieu, for their sake as well as for her own, assuredly holds an honored place in the early history of Illinois.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ACTOR.

By Charles A. Krone.

(Read at a Meeting of the Society, 17 March, 1906.)

Continued from Vol. IV., No. 2.

ACT FOUR. SCENE ONE.

After the close of the season in St. Louis, I took my little family to a small country town in Indiana, where I intended to spend the vacation with some of my wife's relatives. Our son, then a babe eight months of age, was so ill that on two occasions I carried him in my arms for dead. We therefore broke off our visit and left for Louisville, where we hoped to obtain better medical attendance. About the middle of August we arrived at dark in New Albany, Ind., some three miles west of Louisville. A furious thunderstorm raged at the time and fearing to risk the safety of the sick child on the long omnibus ride to Louisville, we remained in a hotel until next morning. The following day was clear and extremely hot. After crossing the ferry to the Kentucky side to Portland, a warlike scene presented itself to our gaze, by a number of gunboats in the river with their cannons peering through their black and coffin-like sides towards the town. Further on, hospital tents filled with the sick and wounded, barracks and guards met the eye at many points.

On reaching the city the same scenes were repeated on vacant lots, and even school houses that were turned into lazarettos or camps. The weather being unusually warm the sides of the tents were raised to admit the air, exposing to view the long lines of cots with their occupants, and the doctors and nurses, giving a sad picture of the deplorable contest which was now in its fourth year. But quiet and order pre-

vailed at each post, camp or hospital where the old flag was gaily fluttering in the morning breeze.

After finding quarters in a boarding house adjoining to what had been a medical college, but now was transformed into a Confederate prison, our next step was to take the child to a popular homeopathic physisian who, after examining the little form, almost wasted to a skeleton, pronounced him very ill, but not beyond hope.

After this I reported at the theatre where everything was in a state of high activity and hope for the ensuing season, during which Sherman's army returned from their march to the sea were expected to arrive, and some 20,000 soldiers to be paid off in Louisville.

My old friend, Thos. Conner, the stage manager, was as delighted to meet me as I was to hear that he had given up drink, and was working heroically at his post. The company contained a few efficient actors, and many of the war products, who were inexperienced. Among the younger members, Louis James, the present star, stood pre-eminent as a talented and most desirable acquisition, besides being a young man of kindly disposition, and good social and moral character. This was his first season and he advanced so rapidly that in a year or two he was engaged to play the leading business at a Baltimore theatre. The friendship that then sprang up between us has lasted until this day, and he is still the same jovial and kind-hearted boy that I found him forty years ago. John Pike, William May and John Leonard were likewise well trained actors, desirable companions and firm friends to me. Kitty Blanchard, a talented Louisville girl, also was of the new order, and gained her first laurels during this season in her excellent renditions of "Fanchon" and the "French Spy."

The theatre opened during the latter part of August, and as the city was crowded with soldiers and officers on furlough, the business was excellent. Added

to these a large number of physicians, nurses and guards were stationary, as the typhoid fever, flux and smallpox were making sad havoc among the troops and carrying off many brave hearts that escaped the shot and shell of the foe. At the typhoid hospital the coffin makers and undertakers were busy, and for awhile, the death rate was so great and funerals so numerous, that it was said the mocking birds in the woods had learned to whistle the dead march. Two friends of mine, one of them an actor, were employed in one of the hospitals to do office work. On one of my visits during the night after the performance, in the short course of two hours, I heard the mournful sound of a bell three times announcing as many deaths. My friends attended to the call and returned with the possessions of the deceased—consisting of money, trinkets, letters from relatives and sweethearts, photos, locks of hair and trinkets. These were carefully packed, signed and sealed and directed to the relatives with an account of the death of the soldier.

The prison adjoining my boarding house contained many Confederate captives, and a large tobacco warehouse on Broadway was filled with refugees from East Tennessee, who were cared for by the government. An officer and a friend of mine, one night took me to see the place. The large warehouse, occupying a half block, was filled with human beings of both sexes and every age. Although the place was well heated, and the people well provided with food and medicines, the sight of so many women and little children lodged upon the ground and closely huddled together, presented a woeful picture of the miseries of war never to be forgotten. Here, infants were crying, while a little further off a sick woman was moaning with pain, while doctors attended. One party were playing a social game of cards, and when asked about their condition and why they got here, an old patriarch replied: "Because we-uns wouldn't give in and

quit the Union." Armed soldiers were on guard at every path between these rows of exiled human beings. And during all this misery of sickness, death and exile from home, the fiddles were playing their merriest in concert dives, saloons and the two theatres which were filled with elegantly attired and jovial crowds, for money was plenty and with it a rage for amusement and luxury.

Adah Isaacs Menken, a melodramatic actress, and an adventurous woman of great nerve and a faultless shape, came to play an engagement during which the "French Spy," "Mazeppa," and other plays in which she was enabled to exhibit her well proportioned limbs to advantage, were to be produced. She opened in the "Whistler" and, as I was not in the piece, I determined to take my wife to see the play, as it was new. On my arrival at the theatre I was told that the house was filled with a regiment of soldiers that had arrived that evening, and that the place was not fit for a lady to enter. I peeped through the door and saw that the house was packed with noisy soldiers, who whistled, sang, shouted and yelled as if the place had been turned into a bedlam. I took my wife home and returned alone to see the upshot of the affair. When I again arrived I found quite a number of sailors from the gunboats standing in line in front of the theatre. Presently, an officer came out of the box office with a bundle of tickets which he distributed among the crew, upon which they marched in double file up to the gallery—a merry addition to the crowd that was within. I was about to follow when my attention was called by the arrival of a hard-featured, square-built and black-whiskered man, accompanied by a beautiful lady, elegantly attired in the height of the fashion of that day—a long, black velvet cloak and broad brimmed hat, ornamented with several long, white ostrich plumes, glittering jewels around her neck, and her long black hair falling in curls upon her shoulders. The man I knew to have been a for-

mer slave auctioneer, and as this class of men were generally despised, though tolerated, I was somewhat astonished to find him in such fair company. As I was standing but a few paces from this pair, I heard the following conversation: "You wait here, now, and I'll get you your ticket," the man said as he went to the box office. Presently, he returned with a ticket for the negro gallery and handing it to her, said gruffly: "Now, mark me! don't you flirt with any of those white fellows up there, for if you do, be sure that I'll find it out!" The mystery was cleared; she was an octoroon, and she was no doubt a former slave. Before ten minutes had transpired after her passing into the theatre, the racket commenced in the gallery, while I was talking to the treasurer in the office, and cries of "to the rescue!" and loud oaths were heard above, while blows and kicks and the rumbling noise of men tumbling down stairs succeeded each other in quick succession, added to which were the shouts of the soldiers beneath, who were encouraging the sailors with cries of "Seek him, seek him!" As I expected, the fair octoroon was the cause of all this trouble. Some of the sailors had made advances towards her, which her negro friends resisted; the doorkeepers and police, in attempting to restore order, were mixed up with the whites and blacks in the general fight, in which not only fists, but pieces of gas pipes, clubs and chairs were used, and damaged noses and broken heads were the order of the hour, until a sergeant, with a squad of Provost Guards, arrived and broke up the fight, if they did not restore order.

The performance commenced, but hardly a word could be heard, for the howling of the soldiers and their continual talking to the actors, besides the fright they occasioned to the actors excluded all possibility of an intelligible hearing. I went behind the scenes, where I found the more courageous members of the company laughing, and Miss Menken crying, which was the more strange, as she was known to be a fearless

rider and fencer; had traveled over the world, and braved opposition and lawyers enough to make the stoutest quail, not to mention the many husbands she had married. Orpheus Kerr, the humorist, said that the men of the United States were composed of two classes, those who had married Adah Isaacs Menken and those who had not. Certain it was that at the time spoken of, she had married four. However that may be, she was crying bitterly, and I, having had enough of the noise, left the theatre for home. The performance was, nevertheless, played to an end, but the next day extra help had to be employed to remove the tobacco, peanut, and food refuse, etc., from the theatre.

A rough time this was, and now it sometimes seems to me like a dream, when I recall these scenes. One morning, while going to rehearsal, I found a company of stout and bearded men on horseback, who were drawn up in line in front of the theatre. These men were armed with revolvers, long knives and short double-barreled shotguns, which they laid across the pummels of their saddles. They were commanded by a stripling of, apparently, some 18 or 20 years of age, lean and lank jawed, his face besprinkled with dark brown freckles, and long hair of a dirty, dark reddish hue. His booth were spurred and reached up to his thighs, and a close fitting military blouse, and whose high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, decorated with long black and white plumes, would have made him a splendid model for a front-wood robber in a cheap melodrama. He was drunk, and at his command some of his men came to assist him to dismount, as he wanted "more wh-is-key." On inquiry I was told that this was the redoubtable Capt. Tyrrell, the guerilla leader, whom the government had employed in its service, he having, hitherto, been on the other side. The Captain was led into the saloon opposite, and our little comedian, Scanlon, who stood beside me, proposed that we should follow, which we did. Arrived at the bar,

and after taking several whiskies the Captain began to brag about his heroic deeds, among which were such as setting fire to a tobacco warehouse in which some poor negroes had taken refuge, and killing them all, and shooting the man, whose boots he then wore, for insulting his sister, and other exploits of the same character. My friend, the comedian, unable to bear his boasts any longer, in spite of my efforts to restrain him, walked up to him and said, "So, you are the famous Capt. Tyrrell, who commands all these full-grown men out there, are you?" To which the other replied, "That's what I am!" Upon which the comedian continued, "Umph! umph! Well, my boy, I'll bet you ten dollars that if you take off that long cheese knife and the shooting irons buckled to your waist, that I can go through you in two minutes and a half by the watch." The Captain grinned and said he had more important business on hand at present than to quarrel with a citizen. To which the other replied, "Yes, or with anybody else. I am only astonished that any man with hair on his teeth would follow such a dinky as you are, and so, good bye." Shortly after, the Captain was lifted on his horse, and the cavalcade rode off in the direction of the Headquarters. Some months after this occurrence, it was reported that he had been hanged for proving false to the Government.

The month of November entered accompanied by gloomy storms and rains. One morning while an unusual heavy snow storm was raging, a great number of Confederate prisoners arrived. A melancholy sight it was to see these men with downcast looks and weary steps, attempting to keep time to the tap of a drum, while an occasional command of "close up there!" would be uttered to urge them on. Some of them looked as if they were sick, and the greater part of them were ragged and had pieces of old carpet and oilcloths tied around their feet instead of shoes; while their guards on each side of them, in their long, heavy

cape-coats and glittering weapons, looked the very picture of comfort and health I stood at the Post Office entrance and watched them with a heavy heart, as the large snowflakes fell thick and heavy upon their ill-protected bodies, and as I thought how many fathers, husbands and brothers were entailed in this tragedy, I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. As I turned away, I met one of our Company, who told me that the prisoners, for the present, would be camped on a vacant place on Broadway, and he asked me to go with him after the rehearsal and bring them some tobacco, to which I gladly consented. We went after dinner, and by that time the weather had become clear and warm. When arrived, we found hosts of ladies there with baskets full of food and pots of hot coffee, which they were busy distributing among the men. The tobacco we had brought was given to those who were without any, and was thankfully received. A tall, lank soldier, who stood somewhat apart from the others, was asked if he wanted any. "Yes, worse than grub!" was the answer, and on receiving it he immediately bit off a mouthful, and chewed away at a furious rate. Upon being asked by my friend where he was from, he replied: "Gen. So-ond-ne's command." "I mean, where are you from?" "Second Division, 4th Regiment, Co. A," he replied. My friend said, "That's not what I'm asking you. I want to know what state you came from?" "Why, from North Ca-arolina! Whar in hell would you hev' a man to come from?" was the answer. My friend looked at him from head to foot and said: "Well, you're the gayest yellowhammer I ever met!" "Well, if I am, by gosh, *you* can't walk my log!" was the defiant answer.

That evening while we were busy dressing, we were startled by a loud thump at the dressing room door, and on inquiring who was there, a loud, sonorous voice answered: "Four barbarians from the mountains of

the Cevennes! Representatives of the Allabrogi and the Allemani." On opening the door, four ragged, dirty, unkempt and bearded men stepped into the room. At a first glance we did not recognize that these men were four friends and well known actors until they began to laugh and talk. They had been taken prisoners in the South while on their way to the depot early in the morning, where in the dark they had mistaken the Confederate army, that had occupied the town during the night, for the Federal troops, and shouted "Hurrah for the Union!" Upon this they had been made prisoners and dragged for some weeks along with the troops on their march. They told us how they had suffered and starved, and also of the fun they had enjoyed in begging and broiling dog meat while they were exposed to the fire of both armies during their imprisonment in a log house; of their release by Gen. Washburne, who was a member of an order to which one of them belonged; of their meeting the gang of prisoners that had come in that morning, whom they had followed until they had boarded the train, and their final arrival here through the kindness of a countryman who had taken them in his wagon. After this, instant preparations were made to assist them. The first thing was to provide them with food and the means to get a bath and a shave. In the meantime, clean shirts, and such wearing apparel as could be gathered among us, was placed at their disposal. An hour or so after their cleansing operations they returned, and if anything they looked more hideous than before, for the upper part of their faces, which had been exposed to the sun and wind had been burnt to a blackish brown color, while that part from which the beard had been removed shone with a ghastly bluish lustre, which reminded one of an ourangoutang or Darwin's Missing Link. However, we all rejoiced, as they were at once engaged to open with Miss Lea Hudson the following

week in "Mazeppa," which was expected to have quite a run.

My engagement was satisfactory, my son had recovered his health, and my wife and myself were at the height of contentment, when on the first performance of "Mazeppa" I was taken very ill with a fever, accompanied by a severe head and back ache. Notwithstanding, I managed to get through the long leading part, in which I had to fight several combats, and ride a horse in a procession over the wet sawdust, with which the stage was covered, and a space around the dress circle about which the pageant marched back to the stage, although I had considerable trouble to keep in the saddle. My wife advised me to see a doctor, but as I thought it a mere transitory neuralgia affection from which I often suffered, I objected and played again the following night. However, my ailment had increased to such an extent, and the headache grown so fierce, that half the time I was unable to see the audience.

The next day I was very sick, but still determined to hold out, and thinking a little diversion might be beneficial, I went down into the yard, as had been my custom, and tried to fence with some medical students, who were my fellow-boarders. But in vain; I could not see straight. Upon this, one of these students gave me five pills, which he recommended very highly as his own invention, and bade me swallow them at a gulp. But, instead of these going down, they flew through my nostrils, as if fired from a shot gun, hitting the doctor in the face. I saw it was no use, and so went to my room and laid down, while my wife went for a doctor and to report to the theatre that I would not appear that night. An hour or so after, three fellow actors arrived, John May, Louis James and John Leonard, and brought me some fruit, joked and bandied with me and played with the baby awhile, but as I had become too ill to stand, I went to

bed after they had left. Late at night I began to cough so violently that my wife became alarmed, and hastened to the doctor, who had been delayed. He came, and after examining my throat, with slow and hesitating voice, informed us that I had the smallpox.

Here was a situation for a man with this terrible pest, and to be penned, as it were, with his wife and child in a city filled with soldiers and strangers in a time of war. The doctor, our friend, advised us to keep the affair secret and speak of it as though it were a case of pneumonia or malaria, for, otherwise, I should at once be sent to the pest house, where, under present conditions, he would not like to see his worst enemy. After giving me some small white pills, he left us and promised to call again next morning. I was in a high fever; my wife was crying, while the baby, unconcerned and happy, was playing at my feet. I tried to console my wife and insisted on her telling the landlady immediately of my sickness, as I did not wish to infect any one else, and so they could be careful to avoid me, assuring my wife that I was certain I would be all right as long as we did the right thing. She hesitated, but upon my assurance that all would be for the best, she told the landlady, who immediately cried out that she would have me removed at once to the pest house. No sooner I heard this, than heated with fever, I sprang out of bed and placed my loaded double-barreled shot gun at hand, and told the landlady, who was standing in the hall, to wait till morning, for, if not, I would shoot the first man who dared to cross my threshold to remove me to the pest house on that cold and rainy night. I was left alone after that and to my crying wife my only consolation and answer was that all would be right, and to wait until the morrow.

I returned to my bed, and whether it was the effect of the fever, or the medicine, I had most fantastic hallucinations, and stranger still, I knew them to be such,

and could describe them to my wife whenever she interrupted these dreams by speaking to me. Thus I fancied that several fat and hook-nosed usurers were counting money on a table and laughing and jeering at me and my illness. I arose, opened the door and kicked them out into the hall. No sooner had my wife spoken to me than I was aware of the transaction and retired to bed again, when I imagined that the two grave diggers in Hamlet were digging my grave on a flowery prairie, and whom I commanded not to dig so deep, so that I might be nearer to the grass and the yellow flowers, which were my favorites, upon which the first grave digger put his thumb to his nose and shook his fingers as if to say: "You can't come up." My wife recalled me to myself, and this scene vanished. After being quiet awhile, I grew restless, and my wife warned me to be careful, and not kick the little fellow who was still seated at the foot of the bed. I raised and looked at him, and the entire bed became filled with beautiful little children. I asked my wife to observe and admire them, upon which she soothed me and adjusted my pillow, and now the entire room swarmed with visionary angels of every shade of beauty and complexion, who hovered over me, passing and repassing, looking at me with pitying smiles, some in pairs, some singly, pointing at me, while others had the index finger laid upon their lips, as if to enjoin silence and peace. Three visions I could hold as long as I kept my eyes closed and describe them, and even feel their soft, flowing white trains as they brushed across my feverish lips and face. I strove to rid myself of these fair companions, and my eyes fell upon the water pitcher, which stood on a table opposite the bed, out of the mouth of which there immediately popped the head of a ruddy-faced old woman with a frilled night cap on her head, large goggle eyes, a long nose and projecting chin; in another moment an arm dropped out on each side of the

pitcher and a very short-skirted dress; after which it arose from the surface of the table, and I discovered two legs and red stockings and feet cased in shoes with silver buckles. There she was complete, and after nodding to me for a time and turning up the whites of her eyes, she stuck her tongue out at me and then danced a jig all around the table to the drone of a bagpipe. That paused, and, as I preferred the visits of angels to this vaudeville show, I had but to turn my head away from it. I have often wondered since whether the medicine given me did not contain opium. Well, thus passed the night, and as I felt no pain, it was rather pleasant to me, but what it must have been to the poor wife, I'll leave to your imagination.

The morning dawned in gloom and rain, and the question of the pest house was still on the tapis, for the boarders, as well as the landlady were in a state of terror, while I was still fully persuaded that all would be well. And I was not deceived, for, this time again a woman came to the rescue as in the case of my dangerous attack of pneumonia in Louisiana, Mo., in 1858. The news of my illness had spread abroad, and so, about 10 o'clock that morning, one of the many angels I had seen during that night came to us. But, as angels often come in strange disguises, this one came in the guise of a woman about forty years of age and the mother of ten living children, a friend of ours, who had known my wife since her childhood. She bade us be of hope, as she would come that night to take the baby home with her, and that she would have everything ready to receive us the next day at her home, where a room on the second story of a frame house in her garden, and fronting the street, would be prepared for our reception. So, my faith had not deceived me. In the afternoon, my two actor friends, Wm. May and John Leonard, came to see me, and told me that they were both immune, having had the

disease some years ago. This was not true, as I subsequently learned, and was only said to make me feel easy. The also informed me that they had seen Gen. Palmer, the commander of the Department of Kentucky, who, on hearing of my condition, had offered to send me to a hospital where, he assured them, he would see the very best care should be taken of me. I told them I had a place, and only required of them to furnish me a conveyance to bring me there; but I had made them promise that they would tell the driver of my condition, so he would fumigate the vehicle after the ride, and thus prevent further infection. In the evening our benefactress came with a heavy shawl, in which she wrapped the little fellow and departed, while the mother was left in tears. Another dismal night was passed by my wife, who had had considerable trouble to procure enough food to keep body and soul together, not to speak of the dismal watch she had undergone.

The following morning my two heroic friends again appeared, full of cheer, and informed me that not a man could be found to take me to my refuge, but that they had told Gen. Palmer of the affair, who immediately had torn a leaf from his note book, and written an order commanding an ambulance and two soldiers to come for me at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. My two friends were to come with them, and thus, with all due ceremony and "military honors," escort me to my new quarters.

At 4 o'clock, with military promptness, my friends arrived with the soldiers and the ambulance. I was dressed carefully and warm, and my spotted face covered with a black veil, and thus I descended the stairs, while the boarders, too terrified to render any assistance, were profuse in their sympathy, and stared through the partly opened doors as I passed by. One of our lady friends cried, and as I consoled her with my usual refrain, "that I was all right!" the soldiers

heartily laughed. Arrived at the wagon, I laid down on some fresh straw, and as it was cold and raining, all the blinds were pulled down. Arrived at my quarters I found everything tidy and comfortable, and a young woman, a friend of my wife, arranging some fuel for the stove, and upon my attempting to drive her away, she vowed that she had had the disease four years ago. I did not believe her, and upon my insisting that she must leave, she went away laughing, saying that I was a "fine brother," for by that title she usually addressed me.

No sooner was I left to myself than my cherubic visions haunted me again, until I espied a trap in the ceiling, which was instantly converted into a picture frame which filled itself successively with the portraits of the famous generals I had seen and met, and thus Generals Grant, Sherman, Buell, Rosseau and Palmer, who always remained the longest and came very often, passed in review before my gaze, until my wife assured me that what I saw was nothing more than a simple trapdoor painted black. My attention next was drawn to a huge picture, a copy of Murillo's Virgin, which one of the lads of the family had painted, and this began to enlarge itself and the figure and the angels began to move. It was thus I dreamed another day, after which I was restored to the world of reality and I called for books and read considerable from that time, until I was well, without any detriment to my health.

My quarters left nothing to be wished for, except that they were situated in the neighborhood of the toughest part of the city, where we were often annoyed by the noise of drunken and boisterous soldiers, who would show fight when the Provost Guard attempted to arrest them, and the guards would fire their guns in the air, the bullets often striking the house, and with a crashing noise tearing away the slats from the window blinds near to where I lay. My wife was

very much frightened, and more especially when some of the soldiers, to escape the guns, would rush up our stairs to hide. One night a fellow even pounded on the door for admission, and I told my terrified wife to tell him that there was a case of smallpox in the room, and a double barreled shot gun if necessary. She told him this, upon which he retreated in double quick time.

During the six weeks I lay here my salary was brought to me every week by two faithful friends, besides gifts of oranges, cigars and toys for the baby, which my wife would receive at the door. At the theatre a notice had been put up forbidding any one to visit me for fear of infecting the company. Notwithstanding, my friends came as usual, and stood in the garden, where, after giving a shrill whistle, my wife would come down to receive whatever they had brought. At the end of six weeks I was pronounced well, and for the first time I stood at the head of the stairs, and looked down into the garden where my benefactress stood holding the boy in her arms. He had grown chubby and fat, and upon my calling him by name, he looked up at me and began to cry.

The next day I reported at the theatre, and though I had neither rubbed, nor scratched my face, and consequently had but few pits, my face was still a reddish hue. I was given three weeks more to rest, receiving my salary during this period, as was customary with all respectable managers of that time that I had been connected with. I heard also that during my illness my friends had performed another good samaritan work. The father of one of our ballet girls had died. He had been an invalid for years, and the girl, who had supported him and two little brothers from her scanty salary, and what the work of her needle might bring, was in despair, when these two fellows came and washed, shaved and dressed the body, collected money among the actors, and gave him decent burial. I take

delight mentioning these facts. Of course, like all human beings, these men had their faults and often serious ones, but it is not by these that we are to judge men, but by the good that may be in them, for, "Use every man after his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?"

My benefactress of this period I have seen but once since that time while playing in Louisville. But I have written to her occasionally until she died some five years ago at the age of eighty-five. The other, of Louisiana, Missouri, passed away some twenty-five years ago, as I was told by the proprietor of the music store of that town, and leader of the orchestra. He was the boy who, in 1858, had played the guitar in our orchestra of two, and had gone for the medicine on the night I fell sick. I was deeply moved, for my chief object in going to this place for one night to play with Charles Pope in Ingomar, was to once more look upon the kindly face of her who had been so kind. I also wished to personally thank Gen. Palmer for his kindness, but often as I came to Springfield, he was out of town. He, too, has gone to "join the innumerable caravan." My two actor friends I have since met several times, but as I have not heard of them for many years, it is likely they too have made their exit from the stage of life. The memory of them is still, and will ever be, fresh with me.

My three weeks' rest having expired, I appeared as the villain, Jacob McClerty, in the "Octoroon." The house, as usual, was chiefly filled with soldiers. While I was engaged in the scene where McClerty is about to strike a boy with a club, a Wisconsin cavalry soldier stepped forward as far as the railing of the orchestra and deliberately aimed his revolver at me. The police, who had suspected him were ready and after a severe struggle and much excitement, dragged him from the house into the street, where he swore he would kill me on sight the first time he met me. As his head

was heavily bandaged, it was supposed that the man was suffering from a high fever, occasioned by a recent wound. Some time after, another man attempted to get at me by climbing upon the stage, from which, however, he was prevented by the shouts and threats of the public. After this I carried a long bowie knife concealed in my girdle for some time, but never had occasion to use it. Surely, it was a rough time, for the four long years during which the people of the two border cities, St. Louis and Louisville, had heard the almost continual sound of the drum and bugle, the tramp of soldiers and the rattle of baggage wagons and artillery had made them accustomed to these disorders, and more or less reckless. The respectable and intelligent soldier was quiet and peaceful in his intercourse with the citizens, and remained in his barracks during the night, while the ruffian prowled abroad in the dark streets or in the low dives, without regard for man or woman, and though they were severely punished by imprisonment, or labor in the streets, it was impossible to reach them all.

One night, during the long scene of a quiet play, the soldiers began to throw bullets at us. The bullet of the rifled musket of that day was a chunk of solid lead, almost as thick and as long as a man's thumb. One of them struck my partner in the scene on the calf of his leg, which was protected only by a thin silk stocking. The pain made him swear and fume in an undertone, and complain that he was prevented from whipping the whole regiment. The crowd laughed at him, and I implored him to keep quiet and not make things worse, when a bullet struck me square on the shinbone with such force that I believe if it had not been protected by the long saber I wore, it would have broken my leg. Infuriated with pain, I rushed down towards the footlights and shouted: "See here, boys, I want to know whether you are going to do the acting tonight, or I, for, by the gods, one of us will have to

quit!" Upon which they yelled out: "Bully boy! bully boy! go on! order, order!" And we were permitted to proceed. The season was prolific in similar scenes, most of which I have forgotten. I lived a long distance from the theatre, and had to pass through the toughest part of the town to reach my home. One night going homeward with a sergeant's guard that were commanded to that part of the city, they attempted to arrest a soldier whom they had dragged from a barroom. After bringing him as far as the door, the man made a fierce resistance, upon which one of the guards made a furious bayonet thrust at him, the weapon passing through both sides of his uniform and pinning him fast to the wooden frame of the door. The bayonet was withdrawn, and the man bled from a wound where the weapon had grazed his sides. The sergeant said a few words of disapproval to the guard, who answered that he only meant to prevent him from escaping, which, no doubt, was true.

Madame Pozzoni, from St. Louis, arrived to play the "Bohemian Girl." She brought a singer with her, a Mr. Powers, a nephew of the great American sculptor, who executed the famous Greek Slave. Powers played Thaddeus, while this time I was cast for Devilshoof. I wanted my wife to see the play, and accordingly took her with me. On our return home we were forced to run the gauntlet of a host of toughs that stood on the street in front of the barrooms and dives, while their remarks to myself and wife were such as made me tremble with rage; and even threats were uttered that actually made me fear she would be torn from my side. The heavy hickory, which I carried, and my knowledge to use it, were of no avail in this predicament, and so I had to submit. I shall never forget that promenade, and I am sure my wife won't. Things had come to such a pass that some of the employes of the theatre, on going home, would take the middle of the street with a revolver in each hand,

saying: "Now, the first man that bids me good evening, I'll shoot him." A few nights after the aforementioned occurrence, I witnessed the holding up of two men, one of them a small hunchback, who resisted and was dragged from Preston street into a near alley and relieved of his property. But, unlike our footpads of today, they did not abuse their victim after robbing him. I was once sorely pressed myself by a party of these night prowlers, but got off by saying that I was an actor, upon which they took me to a gas light, where, after assuring themselves of my identity, I was permitted to depart. Whether their generosity was owing to the respect they entertained for the craft, or the fact that there was nothing to be got from an actor, I do not know. Such was the state of affairs for those who were compelled to be on the street late at night, and daylight, also, had its perils. One morning while standing in front of my dwelling to see a regiment pass, some of the men left the ranks and were fired at as they ran up the streets. Every precaution was taken not to hit the men, but the people that were looking out of the windows, and around whose heads the brick and mortar dust flew, little care was taken whether they were shot or not. After these experiences, I resolved to change my quarters, and after a brief search I found a place in the center of the city, where I had a room in the second story. On the first night, as I prepared to go to rest in my new domicile, my wife, who was at the window, cried out that they were murdering some one on the opposite side. I looked and saw two men rifling the pockets of a man they had pressed to the ground, while the gurgling sounds that proceeded from him showed that he was being choked. The whole affair, however, was finished in a moment, when the robbers hurried off and their victim arose and tottered down the street. This did not look like a good exchange, but the locality subsequently proved to be safer than that of my former quarters.

One gloomy Sunday afternoon, while strolling towards the theatre for a walk, I saw a man in a long, whitish overcoat leaning against some millstones in front of a store in the Masonic Temple opposite the theatre. As the face was familiar to me, I stood and observed him awhile. Presently, the man looked up and seeing me, cried out: "Hallo, Mr. Krone, is that you?" and came over to shake hands with me. It was John Wilkes Booth, who had played an engagement in St. Louis, and was laying over in Louisville to take the night train for Baltimore. He told me of his hardships in coming down from Omaha to fill his date in St. Louis, and that he had made the greater part of the journey in sleds, all of which I had read about in the papers. He looked worn out, dejected and as melancholy as the dull, grey sky above us. After some talk about St. Louis, he asked me if I did not know some quiet and respectable beer saloon, where we could sit down and enjoy a social chat. I took him to Dannerman's on Third street, a resort frequented by actors, musicians and professional people generally. After ordering beer, he sat gloomily and silent for a time, and upon my asking him the cause, he smilingly answered that no doubt it was the rough experience he had passed through lately. He then advised me to procure an engagement with McVicker in Chicago, and called for pen, ink and paper and wrote me a flattering recommendation, which he handed to me with wishes for my success. I remained with him until evening, when he suddenly got up, shook hands with me and left. I never saw him again. The letter I never made use of, and later it was lost.

Miss Kitty Blanchard, afterwards the well known Mrs. McKee Rankin, appeared in the "French Spy" for a week. This play was a great favorite with the soldiers, as it treated of the capture of Algiers by the French and contained several battles and combats. On one of these performances a regiment took posses-

sion of the theatre, and when the battle scene between the French and Arabs took place, they became so enthused that many of them fired their guns at the stage, the bullets striking the proscenium, making the stucco ornaments and wood work fly in every direction, and fall upon our heads, and while our property men, who had become almost as reckless as the soldiers, fired bombs and other explosives at us from the flies to such an extent that the light woolen Arab costume I wore caught fire repeatedly from the burning brimstone that was scattered around. While fighting with the right hand my left was employed in putting out the fire on my body, whenever Louis James, my antagonist, shouted, "You're on fire again!"

On the morning of April 15, 1865, I left my home early to arrange for my benefit, which was to take place on the 19th. While passing Dannerman's saloon, where I had last seen John Wilkes Booth, and hearing a loud discussion in the place, I entered, and was informed by one of our musicians, who held a paper in his hand, that Booth had shot President Lincoln. Those that knew Booth did not believe the report, but when it was verified, and news also came from Washington of the indiscriminate hounding of actors generally, many of whom had to conceal themselves to save their lives, some of the soldiers in Louisville thought it necessary also to show their patriotism and zeal by going around to the public places and attempting to get up a feeling against the actors by abuse and vituperation. James Bates, our juvenile man, no sooner heard of this than he immediately started out in search of these parties to champion the cause of his colleagues. He was a tall and muscular man, and a boxer par excellence, and, though his friendly and boyish manner was suggestive of a quiet disposition, he was known to be a dangerous opponent. He came to the theatre in the evening almost at the last moment, with his clothes torn in various places, his face

scratched, a black eye, and swollen hands, which he bathed with brandy. While he was dressing and painting his blackened eye he related how many privates, non-commissioned and commissioned officers he had given battle to that day, which was quite unnecessary, for his face told the history. The knowledge of his exploits had spread through the town, and for awhile he was as popular as the best soldier in the army.

My benefit took place on the 19th of April, and as it rained all day, my share was only $63. I was anxious to return home, being surfeited with the incessant clamor of drum and bugle, and even the daily concerts of the Post Band in my neighborhood had lost its charm, and the sight of a soldier had become a positive annoyance. On the 26th of April, however, the welcome news of Gen. Lee's surrender arrived to fill our hearts with joy. During the following two months fresh troops arrived from day to day and among these the 8th Missouri regiment of Zouaves came in to receive its pay. I was ignorant of their presence until one evening when an unusually noisy crowd had filled the second tier, and on my entering on the stage some one cried, "Why, that's Charley Krone!" Upon which others shouted, "Hello Charley, how are you? How's St. Louis and Vide Poche? Don't you know me?" etc., etc., which was followed by everybody shouting "Charley! Charley!" I then knew who they were, and as I looked up at them and smiled, they burst out into a boisterous laugh and applause, after which a moment's silence prevailed, when a very tall Indian, who bore the flag of the regiment, stood up and in a low, sepulchral voice said, "Why, Charley!" Another uproar ensued.

During the performance numerous cards and notes were sent to me, some of them written in hieroglyphics that plainly told of the numerous cocktails by which they had been inspired. Most of them, however, con-

tained a request for me to induce Miss Blanchard to sing "Sherman's March to the Sea." I showed her these notes, and she gladly consented. No sooner had the orchestra begun the symphony than the uproar began, and lasted until after Miss Blanchard entered and made a sign for them to be quiet. After the first stanza they were wild with enthusiasm, and as the song proceeded they tore their badges and medals from their uniforms and flung them on the stage, and soon miniature photographs and money followed. After the act was over even a jack knife and some cartridges were found among the sweepings. After this ovation, more notes came, kindly inviting me to meet a lot of acquaintances at the saloon adjoining the theatre. I knew what that meant, and resolved to avoid it by climbing over the fence into the dark alley instead of using the customary exit of the gate to the street. After I got through I carefully climbed the fence which separated the theatre from the alley, and as I dropped down on the other side I found myself in the midst of the party, who were waiting for me. I confessed to having tried to avoid them until the morning, as a child and a wife, who was ill, were waiting for me. Upon this they laughed and excused me. But we entered the saloon, where the barkeeper was told to give me the best drink in the house, and upon being told that that was worth a quarter of a dollar, he was told that it wouldn't do, and they insisted upon his giving me a drink for a dollar. After this point was settled, a cigar worth a dollar was demanded, and as none such were to be obtained, I had to take a pocket full at less cost. In paying the bill a number of five and ten cent notes were dropped upon the floor. A newsboy who stood by picked them up and handed them to the owner, who, after glancing at them and seeing their small denomination, replied: "Oh, stick them in your pocket, sonny, for chicken feed." After a half an hour or so I invited them to see me the next

day and then left for home. As I passed by the theatre I observed quite an excitement within and a soldier lying on his back in the vestibule, surrounded by members of the company. His breast was uncovered and displayed a wound about an inch wide in the region of his heart. Miss Blanchard was bending over him and bathing his temples with some strong lotion, but the man evidently was dying. No one seemed to know him. He had been heard to say that he was weary of living in a country where a negro had privileges that were denied to the man who, for four years, had fought and bled for him, then turning to those around him, said: "Give Miss Blanchard my love." And upon this, he drew a dagger and plunged it into his heart.

The next morning as I went to rehearsal I saw four youths in cavalry uniforms, and armed with carbines, sitting calmly on the curbstone opposite the theatre, and as they appeared to be quite an object of interest to the bystanders I inquired the cause, and was told that they had just returned from an expedition of vengeance which they had executed some five miles from the town, where they had shot a man who, before the war, had murdered the father of one of the lads. They had called their victim from his home to the gate where he received the deadly balls from their carbines. This occurrence recalled to my mind many of the sad happenings of the past four years; such as the death of Gen. Nelson, who was shot by Gen. Jeff C. Davis, and the late sad fate of a young Confederate prisoner who had thrust his head out of the narrow window of his cell to see a Confederate flag which a young woman was waving in a window on the opposite side of the street. I was conversing with a friend at the time at the corner, and we observed the action and heard the sentinel's repeated command for him to keep his head inside, but thinking the matter of no importance, we paid no more attention to it, until we were startled

by a shot and a stifled shriek. The sentinel had fired, and during the day we heard that the young fellow had died. These reflections, and many more, filled me with sadness, until the next day, when I received a letter from Ben De Bar, offering me an engagement with a liberal salary for the next season, and I accepted.

The season was drawing to a close, the soldiers had been paid off, and for some days and nights the shouts of the men, and the sound of drum and trumpet announced their homeward march. One morning early my little boy, who was watching them at the open window, cried out, "The boys all gone!" I sprang out of bed and looked, and sure enough, the remnant, consisting of a few men, some of whom were leading dogs by a rope, or carrying cages with birds, one with a cat, another with a hawk or an eagle mounted on his knapsack, and a few who wearily plodded along supported on rough canes, was all that was left of them, and these vanished.

The turmoil was over, and I joyfully sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

A few weeks later I was ready to depart, and though the management wished to retain me, and Col. Wallace, one of the editorial staff of the "Journal," a gentleman who had been very kind to me, and had supplied me with the best books from his library during the season, came in person and pressed the management to induce me to remain. But I had too many family reasons for going home. After a hasty parting from the many friends who had been so kind to me, and from my benefactress, who shed tears at our departure, I boarded the train for St. Louis one sultry evening.

On the route home the train passed through numerous triumphal arches decorated with flags, ribbons, flowers and inscriptions of welcome to the returned heroes. At one station several companies of cavalry

were taken on board, and I went into their car to take a smoke. They were in high glee, the bottle was passed around freely, and ere long a brisk fight was got up, in which they drew their long sabres and hacked and slashed at one another like so many tartars, smashing the windows and making a great deal of noise until the officers restored peace. An hour or so after the train stopped at a camp at the foot of a hill. The tents, which were all lit up, and a camp fire near the track, formed a most picturesque scene. The men left the train and were received with loud shouts of their comrades of the camp. This was the last episode of the war that I witnessed.

As I have formerly stated the character and condition of the theatre at that time, to avoid repetition I will for the future confine myself to speak only of the celebrities and popular actors, together with the changes from the old system that occurred during that period, until the death of Ben De Bar.

The company for the season of 1865 consisted of the following members: George De Vere, Charles A. Krone, Radcliff J. Barrett, William Wiggins, D. Vanderin, M. Slevin, B. J. Wilson, Charles Keller, H. Hales, E. P. Clapp, James Ryan, M. Morrison. And the following ladies: Mrs. Vanderin, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Slevin, Miss Jones, Miss Vallée and Miss Mortimer. George De Vere, a man of thorough education, excellent character, and a well trained, judicious actor, was the leading man. He was one of the company that had been brought from England by Jones Bates of Cincinnati, which at the beginning of the Civil War was playing in the South, where De Vere was detained in Richmond until peace had been proclaimed, after which he was permitted to come north to join De Bar. His wife, Miss Nellie Mortimer, was the chambermaid, and an excellent actress, and of a most prepossessing stage appearance. William Wiggins, the low comedian, had just returned from a four years' service as a sergeant in the Union Army. He

was a man possessed of rare talents for his vocation, and who certainly would have been numbered among the best, if death had not cut short his young life. Although eccentric in disposition, he was kind-hearted and honest. On one occasion I went to see him, and found him in hot contention with a tramp, who had put a large load of coal into his cellar and only charged him 50 cents for the job. Wiggins thought the sum too small and handed him a dollar, and the tramp had refused it. After referring the judgment to me and I agreeing with him, he told the tramp to take the dollar or a licking, that he was a poor but honest man, etc., etc. The tramp replied that he was not as poor nor more honest than himself, and still refused. After some wrangling he agreed to take a drink and a cigar at the saloon, where Wiggins slyly expedited several cigars into his pockets, saying: "So that halve is paid!" Another peculiar character, although a mere youth, was Sol Smith Russell, or rather Sol Smith, as he called himself at the time, until the old veteran manager and genuine Sol Smith objected to his using the name of a family to which he was not related. The old gentleman had proposed the name of Smythe to him, but as this did not suit him, he changed it into Sol Smith Russell. It was generally believed that he was one of the old manager's family, but while playing in his company in New York some years ago, he told me, laughingly, that such was not the case, but that his father kept a tin shop on Market street, near Fourth, and that he was born somewhere on Hickory street, near Seventh. He was what might be termed the second low comedian of the company, and, though but a short time in the business, gave promise of future excellency in that species of melancholy and mouldy humor in which he later became such a master and attained wealth and fame. Shortly before his death, which occurred a few years ago, he had departed from his accustomed and special style of acting, and entered with considerable success into the

region of old English comedy. He was a quiet and affable man, who always spoke with the warmest affection of his native city and his connection with Ben de Bar, of whom he had a portrait in the character of "Toodles," painted by Mat Hastings of this city, hanging in his study.

On the 12th of November a daughter was added to my family. I now had a pair, and as everything was getting on smoothly at the theatre, I made up my mind to remain with the present management as long as possible, so as to be able to educate those depending upon me in a proper manner.

The great event of this season was the arrival of Ed Forrest and John McCullough, who supported him, and directed his plays. He opened in "Virginius" on Feb. 12, 1866, to a crowded house. He had created the part of "Virginius" according to his own unique conception, and although he was now sixty years of age, it is doubtful whether the world has ever seen a grander representation of that character. When, after the opening scene of the citizens, his cue for entering had been given, he stepped out of the green room, which was some forty feet distant from the stage, and immediately began to speak as he moved towards the scene, while the words: "Why did you make him Decemvir, and first Decemvir, too?" rang out like a trumpet blast. The effect was electric and the audience broke out in thunders of applause and cheers, which continued for a time before he was allowed to speak. No wonder, for to hear that voice and see that noble figure in its symmetry, power and repose, one could not help but feel, not only the spirit of the noble Roman father he represented, but that of the colossal and world-ruling Rome of ancient days, as if a magician had drawn aside the veil of history for a moment and said: "There, take a brief glance, feel it, and never forget it!" This is the power that distinguishes all great actors from those of minor talents.

AN UNUSUAL INDIAN FLINT NOTCHED HOE.

By Dr. H. M. Whelpley.

The Indian flint notched hoe, of which a full size illustration is given on plate I, is of unusual shape, size and thickness and was found outside of the flint notched hoe zone. It was perhaps also made by an exceptional method.

The comparative statements in reference to the hoe are based on observations made while studying various collections which contain Indian flint agricultural implements. My own series at the date of this writing, January 20, 1914, numbers 254 notched hoes.

Shape. Flint notched hoes are usually in general outline, circular, oval or triangular.[1] They seldom, if ever, approach the quadrangular form.[2]

The hoe under consideration in outline forms a perfect quadrangle, with sides in the ratio of 57:38. (See Fig. 1.) The length of this hoe is unusually great in proportion to the width. It is the only notched hoe in my collection which is so perfectly quadrangular in outline.

The stem is the most pronounced and symmetrical of any notched hoe of the T type that I have seen.

The front[3] face of the hoe is convex in both diameters. The back face is almost flat from side to side and quite so from top to bottom.

The neck is the most vulnerable feature of a notched hoe. This specimen has a very thick and substantial neck.

[1] Missouri Historical Society Department of Archaeology Bulletin I, plate VIII.

[2] See Missouri Historical Society Museum, Case No. 3.

[3] The front face is the flat surface away from the workman when the hoe is in use. The back face is the side towards him.

AN UNUSUAL FLINT NOTCHED HOE.
Found in Boone County, Mo. Size 7½x4½ inches.
H. M. WHELPLEY, Collection.
PLATE I.

Size. The dimensions, $7^{1}/_{8}$x$4^{6}/_{8}$, are not maximum for flint notched hoes, but are far above the average.

Thickness. The maximum thickness is 1 1/16 inch at a point just above and to the right of F in the outline. This was evidently a refractory place in the

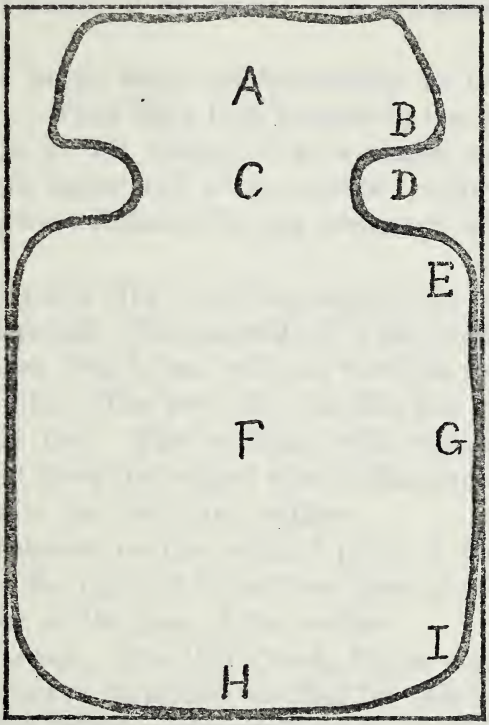


FIG. 1.

A, STEM; B, TANG; C, NECK; D, NOTCH; E, SHOULDER; F, FACE; G, EDGE; H, POINT; I, CORNER.

flint, and the workman failed to flake it down to 7/8-inch which is the general thickness.

The entire specimen remains uniformly thick up to about one-half inch from the edge, when it gracefully slopes down to a sharp edge at an angle of about 25 degrees This is unusually thick, even when the size of the implement is considered. Hoes generally slope gradually from the center of the blade down to a sharp edge.

Weight. The 27 ounces is in keeping with the size and thickness The flint is compact in texture.

Workmanship. The piece is large and thick for a hoe and fails to please the eye as does a thin flint notched hoe of the usual type. Still, it was the product of a skillful workman. It is symmetrical and well made.

The large, deep notches testify to the mechanic's ability. They were both formed in the same manner; that is, by the taking off of a single semilunar flake on both upper and lower surface. Only two of these flakes were followed by any secondary chipping whatever.

The point (H) or cutting edge of the blade has been resharpened. The material of a flint implement which has been long in use will not work as readily as does fresh flint. The new edge on this hoe gives evidence of this fact. The workman who repaired the tool ground down the ragged edge to the symmetrical curve shown in the plate and outline.

A tubercle on the original piece of flint just above and to the right of F has been ground off down to the surface of the face of the nodule.

Material. The Mill Creek, Union County, Ill., Indian quarry furnished the flint for this hoe. The photograph shows a long strip of the original weathered surface of the flat piece of flint from which it was made. On the obverse side may be seen about one-half as much "bark" as this coarse, rough, dark colored crust is termed.

Color. The implement is mottled, grayish white. so frequent among fine hoes and spades from Mill Creek quarry material.

Age. An agricultural implement was in use only a short time each year. This one must have seen service in making many crops, for the faces are glazed from friction in the soil and the neck is much worn where the hoe handle was attached.

The maker may have lived centuries ago. The hoe must have passed through many generations and over wide territory as a result of war or trade and barter.

Location. Boone County, Mo., where the last Indian owner of this hoe was located, is well outside of the notched, flint hoe belt, which does not extend far west of St. Louis County.

How interesting it would be to know when and how the hoe happened so far from home.

Was the Hoe Made From a Spade? The answer can only be an expression of opinion. I have quite a number of notched hoes that were undoubtedly shaped from flint spades of suitable form.[4] This hoe may have had such a progenitor, but I am undecided. The flaking is superior to any work I have observed on a hoe undoubtedly made out of a spade.

It is generally taken for granted that flint notched hoes were never made from perfect spades, but that broken implements were sometimes utilized for the purpose.

St. Louis in 1837.

St. Louis, Tuesday Evening, July 4th, 1837.

"As I went to church on Sunday morning, to my utter astonishment, in passing by the new theatre, I saw some twenty or thirty men at work on it—masons, house carpenters, and painters. God's law, *Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy,* was to be of no account, because the people of St. Louis were anxious to have their theatre opened on the evening of the Fourth of July! Each one of the several denominations has a church here. From all I could learn, however, I fear religion is at a very low ebb in St. Louis.

Rev. John A. Clark, D. D., *Gleanings by the Way.*

Note: This was Ludlow & Smith's Theatre, opened Monday, July 3, 1837, on the site of the Old Post Office at Third and Olive Streets.

[4] Missouri Historical Society Department of Archaeology Bulletin I, plate IX.

THE TWO FORTS AT SANDUSKY BAY.

During the time that Ohio was debatable ground and, for twenty years, the subject of contention between England and France, two forts were erected on the shores of Sandusky Bay, each of which has been known to history as Fort Sandusky.

The first of these forts, built by the French in the winter of 1750-51, destroyed before 1754, stood on the north shore of the Bay, south of the present Port Clinton; the second, erected by the British in the fall of 1761, and destroyed in 1763, stood on the south shore of the Bay, on or near the site of the present City of Sandusky.

On May 30, 1912, in commemoration of these two forts, and of two other mythical forts, there was dedicated a monument which had been set up on the north shore of the Bay, on the site of the French Fort, by the Business Men's Association of Port Clinton. The dedicatory services were arranged and carried out by the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution, Daughters of 1812, and the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. The monument purported to mark the common approximate site of not only the French Fort, but also of English and the two mythical forts. On the four sides of the monument were attached bronze tablets, with inscriptions designed to set forth the matters which the monument had been built to commemorate.

One of the bronz tablets was paid for by the Colonial Dames, and the other three by the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. The inscriptions on the tablets were prepared by a trustee of the Ohio Society, who also made an address at the dedication; and another address was made by the President of that Society. One of these tablets (that paid for

by the Colonial Dames), and the formal addresses of the two officers of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, contained so many incorrect statements regarding the Sandusky forts and their sites and history, that the writer of this felt called upon, in the interest of historical truth, to draw attention to these erroneous satements, and, as a member of the Ohio Historical Society, to protest against that Society standing as sponsor for the perpetuation on a bronze tablet of so much manufactured and fictitious history.

This he did, in a letter which was printed in the April, 1912, number of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society's *Quarterly,* and which specified seven incorrect statements as having been set forth on that tablet of the Sandusky Fort monument as matters of historical fact. The substance of this communication was as follows:

The bronze tablet on the west face of the monument reads:

"Fort Sandoski. 1745-1748, 1750-1751, 1761-1763. The first fort built by White Men in Ohio, erected by British Traders from Penna. and Va., in 1745, under the protection of the Huron Chief, Nicolas; and destroyed by him after his defeat by the French in 1748, prior to his removal to the Illinois country.

"Rebuilt by British in 1750, and 'usurped by the French in 1751.' Again rebuilt by British soldiers in 1761, after the surrender of Quebec and French Sovereignty in America," etc.

The tablet on the south face of the monument recites that DeLery landed near the spot on which the monument stands, "and discovered the ruins of the Old Fort, Fort Sandoski, 1745-1748, 1750-1751."

The first and only Fort erected near this spot, or on the north shore of Sandusky Bay, was built by the French in the winter of 1750-1751, as stated in John Pattin's *Narrative* (*Wis. Hist. Collis.,* xviii., 145) and in DeLery's *Journal of* 1754 (*Wilderness Trail,* ii., 168). The British never built a fort on the north side

of Sandusky Bay. No fort on either side of the Bay was built by the British in 1750.

The first British Sandusky Fort was built on the south side of the Bay by a company of British soldiers and artisans under command of Lieut. Elias Meyer, who wrote to Colonel Bouquet September 1, 1761, that he had arrived at Lake Sandusky, and had "fixed on a spot for a Block-house, three miles from a village called by the Indians, Canontout, where all the traders unload (their pack-horses) and load (into boats) their goods for Detroit. It is almost in the middle of Little Lake Sandusky." (*Calendar of Bouquet MSS., Canadian Archives,* 1889, p. 190.) Lieutenant Meyer wrote Bouquet again from *Fort* Sandusky, November 29, 1761. "The Block-house, palisades, etc., are now finished."

The late William Darlington, in his *Christopher Gist's Journal,* states that this English Fort Sandusky stood at the mouth of Mill's Creek, and cites as his authority a letter in the Canadian Archives from Bouquet to Amherst, dated December 2, 1761. A "Fort Destroyed," near the "Little Portage" on the north side of the Bay, is marked on a small sketch map of the Bay, made by an officer in 1761, and now with the Bouquet MSS. in the library of the British Museum. This manuscript map also shows the location of the Indian villages *and the British block-house on the south side of the Bay* (Darlington's *Gist*).

The correct location of this fort is also shown on Thomas Hutchin's map of 1764, published with his account of the Bouquet Expedition. Lieutenant Hutchins visited this Fort in 1762 and knew whereof he wrote.

In all probability there never was a fort built by English traders, either on the north side or south side of Sandusky Bay. The assumption that there was such a fort is based on the erroneous account of the conspiracy of Chief Nicolas, published by Mr. Goodman in his *Journal of Captain William Trent.* The

principal incident in the rebellion of Nicolas was the murder of five French traders in the spring of 1747, during their return from the "White River" to Detroit. Mr. Goodman, following the editor of the *New York Colonial Documents,* erroneously identified this White River with the White River of southern Indiana; while it was really the Cuyahoga, and close to Mr. Goodman's own home. Nicolas and his band did not retire to the Illinois country, as Mr. Goodman thought, and as stated on the inscription quoted above; but they fled to the Muskingum, and with the co-operation of George Croghan, built a town which was called Conchake, near the north bank of the Tuscarawas, just above its mouth. A town built some years later by the Delaware Indians, a mile or two lower down, on the Muskingum, was given a Delawere form of the name of Wyandot, or Huron, town which it succeeded, and has ever since been known as Coshocton.

These facts are mostly set forth in DeLery's *Journal* of 1755.

Nicolas's band of Hurons (now called Wyandots) seems to have settled on the south side of Sandusky Bay in the summer of 1740. "The 16th of September, 1740, Monsieur de Noyan writes that the third chief of the Hurons, named Angouirot, had just arrived from Sandoski, where he had left nearly all his brothers, cutting down trees to extend their fields." (French manuscript from the Canadian Archives, printed in *Wis. Hist. Colls.,* xvii., 286).

DeLery's *Journal* and maps show that the fort of Nicolas was built on the south side of Sandusky Bay, and the *Journal* explicitely states that it was built by the Hurons themselves (*Wilderness Trail,* ii., 16.)

The Pennsylvania traders did repair a fort for the Miami Indians at Pickawillany in Ohio when Gist was there in 1751, and they are said to have built it before 1750. If so, this fort may have been the "first fort built by white men in Ohio." It is certain none of the Sandusky forts were; (for George Crogan had

trading posts at both Conhake and Lower Shawnee Town when Gist visited those places in 1750-1751, at the time the first Franch Fort was being built.)

Immediately following the publication of the letter setting forth the citations given in the preceding paragraphs, the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, at its annual meeting in May, instructed its Secretary to "*have prepared a formal correction of Mr. Hanna's communication on the Sandusky Fort!* Accordingly, in the July, 1913, number of the Society's *Quarterly,* both the Secretary and President printed articles written for the purpose of defending the position of the officers and trustees in the matter of the incorrect inscriptions; but not controverting in any degree the facts set forth in my communication.

The Secretary's defense was a simple and appropriate statement of the fact that the inscriptions criticised had been based on Mitchell's map of 1755, and on the writings of Messrs. Alfred Goodman, C. C. Baldwin and Charles Whittlsey, the first two of whom had written that English traders had, in 1745, built a small fort, or block-house or post, on the north side of Sandusky Bay; and Mr. Whittlsey wrote that the natural point for a fort is on the north side of the Bay, Bradstreet's camp was there. "It is also probable that Ensign Paully's block-house or stockade was at the same place. Likewise, DeLongueuil wrote March 20, 1748: "The conduct of Nicolas is suspicious. The English in Philadelphia came there twice during the winter, and were well received."

The defense of the President of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society to the writer's criticism of the inaccuracies in the main inscription on the Fort Sandusky monument consisted largely in an attack on the competency of the critic who cited the facts, rather than in an attempt to meet the facts themselves. Among other things he said:

"First—Mr. Hanna's loose habit of observation (?) may be inferred from his first statement that the

bronze tablet on the west face was 'erected under the direction of the Ohio State Historical Society', quoting the inscription in full, all but the concluding sentence, which Mr. Hanna fails to quote, but which reads, 'erected by the Ohio Socity Colonial Dames of America'.

"The inscription is correct in every detail!

"Second—(After citing the entry in DeLery's *Journal* which relates his discovery of the ruins of 'the Fort the French had *built* in 1751'.) "There is here no denial of the previous occupation of the Fort by the English.

"The tablet further reads, 'Rebuilt by the British in 1750, and usurped by the Franch in 1751.' The authority for this is found in Mitchell's map published in 1755, which locates the Fort at the point where the tablet is erected, and adds, 'Usurped by the French in 1751.' Who, but the British, does Mr. Hanna suppose, was in possession of this place in 1751, when the French 'usurped' it?

"Third—The next mistake of Mr. Hanna is his statement that 'The first British Sandusky Fort was built on the south side of the Bay by a company of British soldiers and artisans under command of Lieutenant Elias Meyer, in 1761.' This shows both Mr. Hanna's ignorance of the locality of which he is writing, and his lack of close attention to the authorities which he quotes. If he had noted carefully the statement in DeLery's *Journal,* he would have learned that during the high water, (in March) the portage across the neck of the Marblehead Peninsula was under water much of the time, thus making an island 'almost in the middle of the Little Lake Sandusky.' * * * This was the place, 'almost in the middle of the Little Lake Sandusky' (in September), where Lieutenant Elias Meyer writes, 'The block-houses and palisades were finished Nov. 29, 1761,' and where the men under Ensign Pauli were massacred by Pontiac's minions

May 18, 1763, in the British Fort Sandoski on the north side of Lac Sanduski, which now is marked by enduring bronze tablets!

"Fourth—Mr. Hanna's statement that the White River from which the five French traders were returning when they were massacred by Nicolas in the spring of 1747, was the Cuyahoga River, is a mere assertion, without any foundation in fact. Neither Colonel Whittlesey, Mr. A. T. Goodman, nor Judge Baldwin, long officers of the Western Reserve Historical Society at Cleveland, on the Cuyahoga River, and all extremely anxious to prove the importance of their own locality, *ever thought of claiming the Cuyahoga River for the White River!*

"From the foregoing it appears that Mr. Hanna's criticism betrays such carelessness in the use of data which were plainly before his eyes, that no confidence can be placed in his general statements when unsupported by definite references, and that, when definite references are made, it is not likely that he has considered them carefully enough to give them proper interpretation.

"The experiences of Secretary Randall in his History of Ohio, in dealing with the sophistries of Mr. Hanna in trying to prove that LaSalle did not discover the Ohio, brings out Mr. Hanna's defects of historical Judgment. Reviewing Hanna's argument in the case of LaSalle, Randall says, "they are mainly negative, and leave LaSalle's claims still unrefuted, with the preponderance of evidence decidedly in his favor, and the judgment of Parkman still unreversed that LaSalle discovered the Ohio." A critic who can in a nonchalant manner dismiss the conclusions of Parkman, discredit the conversations published by Margry, doubt the correctness of LaSalle's 'Memorial Frontenac,' think that Joliet's map was a species of forgery, and that the opinion of Whittlesey, Goodman and Baldwin, of the Western Reserve Historical Society, are of no value in the history of the regions to which they each

give their close attention, is not one whose opinions are to be taken without investigation!"

After Mr. Wright's article appeared, the undersigned wrote again to the Secretary of the Ohio Society (who is also editor of its *Quarterly*), setting forth some additional citations from contemporary participants and travelers, further to prove the error of the positon taken by the President and trustees of the Society in the matter of the inscription on the Sandusky Fort monument.

But this second communication, the editor of the Quarterly (an esteemed friend of the writer) omitted to acknowledge, and after waiting for six months for its publication, an inquiry brought the reply that it "could not be printed in the *Quarterly*, because it would have to be answered! *And it could not be answered.*

The communication which the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society decline to print was as follows:

On reading the July number of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical *Quarterly* the writer was pleased to learn that his criticism of the Sandusky Fort tablets, made in the April number of the *Quarterly* had caused the Society to begin action at its annual meeting towards getting the matter corrected. It was somewhat surprising, however, to note that the first action taken was not towards the correction of the false tablets, but only towards the correction of the author of the criticism.

In undertaking to do this, Mr. Wright, as President of the Society, commits himself unqualifiedly as sponsor for the west tablet by saying "The inscription is correct in every detail."

The errors in the inscription as pointed out by the writer are italicized as follows:

(1) The *first* fort built by white men in Ohio.

(2) Erected *by British traders from Penna. and Va.*

(3) In *1745*, under the protection of the Huron Chief Nicolas, and destroyed by him after his defeat by the French in 1748 prior to

(4) *His removal to the Illinois country.*

(5) *Rebuilt by British in 1750* and "usurped by the French in 1751."

(6) *Again rebuilt by British soldiers in 1761* after the surrender of Quebec.

(7) *And French sovereignty in America.*

And finally destroyed at the outbreak of Pontiac's Conspiracy 18th May, 1763, etc.

The first three of these statements are made on the authority of Mr. Goodman, who also thought the village of Nicolas was on the *north* shore of Sandusky Bay. After a very laborous search, extending over some years, I have not been able to find anything to substantiate them in contemporary records, either printed or manuscript. If Mr. Wright can substantiate them from any original source, I shall be very much gratified.

DeLery's *Journal* and maps (of which a complete abstract covering his trip from Detroit to Fort Duquesne is printed in the writer's volume on *The Wilderness Trail*) show that the fort and village of Chief Nicolas were built on the *south* side of Sandusky Lake. Hence, without regard to the future possible substantiation of Mr. Goodman's statements, they cannot apply to a site on the north shore of the Bay.

The fourth incorrect statement of the Sandusky Fort tablet refers to the removal of Nicolas to the Illinois country.

This question has been treated at much length in the chapters on the Ohio Mingoes of the White River and the Conchake Route in my book, *The Wilderness Trail;* and the identity of the White River with the Cuyahoga fully established by means of some heretofore unpublished manuscripts from the Canadian Archives, as

well as by citations from the journals of DeLery and Montresor.

The fifth incorrect statement of the Sandusky Fort tablet is that the fort was "rebuilt by the British in 1750."

Can Mr. Wright furnish any authority for such a statement? I challenge him to do so. He says that because it is stated on Mitchell's map of 1755 that the Sandusky Fort was "usurped by the French in 1751," the fort must have been originally built by the English.

The section of Mitchell's map which is printed with Mr. Wright's article also states that the Fort of the Miamis (now Fort Wayne) was "usurped by the French in 1750," and that the forts at and below Presqu's Isle were "usurped by the French."

Would Mr. Wright contend that these also had been built by the English?

Finally, Mr. Wright asserts that the British blockhouse built by Lieut. Meyer in the *dry season* of 1761 was *built on an island;* which island turned out to be, after the high waters had receded, part of the north shore of Sandusky Bay!

The best original authority on the location of the Sandusky Fort of 1761 is the 1764 map of Thomas Hutchins, as stated in my former communication. Hutchins visited the fort in 1762, and he locates it on the *south* side of the Bay. His description of the route from Fort Pitt to Sandusky taken from the original manuscript in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, is printed for the first time in *The Wilderness Trail.* Hutchins states that Sandusky was three and a half miles beyond the Indian town of Junudat on the Pennsylvania Path.

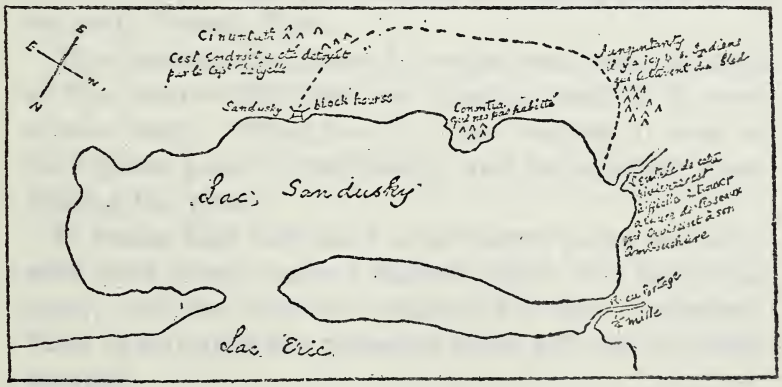
Captain John Montresor, one of the engineers with Bradstreet's army, when it visited Sandusky Bay in 1764, also locates it on the *south* side (see his *Journals*, in *New York Hist. Soc. Colls.* xiv., pp. 297, 306).

Sir William Johnson, who visited the site of the

Fort a few days before the building was begun by Lieutenant Meyer, also locates it on the *south* side of the Bay.

He writes under date of September 22, 1761 (Stone's *Life of Johnson* ii, 466), "I sent Mr. Croghan to the Indian town (across the bay from the portage) and went down the lake in a little birch canoe to the place where the block-house is to be built by Dr. Myer. This place is about three leagues from the mouth of Lake Sandusky where it disembogues itself into Lake Erie. They have a view of all boats which may pass or come in, from said post. It is about three miles from another village of Hurons, and fifteen by water (around Bay Ridge Point) from the opposite to the carrying-place, and nine by land. *The Pennsulvania road comes by this post.* * * * * Wednesday, 23d * * * Last evening Mr. Croghan and Dr. Myer came to our camp."

The writer has recently found in the British Museum a French map of 1761-63, sketched probably at



Rough copy of a sketch map of Lake Sandusky, made at Detroit, 1761-63, showing Fort Sandusky, on the south side of Sandusky Bay. Copied by Constance H. White from the Haldimand MSS. in the British Museum; MSS. 21, 686, f. 72.

Detroit, of which a reproduction is given below. This map proves conclusively the location of the British block-house at Sandusky.

Montresor located the sight about one and three-quarter miles west of "Thistle Creek." Darlington

thought it stood at the mouth of Mills' Creek. It was certainly near there.

If Mr. Wright will look up the history of this subject he will find that the west tablet on the Sandusky Fort monument, instead of being "correct in every detail," is incorrect in every substantial detail.

Mark A. Hanna

New York, May 20, 1914.

HAS THE SITE OF FORT ORLEANS BEEN DISCOVERED?

On the south side of the Missouri river about one mile north of Malta Bend, in Saline County, Missouri, was recently found the remains of what appears to be an early French Fort.

The remains are situated on what was once the bank of the river which has now changed until it is over a mile away. When the fort was erected, it was on the highest point in the vicinity and immediately overlooking the river.

It seems that this land until recent years was covered with heavy walnut timber which was lately cut away, and the land was plowed for farm purposes. Then it was that the presence of an old fort was discovered.

From what can be seen now there was a ditch probably in a circular form about five hundred feet long with an embankment and several pits or embankments outside of the ditch ten to twenty feet across and which are now three or four feet deep, probably rifle pits.

The ground is filled with bones to considerable depth and over quite a territory. The bones seem to be buffalo, deer, turkey and other game with which the

adjacent plains abounded and show long occupancy by former tenants. Only part of one or two human skeletons were exposed in plowing. The greatest mystery, however, regarding the find is the large number of broken gun barrels that have been found there.

It is safe to say that no less than one hundred gun barrels have been carried away, and in nearly every instance the guns show conclusively that they have been broken by violence. Many of the barrels are broken in three or four pieces and that they were broken while yet in a fair condition is shown by the fact that the breach pin is broken off at the first screw hole, thus showing that they were broke out of the stock. They are an early model of flint lock guns, smooth bore, about forty-four calibre, and somewhat resembled the early English fowling piece.

There is a similarity in the make of the barrels which would lead one to think they might have belonged to a body of soldiers who were all armed with weapons as much alike as hand made arms of early days would probably have been. Only one has been found on which the inscription could be read, and that has the French name "Thielliere Freres" engraved on the lock, without any date.

Numerous iron tomahawks, iron hoes of an early make, and parts of knives were found; also whetstones for sharpening tools, but no pottery of any kind. Not one piece of brass guard from the guns or other bright metal has been found, showing the grounds were carefully looted by the Indians after the whites were gone, since the Indians would take away all brass for their personal adornment.

There are some flat stones embedded in the ground which could have been used in connection with buildings as stepping stones at the doors, and that there was a gun shop is shown by a few pieces of guns with the breech pin removed, and a lock with some of the screws taken out. The single gun lock found shows evidence of having been in a hot fire, which would in-

dicate it was in a building that was burned. The pieces of guns were scattered about over five acres of ground and were not buried or hid away, and the whole looks to the writer to have been the scene of a massacre, but why the victorious party, whether white or Indian, would abandon or destroy the guns is hard to understand, since in those days they were man's most valuable possession.

I can find nothing in the early history of Missouri which will throw any light on this little fort, and since war in its most awful form has been enacted here and heroes of whom history has not heard have made this their last stand, I ask that those that can furnish any light on this find be invited to do so that the truth may be known.

Ed L. Hill

Editorial Note: Fort Orleans was built in 1723 by a party of French soldiers under the command of Captain Etienne Venyard de Bourgmont. The purpose of the fort was to bar the Spanish from the upper Mississippi Valley, and the immediate occasion for it was the expedition of Villazur from New Mexico in 1719. That the fort was built in the neighborhood of Mr. Hill's discovery is well settled, though Captain Stoddard, following Le Page du Pratz, says that it was upon an island in the Missouri some distance above the Osage river. Du Pratz's map (1758) shows a great island extending from near the mouth of the Kaw about to the Lamine with the fort at the lower end. D'Anville's map (1755), Otten's (German, 1755), Lopez's (Spanish, 1762) and Pelairet and Delarochette's (1765), all place the fort on the north side of the river, in what is now Carroll County. The only map known to the editor, which places it on the south side is that given in de Villiers du Terrage, *Les Dernières Années*

de la Louisiane Française, p. 72. This map is without date.

The Society is indebted to Mr. Hill for many specimens of the articles found at the place mentioned in his communication, all of which are on exhibition at the Jefferson Memorial.

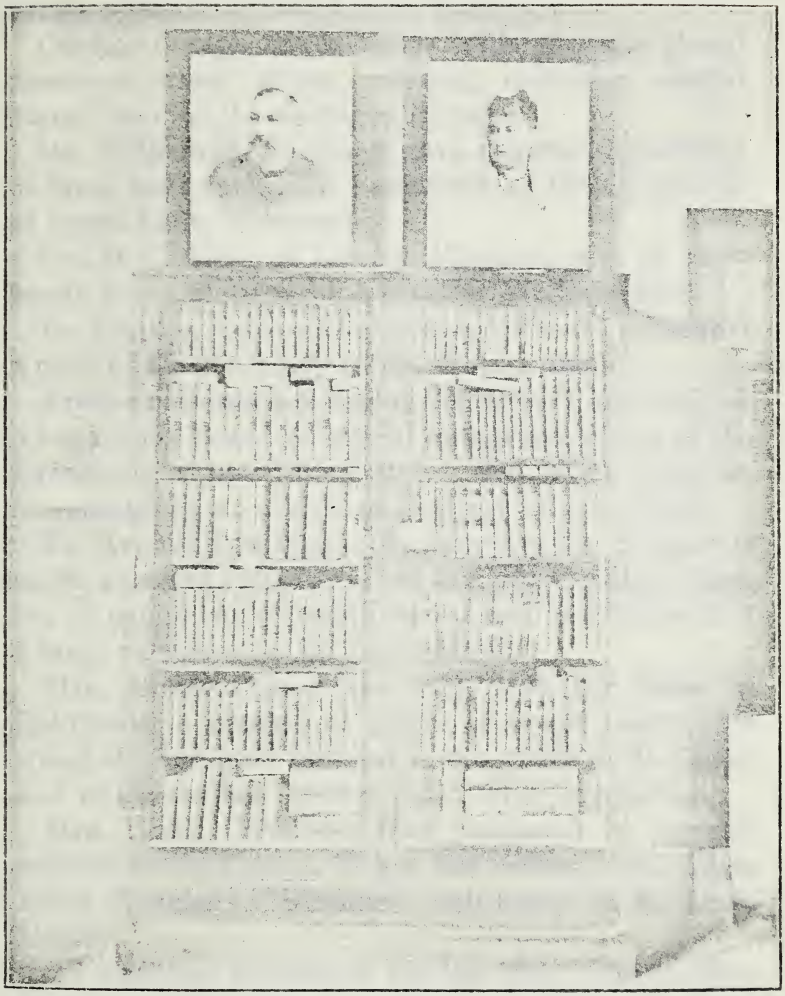
NOTES.

Erratum: The portrait of Noah Miller Ludlow in the last issue of the Collections, page 214, was, by a vagary of the typesetter, designated as N. C. Ludlow. Mr. Ludlow was born in New York City, 4th July, 1795, and died in St. Louis, 9th January, 1886. He was an actor, theatrical manager and writer, and brought to St. Louis, in 1819, the first dramatic company which came to the City. He was for many years an active member of this Society, and a number of valuable books in its library were presented by him.

Gifts: The friends of the Society have been so liberal in their gifts since the last issue of the Collections, that space permits the acknowledgment here of a few only. A complete list will be published later.

Dr. Cyrus A. Peterson gave a large number of scarce and valuable books which the Society was allowed to choose for itself from his comprehensive historical library. Mrs. William Lucas presented a large portion of the library of her late husband, and also a portrait of Mr. Lucas and one of herself. The portraits and a part of the books are shown in the picture given on the opposite page. Mr. Lucas was in his life time a generous benefactor to the Society, and both he and Mrs. Lucas will be always held in grateful remembrance.

Mrs. Seth W. Cobb presented the valuable Indian collection of her late husband, consisting of various



BOOKS AND PICTURES.

Gift of Mrs. William Lucas, Milwaukee, 1913.

articles of clothing, moccasins, a cradle, dolls, weapons and other articles, some of which are elaborately decorated with porcupine quills and bead work, mostly of Souian manufacture. Also a large number of Reinhart's portraits of well known Indians.

Captain Joseph Boyce added to his previous liberal donations about thirty volumes, including several scarce ones of the Southern Bivouac.

Mr. William M. Faribault gave a splendid specimen of birch bark canoe, the handiwork of the Chippewas of Leech Lake, Minnesota.

Col. D. C. Allen, of Liberty, Missouri, gave an autograph letter of General Alexander W. Doniphan.

Dr. Clayton Keith, of Louisiana, Missouri, presented a copy of his genealogy of the Watson family.

From a constant benefactor the Society has received a beautifully bound volume of autograph letters of the Presidents of the United States, each letter being accompanied by an engraved portrait of the writer.

To Mr. William Clark Breckenridge the Society is under renewed obligations for the gift of a large number of pamphlets of local interest and importance and a large collection of St. Louis music.

Mrs. Amélie Primm Noel sent, from her home in California, a number of pieces of creole music with which she had been familiar in her youth in St. Louis, and which she had written down from recollection.

Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Hull presented a portrait painted by de Franca, of her late father, Col. Adam Black Chambers (1808-1854), well known in St. Louis history.

An excellent portrait of the late Gen. John B. Henderson, at one time a member for Missouri of the United States Senate, was presented by his son, Mr. John B. Henderson, of Washington.

Misses Laura and Louise Brazeau have given a number of interesting manuscripts pertaining to the history of the well known Brazeau family during Spanish days in Missouri.

Mr. Henry L. Rozier of Ste. Genevieve has added to the already long list of his benefactions by the donation of a number of articles of historic interest, among them a pair of duelling pistols which were used in one of Ste. Genevieve's famous affairs of honor.

Loans: Among the numerous loans made to the Society may be mentioned a portrait of Dr. William Carr Lane, loaned by Mr. Carr Lane Glasgow; a portrait of Major Richard Graham, loaned by Mrs. Frank D. Hirschberg; a portrait of General William Selby Harney, loaned by Mrs. John M. Harney; a portrait of Joseph Charless, Jr., loaned by the Mechanics American Bank, and a portrait of Keokuk painted from life, loaned by Mrs. I. G. Baker.

Mr. Harry A. Clover has loaned a remarkable collection of pipes, three hundred and twenty-two in number, gathered from all parts of the world. Among them are many of Indian make, ancient and modern, some elaborately carved with figures and others inlaid with metals. There are also many from China, Japan, the Philippines, India, Persia and Turkey. The collection is one well worthy of study.

From Mr. H. G. Voorhies, U. S. A., has been received as a loan, a large number of pictures of steamboats which formerly plied the waters of our great rivers.

Two Missouri Books. *Pilot Knob; the Thermopylae of the West.* By Cyrus A. Peterson and Joseph Mills Hanson. New York, The Neale Publishing Co., 1914. The authors of this valuable and interesting contribution to Missouri History are both members of this Society, Dr. Peterson being an honored ex-president.

The book opens with an account of the inception of the Confederate raid into Missouri in 1864, under the leadership of General Sterling Price; this is followed by the story of the fighting around Pilot Knob, the attack on Fort Davidson, the evacuation of the fort

and the blowing up of its magazine and the retreat of the army under General Thomas Ewing.

The book is divided into three parts; the first is a general account of the situation in Missouri at the beginning of the war and at the time of the raid, and of the progress of the army through the State. This is followed by a detailed account of the important events connected with the Pilot Knob battle and the retreat of the Union army made up of the stories of participants and observers on the northern side skillfully interwoven with explanations and comments by the authors. The third part is a summary of the results of the six days campaign beginning with the appearance of the Confederate army in the Arcadia valley and ending with the escape of Ewing's forces from the Confederate pursuers.

The story is frankly written from the northern standpoint, but the authors are fair-minded, and have done a remarkably good piece of work. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent. The only slips in the proof-reading noticed are that Senator Peyton is called E. L. Y., whereas his name was Robert Ludwell Yates Peyton; Willard P. Hall appears as Willard F. Hall, and Callaway County is called Calloway.

To Missourians the sub-title may at first be perplexing. To them, the word Thermopylae is indissolubly interwoven with the Alamo, and suggests always the saying: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none." When we read of Ewing's army making rapid tracks through the mountains to get away from Price, the likeness to Leonidas and his Spartans is not apparent. But the authors justify their title in the sentence:—"Who can say how great is the debt of gratitude which the Nation owes to that handful of men who broke the backbone of the great raid before it was fairly begun, the valiant, unsung heroes of Pilot Knob?"

Slavery in Missouri, 1804-1865. By Harrison A. Trexler. Baltimore. The Johns Hopkins Press, 1914.

Professor Trexler's book covers a hitherto untouched field in Missouri history. It contains seven chapters entitled as follows: Missouri Slavery as an economic system; The Slave before the Law; The Social Status of the Slave; The Slavery issue in Politics and in the Churches; Senator Benton and Slavery; Missouri and Kansas; Manumission, Colonization and Emancipation. Within the compass of these seven chapters Professor Trexler has covered all phases of his subject in a very thorough and pleasing manner, and in addition has thrown much light upon the history of the politics of the State.

The first impression that the reader gets upon an examination of the book is of wonder at the immense amount of work done by the author in collecting his materials; and the second is one of pleasure at the very effective way in which the materials have been utilized. The author has studied the newspapers of the time, the assessors' books, the Court records, legislative proceedings, statutes, censuses, manumission records, proceedings of societies and church meetings, church registers, private correspondence, and in addition has drawn upon the recollection of living persons, white and black, who were familiar with various phases of the subject.

All of these have been fused into a compact text which is of good literary form and full of interest. The book is thoroughly scientific in spirit and wholly wanting in partisan bias. No one interested in the history of the State can afford to neglect it. A comprehensive bibliography is given, and there is a good index.

It is submitted that a fair conclusion of the matter is that in slavery in Missouri the negro had much the best of it.

Kit Carson Days. By Edwin L. Sabin, Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914. This is also, in a sense, a Missouri book. A large number of the people who figure

in its pages were Missourians, and Missouri was the base of action and supplies for Carson and his associates for the greater portion of the time covered. Had Carson been a soldier of the ordinary type, Mr. Sabin would probably have entitled his book "The Life and Times of General Christopher Carson," but since Carson was what he was, the title chosen is a very apt one. The Book is really a history of the white occupation of the Western Country in which Carson was a typical leader. Its six hundred and sixty-nine pages are full of incident and adventure and the memory of many worthy men is rescued from oblivion by the biographical sketches here given. But the center of the stage is reserved for Carson the modest and indomitable little Kentucky-Missourian, for whom the reader of the book is bound to have a warm affection and a hearty admiration. Kit Carson Days will have a permanent place among the few indispensable books on Western history.

New Members: The following named persons have been elected to membership in the Society during the current year. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. G. A. Pfeiffer, Mr. W. K. Bixby, Dr. Henry M. Whelpley and Mr. Robert H. Stockton for their interest in bringing the claims of the Society before the public.

James G. Butler,
James W. Bell,
Samuel H. Fullerton,
Daniel N. Kirby,
William E. Guy,
Hanford Crawford,
Con P. Curran,
Daniel E. Garrison,
Walter B. Woodward,
Ben Blewett,
Harry M. Pflager,
Charles H. Bailey,
Elias G. Gatch,
Frank O. Watts,
Dr. Harvey G. Mudd,
James M. Buick,
August A. Busch,
Col. M. Schoenberg,
Edward B. Pryor,
Sam Lazarus,
Robert Buchanan,
Thomas L. Little,

Thomas D. Porcher,*
Theodore W. Chamberlin,
William V. Byars,
Thomas M. Pierce,
William L. Waters,
Rev. M. A. Shine,
Plattsmouth, Neb.
John Hill,
J. C. Van Riper,
William A. Shoemaker,
Lawrence A. Browning,
William D. Orthwein,
Alanson C. Brown,
David May,
Charles Dunn,
Martin L. Clardy,*
Percy Werner,
Festus J. Wade,
Charles W. Whitelaw,
John A. Holmes,
Julius C. Birge,
Thomas Wright,
Melville L. Wilkinson,
William J. Lemp (Life),
Mrs. Charles Barney Hollister,
Dr. Otto Sutter,
J. Victor Bell,
Edward Faust,
Frank V. Hammar,
Frank E. Henry,
Miss Annie P. Logue,
Dr. Walter C. G. Kirchner,
John S. Faulkner,
Dr. Moses W. Hogue,
Dr. Given Campbell,
George B. Higgins,
Miss Celeste Speck,
Anthony S. Robinson,
Clarence E. Miller,
Benjamin H. Pluempe,
George H. Schwinke,
Henry L. Stadler,
John Fowler,
Dr. Herman Tuholske,
Alexander A. Handlan,
Edward T. Campbell,
Charles McL. Clark,
Henry P. Hilliard,
Edward F. Goltra,
William R. Compton,
Alexander Douglas,
Theophilus Conzelman,
Alfred Clifford,
Rev. Dr. Martin S. Brennan,
Edward C. Rowse,
Frederick A. Hall,
Leonard Matthews,
Robert E. Nolker,
Alexander T. Primm,
James D. Street,
Charles A. Stockstrom,
F. August Sudholt,
John C. Roberts,
Mrs. Leo Moser,
Samuel E. Hoffman,
William Einstein,
Claude Kilpatrick,
Mrs. Anna F. Brookmire,
Edwin W. Grove.

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* Deceased.

WALTER BOND DOUGLAS

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MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTIONS*

VOL. IV. ST. LOUIS, 1923. No. 4

THE SOCIETY DISCLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY FOR VIEWS EXPRESSED BY CONTRIBUTORS

WALTER BOND DOUGLAS.

By CHILTON ATKINSON.

If history be considered the book of practice as distinguished from theory; if it gives to posterity the benefits of the experience of those gone before without subjecting them to the pain; if it saves from suffering and injustice; if it stimulates to great endeavor, turns people from envy, false pride, and the pursuit of false gods: Then, indeed, is the historian a valuable friend to mankind.

In the truest sense Judge Walter B. Douglas was the historian. He was devoted to the cause of history, and in spite of the fact that he wrote little for publication, his reputation as such had spread to many parts of this Continent and even into Europe.

Given the material, there are many persons who can write well enough. But few have either the ability, or the desire to distinguish the genuine from the false. In the discovery, collection, selection, preservation and proper appreciation of the material lies the true genius for history. In respect of these things Judge Douglas had earned his fame.

As one historian, Mr. Joseph B. Thoburn, said of him: "The world can never spare a man of that type. His work was of a constructive and enduring character, and is more to be prized because it was

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unselfish and thorough." Mr. George Bird Grinnell said: "I never knew Judge Douglas personally, though his name and what he had accomplished are very familiar to me. It is a melancholy thing that he should have gone. His work on the James book was most interesting and valuable and it is a sad thing that all the great knowledge of early days which he possessed is lost."

This article would be incomplete without setting forth the appreciation of his character on the editorial page of the Westliche-Post of St. Louis, November 9, 1920, as follows:[2]

"The death of former Circuit Judge Walter B. Douglas must be considered a serious loss, not only to the city of St. Louis, but to the whole State of Missouri, for to both, he was an enthusiastic friend and advocated a better knowledge of local history and appreciation of home ties.

The deceased had gradually developed the history of our State, into a life work, to the fulfillment of which, he devoted all his leisure hours. He was indefatigable in his efforts to develop a better appreciation of the importance and significance of a thorough knowledge of our more immediate City, County and State, thereby increasing our understanding for wider fields; no sacrifice was too great for him in the achievement of this end.

Death took him at a time when after many years of labor, he was about to perpetuate in book form, the results of his lifework.

For himself, he never demanded appreciation, to say nothing of honors; that which he did, was done from most unselfish enthusiasm; he was a part of his work, and it will be difficult to find a successor.

As a lawyer Walter B. Douglas had a stainless reputation; both as counsel and judge, he manifested the same conscientious behavior which characterized his private life—at all times the substance was of more importance than the person and he was animated in his professional career by the highest conceivable

[2] Translated by Dr. Herman von Schrenk.

ideals. He seldom appeared in public of late, but in spite of this, he maintained to the last, a kindly interest in the development of the community, and all movements which aimed at betterment found in him an able and enthusiastic supporter.

He will continue to live in the lives and hearts of all those who follow higher interests as contrasted with mere material well-being.

Walter B. Douglas has left us a mine of truly noble concept. He was an idealist in the best sense of the word."

Walter Bond Douglas was born in Brunswick, Chariton County, Missouri, December 20, 1851. He was the only child of James Marsh and Caroline (Bond) Douglas. He first attended Tillotson's Seminary at Brunswick, and afterwards Westminster College, from which he graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1873. In 1877 he graduated from Harvard University with the degree of L.L.B., and the following February was admitted to the Bar in Missouri. In May, 1878, he commenced the practice of law in St. Louis, afterwards forming a partnership with William H. Scudder, Jr. Mr. Scudder was a nephew of Charles Scudder, Public Administrator, and Judge Douglas, through this connection, came into the extensive practice of probate law.

In 1897 Judge Douglas formed a partnership with Honorable John M. Wood, formerly Attorney-General of the State and Judge of the Circuit Court in St. Louis, under the firm name of Wood and Douglas. In November 1900 Judge Douglas was elected on the Democratic ticket to be one of the judges of the St. Louis Circuit Court and held this office from January 1901 to 1907.

In March 1897 he was elected to membership in Missouri Historical Society and was a member of its Advisory Board, which is the controlling body of the Society, from 1900 to the time of his death. He served as President of the Society in the years 1903-1904,

and thereafter served continuously as Vice-President and Chairman of the Library Committee.

On April 29, 1891 Judge Douglas was married in St. Louis, Missouri, to Francesca B. Kimball, daughter of Benjamin and Francesca (Lopez) Kimball, and granddaughter of Ezekiel B. and Antoinette (Soulard) Kimball. To her he was a devoted husband and he was a most devoted father to his children: Antoinette, Marjory, James Marsh, Francis Paxton and William Cerre, each of whom had attained majority or nearly so at the time of his death. This occurred after an illness of three weeks on Sunday, November 7, 1920.

Judge Douglas was a conscientious, painstaking and thorough lawyer. He had an uncommon knowledge of the fundamentals in the science and philosophy of the law. His habit of study and his disposition to be thorough in every task made him a counsellor and brief-writer of first ability. His special accomplishments may be said to have been in counsel, the preparation of briefs, and in argument before appellate courts.

Love of research, passion for the truth, and for preserving the truth, and a love of his native State, developed Douglas the lawyer into Douglas the historian. For many years his work along historical lines ran parallel with his labors at the law and he led himself to believe that the work in matters of history was a diversion from the cares of business life. As time went on the demands of history drew him more and more into new by-ways of labor. He was receiving so many calls for aid from writers and historians that this labor of love encroached more and more upon the domain of the law. It grew to be one of the great passions of his life and it was a very considerable sacrifice which he made to a great cause.

Judge Douglas was not a propagandist; his dignity of character and love of truth guided him away from such temptation. This does not mean that he was

free from all prejudice, or easily led from old and cherished convictions. However, one of the most interesting of his characteristics was a disposition to abandon the much loved theory when he found it was builded upon the sand.

Wherever Judge Douglas pursued his labors, whether at his home or at his office, there would be seen vast shelves of books, and piles of manuscripts, guides, maps, digests and catalogues. He could not bear to give up the possession of anything that shed light upon the law or upon history. If an orderly arrangement of things demanded that a book or paper be put beyond easy access, then order must be sacrificed. The results were sometimes astonishing and gave his friends many opportunities for merrymaking and jest. His disposition to give up no pursuit until the object was gained had the effect of multiplying his stores of unfinished work.

With a student's dread of any upheaval, Judge Douglas was reluctant to move his office or change his furniture, however seductive the prospect. His friends will remember his attachment for the old walnut desk, which followed him to the Court House when he ascended the Bench and back again when he returned to the Bar. It was indeed an example of high art in cabinet work and quite a magic institution; it closed up compactly into a shape somewhat like that of a beetle but when opened presented a veritable wall of file boxes. Here was a vast store of memoranda covering a multitude of subjects, well catalogued in his own brain, but not otherwise. To disarrange those files would have been to destroy the index to the whole collection. On one sad occasion a well-meaning friend sent, unannounced, the gift of a handsome new desk. The confusion of Judge Douglas over this dilemma was painful to see, and it was a long time before he could be persuaded to displace the old friend with the new. He was the same

way in his attachment for people. Once in his confidence there was little chance of a person being dislodged.

In the editorial set out above, reference is made to the attitude of Judge Douglas toward the ethics of his profession. In this connection we indulge in a quotation from William Vincent Byars in his excellent biography: "Judge Douglas illustrated on the Bench and at the Bar those principles which make the law a profession of dignity and usefulness. He might have taken the Virginia lawyer's oath of the eighteenth century, viz.: 'You shall do no falsehood, nor consent to any to be done in Court, and if you know of any to be done, you shall give notice thereof to the justices of the court that it may be reformed. You shall delay no man for lucre or malice, nor take any unreasonable fee. You shall not wittingly or willingly sue or procure to be sued, any false suit, or give aid or counsel to the same, upon pain of being disabled to practice as an attorney forever. And furthermore you shall use yourself in the office of an attorney within the Court according to your learning and discretion. So help you God.' "[1]

An incident in the law practice of Judge Douglas may be of interest here. The Judge found divorce cases very distasteful. However, his services were available to deserving persons who needed the aid of this remedy of the law. On one occasion a woman appealed to him for aid in getting a divorce, and he told her plainly that if she was intending to remarry he would not take the case. He had no idea of offending the dignity of the Court by making it a mere instrumentality for swapping husbands. The lady told him that nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea of remarriage. The Judge accordingly secured for her a decree of divorce. The day after

[1] Hening's Statutes, V. 4, p. 361.

the decree was handed down by the Court the lady remarried, and upon hearing of it the Judge was greatly shocked. He brought the matter to the attention of the trial judge who promptly set aside the decree. Let no one suppose from the above incident that he was actuated by revenge or ill-temper. His action was entirely due to his respect for the law and for the courts. The woman was not an innocent party. While still married she had permitted a man other than her husband to make love to her. The Court must be informed of the deception;—"If you know of any falsehood to be done, you shall give notice thereof to the justices of the court that it may be reformed."

Here was the Scotchman, indeed. Persons who knew Judge Douglas do not need to be reminded of his Scotch descent; not because he talked of his Scotch ancestry, but because his natural temperament was decidedly Scotch. Almost everything in his life was the result of his Scottish earnestness and tenacity of purpose. He grew to love the graceful, easy-going, sparkling temperament of the French, but he lingered in the lap of Scotland nevertheless.

Among his earliest recollections was that of being taken upon his father's knee and listening to stories from Scottish history, along with which his father pointed out the scenes on a map of Scotland. Judge Douglas was accustomed to entertain his own children on their birthdays by calling in a kilted Scotchman to play for them on his bag-pipe.

The father whose early influence did so much to form the character of the subject of this sketch, James Marsh Douglas, was of a family of Scottish Whigs. They came of William Douglas, born about 1610, immigrant from Scotland to Boston about 1640, and in the direct line was James Douglas. The latter with his wife, Rachel Marsh, conducted the first school in

Cornwall, Connecticut. James Marsh Douglas, son of Colonal Benajah Douglas, was born March 23, 1812. His mother was left a widow with eight children when he was but sixteen years of age, which circumstance delayed the completion of his education. At the age of twenty-three years he entered Middlebury College and graduated in 1838 with the degree of A.B. In 1843 he received the degree of A.M. and went to Columbia, South Carolina. There he taught school for six months. From there he went to Rutherfordtown, North Carolina, where he taught school for a year. He then went to Lexington, Kentucky, then the chief place of the southwest for wealth, talent and culture. There he spent several very happy years, numbering among his friends the Prestons, Clays, Marshalls and other families of prominence and culture. He attended Transylvania University, receiving the degree L.L.B. in March 1845.

From Lexington, Kentucky, he went by boat to Brunswick, Chariton County, Missouri, where he spent the remaining years of his life. On the way Mr. Douglas stopped at St. Louis, meeting an old college friend, Melvin L. Gray—then and until his death in September 1904, a valued citizen of St. Louis. Mr. Douglas was examined and admitted to the Bar at St. Louis by Judge John M. Krum of the Circuit Court.

When he reached Brunswick it was a thriving young river town, populated mostly by Kentuckians and Virginians. Its situation upon the Missouri River made it one of the principal distributing points for northern Missouri and Iowa, there being no railroad in Missouri at that time. Here he practiced law, riding the circuit of nine counties, which reached to the western border of the State, until October 23, 1850, when he married Caroline, daughter of Asa and Lucy (Janes) Bond, at Cornwall, Connecticut. Upon his return he went into farming and mercantile business

because as a lawyer he was kept away from home while he followed the court on the circuit.

In politics Mr. Douglas was first a Whig; in 1860 he supported the Bell and Everett ticket, and afterwards became a Republican. During the War between the States, he was an uncompromising Unionist and was postmaster at Brunswick under the Lincoln administration. A great majority of the citizens of that portion of Missouri took sides with the South in this War, and nearly every family sent its representative, oftentimes all of its able-bodied men, to the Confederate Army. These people were his friends and associates, and his efforts to protect their families from oppression at the hands of the irregular and half-way independent bodies of Federal and Unionist guerrillas which overran the State, made him so unpopular with a certain class of his own party that his life was often in great danger. In 1864 a man was taken out by one of these bands to be shot under the mistaken idea that he was Mr. Douglas, who fortunately was out of the State at that time.

For several years after the War James Marsh Douglas was on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, but he never again became active in the practice of the law .

From this sturdy character; who fought for an education, despite obstacles; who supported the Constitution, despite its protection of slavery; who stood for the Union at the risk of the Constitution, and who fought his own partisans when they sought to do injustice, sprung Walter Bond Douglas. Although the father was a Republican in politics the independence of thought in which he trained his son permitted the latter to embrace the Democratic faith.

Among the few published works of Judge Douglas were: Address of May 13, 1909, "The Sieurs de St. Ange," published in *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society,* Number 14; "Spanish Domi-

nation of Upper Louisiana," published in *Proceedings of the State Historical Society* of Wisconsin 1913; "Manuel Liza," published in *Missouri* Historical Collections, vol. 3, nos. 3 and 4. His editorial work and annotation of James' Three years among the Indians and Mexicans" (a reprint of a very rare pamphlet) was of a high standard in scholarship and a contribution to western history. He edited the Missouri Historical Society Collections for many years, supplying most of the notes and contributing many short articles. He left several works intended for publication but unfinished, among them a textbook on the law of Evidence.

IN MEMORIAM—WALTER B. DOUGLAS.[3]

It is with no ordinary sense of their loss as friends and co-workers that the Trustees of the Missouri Histrical Society record the passing of Vice-President Walter B. Douglas.

The people of St. Louis knew him as an upright judge who had done honor to the Circuit Bench; as a member of the Bar who exemplified the finest ideals of the legal profession. They recognized in him the useful citizen who with unselfish interest was always ready to give his thought and time to public movements for the common good.

The Trustees of the Missouri Historical Society knew their Vice-President as the official who for more than twenty years had been the mainstay of the organization, carrying on not only cheerfully but with

[3] Resolution adopted by Advisory Board, Mo. Hist. Soc., Dec. 8th, 1920.

enthusiasm the burden of the details. That the library, the manuscripts, the archives, the fur trade correspondence, the war trophies, and the varied collections of the Society have grown until they tax the spacious Jefferson Memorial, is due to Vice-President Douglas in a greater degree than to any other one person.

Even earlier than the World's Fair of 1904, Judge Douglas had become identified with the Missouri Historical Society and was making its development along the best lines a labor of love.

He superintended the historical exhibit for the Society at the World's Fair.

He was one of the foremost workers for the week-long celebration of the Centennial of the incorporation of the City of St. Louis.

He contributed in no small measure to the Pageant and Masque.

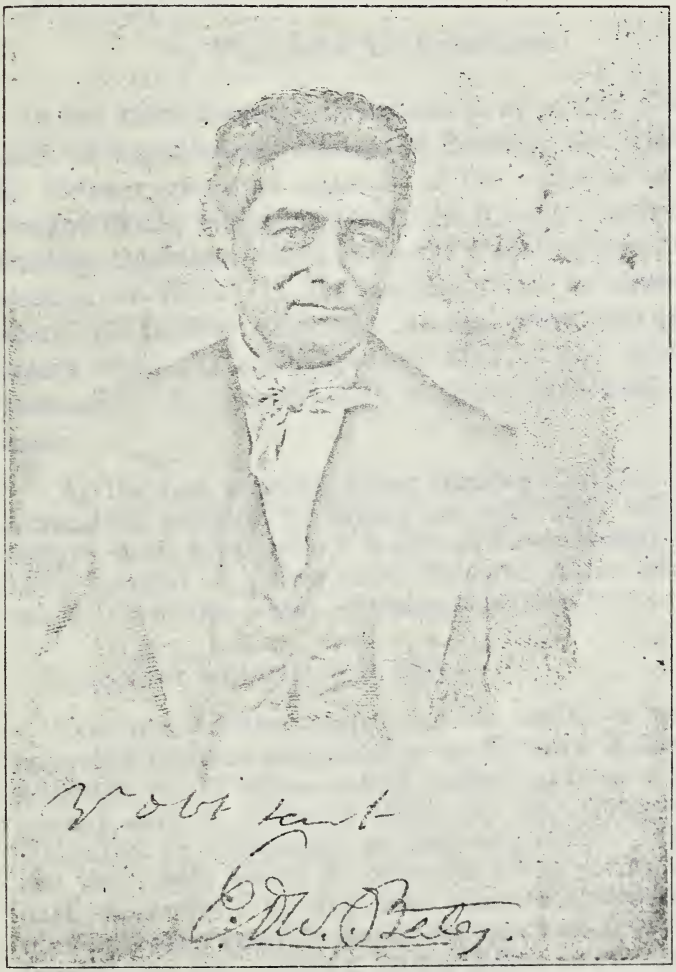
These qualities were known to and appreciated by his fellow citizens.

But as an authority on the history of St. Louis and Missouri, and in fact of the whole Mississippi Valley, Judge Douglas was known far beyond the State's borders.

He was in demand for addresses before historical Societies; he was called upon for information and advice by historical researchers; he was consulted on historical questions in dispute, and he responded always cheerfully and with conscientious devotion to accuracy.

A native of Missouri Judge Douglas completed his professional education in Massachusetts, where enthusiasm for local history abounds. Coming back to Missouri and entering on his profession Judge Douglas soon found his chief mental recreation in historical research. It was truly a fortunate day for the Mis-

souri Historical Society when he became active in the organization. That he did not survive to complete historical writings upon which he was engaged, and to give to the public more of his wealth of historical information may well be lamented by all Missourians.



EDWARD BATES AND THE TEST OATH.

By FREDERICK W. LEHMANN.

In the third number of volume four of the Collections of the Missouri Historical Society, Mr. Thomas K. Skinker gives an account of the removal of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri under the Ousting Ordinance enacted by the Constitutional Convention of 1865. In the course of it, to show the spirit of faction prevalent at the time, he quotes freely from the contemporary files of the Missouri Democrat. In an editorial of June 14th 1865 it is said:

"At the last election great numbers of the rebels committed perjury by taking an oath that they had always been loyal men. Many of them would never have thought of doing so *if Edward Bates had not taught them the lesson of false swearing.*"

In another editorial it is said:

"No man in the State took so active a part in opposing the new constitution as Edward Bates, who although out of office, is still looked up to as a leader second only to General Blair, by the Conservative Unionists or Claybanks as they are called. Fearing lest the rebels would be deterred from voting by the oath prescribed by the late state constitution, requiring every voter to swear that he had always been loyal to the Government, *Judge Bates wrote and published an opinion, advising them to vote notwithstanding they had to take the oath, and thereby swear to what was false upon the ground that the convention had no legal power to require the oath.*"

These editorials make the explicit charge that Edward Bates advised men to take an oath which

was false, that is, swear that they had always been loyal to the Government of the United States, when in fact they had been in arms against it, justifying such a course on the ground that the requirement of the oath was illegal.

Mr. Skinker simply quotes the editorials making this charge, without either avouching or challenging their truth, and they may leave in the minds of some of his readers the impression that the charge was true.

Edward Bates had come to Missouri as a young man and had lived here for fifty years. He had proved himself to be a lawyer of extensive learning and marked ability. He was a man of unspotted integrity, trusted implicitly in every relation of life. In a time of great men and great problems he was an eminent public character. He had held various public offices, had represented the State in Congress and by it had been presented for nomination to the Presidency at the Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln. Upon the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as President, he was called to the position of Attorney General in the Cabinet, and held it almost to the end of that trying administration, enjoying throughout and in full measure the confidence and esteem of his Chief, resigning at last under the pressure of years, but not until as he himself said "the affairs of the Nation were greatly altered for the better. My political chief had just passed through the ordeal of a new election, and the administration in which I bore a part was then sanctioned by the Nation. The success of our arms had turned a hope into a certainty, that the rebellion would be quelled; that the war would be brought to an end; and that, with wisdom and virtue in the civil Government, law and order might be once more firmly established." He had resigned in the hope to enjoy during his few remaining years, in privacy and peace, the society

of his family and friends, but the troubled condition of public affairs in the State, disappointed his hope, and he was called almost at once into the tumult of local politics, and became with General Francis P. Blair a leader of the Conservative forces and like Blair was to be found always in the thickest of the fight. It is due to his memory that no aspersion like that involved in the charge of the editorials quoted, if without warrant, be permitted to rest upon his name.

The charge is predicated by the Missouri Democrat upon an answer by Mr. Bates to a letter written to him by Dr. M. L. Linton, both of which appeared in the Missouri Republican of May 31st 1865 and both of which will be presented further on.

It will help to an understanding of those letters to consider the circumstances in which they were written, and the contentions to which they relate.

As is well known, the people of Missouri were sharply divided on the issues of the civil war, practically one half being for the Union and the other half for the Southern Confederacy. The State administration was for the Confederacy and adopted measures, as the Union men believed, for taking the State out of the Union. This was prevented by the energetic action of General Lyon and Francis P. Blair, among other things the capture of the State militia at Camp Jackson. The Governor and his Legislature, disappointed in their purpose, fled the State, and the functions of government were assumed by a Convention which was already in existence. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor and members of the General Assembly were all ousted from their office and a Provisional Government instituted with Hamilton Gamble at the head. This involved hostility and armed hostility to the Jackson government which had been duly elected and was the legal government of the State until ousted by action of the Convention. The

provisional government continued until succeeded by an administration elected in 1864.

A new convention was called, and met in 1865, for the purpose of submitting amendments to the Constitution of the State. Its membership was radical in the extreme. It framed, not a series of amendments, but an entirely new constitution, to be voted upon June 6th 1865. Among other obnoxious features, this constitution prescribed what was known as the test oath as a qualification of voting, holding office, or pursuing the profession of the Law or of the ministry or the vocation of teaching. This oath was very comprehensive and drastic. It recited that the person who took it had never been in armed hostility to the Government of the United States or of the State of Missouri, and that he had never given aid or comfort to persons engaged in such hostility, and had never by act or word manifested sympathy with those in rebellion against the United States. There was much more not necessary here to be considered.

The convention assumed that it had plenary political power, and so besides framing a Constitution which was to be voted upon by the people and which would derive its vitality from the popular ratification, it adopted a number of ordinances which it held to be valid and self-enforcing without being referred to the people. One of these was the ousting ordinance which removed from office every judge, every clerk of court, every circuit attorney and assistant attorney, every sheriff and every recorder in the State, and empowered the Governor to fill all vacancies thus created. This gave the Radicals control of all the State machinery. And more than this the Convention ordained that at the election called for the ratification or rejection of the Constitution only those citizens should be permitted to vote who could take and did take the test oath, putting this vital feature of the Constitution into effect without a popular vote.

The ex-Confederates were of course all opposed to the action of the Convention, but they had no vote. Among the Unionists however, there was not harmony and had not been from the beginning. The provisional government had never been satisfactory to the extremists, and so throughout the war there was dissension among the Union men and a division into two hostile camps, the Radicals and Conservatives, or Charcoals and Claybanks. The Gamble government was Conservative, but the Fletcher administration which succeeded it was Radical. To the Gamble dynasty the Radicals made bitter opposition so long as it was in power.

The action of the Convention, the ordinances which it had enacted, and the Constitution it had submitted for approval, and particularly the test oath were from day to day the subjects of acrimonious discussion in the newspapers and wherever men met together. In the newspaper controversy Mr. Bates took a very large part. Like many other of the staunchest Union men of the State, civilians and soldiers, General Francis P. Blair, Colonel T. T. Gantt and Mr. Samuel T. Clover he was a Conservative. They believed that the war being over, everything possible should be done to heal the wounds it had made and not every day tear them open and make them bleed afresh. He wrote many editorials, and in addition a series of six elaborate articles to show that the proceedings of the Convention were in sheer usurpation of powers never granted to it and that its acts, particularly the ousting ordinance and the test oath, were null and void.

The center of the fight everywhere was the test oath. Some of the Conservatives thought that here the engineer had been hoisted by his own petard. It had placed armed hostility to the State government upon the same plane with armed hostility to the government of the United States. This, they said,

would put the stamp of treason on Lyon and Blair, and all who supported them in their measures against Governor Jackson and would disqualify a large body of Union men, both Radical and Conservative. More than this, Mr. Bates said, if the oath was to be literally construed, the Radicals would be disqualified by their opposition to and intrigues against the Gamble government. General Blair took a somewhat quixotic view of the oath. A brave soldier and a gallant gentleman, he was a man of broad sympathies and strong personal affections. Separating himself from those who had been his intimate associates, he espoused the cause of the Union with ardor from the beginning, and with sleepless vigilance, tireless energy and a courage that no danger could daunt, he was the chief support of Lyon in the fight to save the State to the Union. Later he served in Congress and engaging in the war he proved himself as Major General to be one of the best volunteer officers in the Union army. But he felt sure he could not take the oath. He had never been in arms against the Government of the United States, but friends and kinsmen had been and he had sympathized with them, not indeed in their hostility to the Government, but with them personally, in their hardships and privations, and as they suffered from the war. His loyalty was attested by his deeds, but the prescribed oath he would not take. He offered an oath in modified form, but it would not do, and his vote was rejected, and this action was sustained by the judges of the Supreme Court put in place under the ousting ordinance.

Whatever views the Conservatives held as to the construction or meaning of the oath, they all agreed that it was illegal, that the Convention had no right to impose it. What was the practical consequence of this illegality? What should be done at the election on June 6th when the Constitution was to be voted upon? Here a great divergence of views was de-

veloped. One extreme was that anybody could take the oath. That the Confederate soldier, or rebel, as the term then was, could properly swear that he never had been in rebellion, because the Convention had no right to make him swear at all. There was no valid oath and so there could be no perjury. This accorded with the lines of Hudibras,

> "He that imposes an oath makes it,
> Not he that for convenience takes it;
> Then how can any man be said
> To break an oath he never made."

The other extreme was that nobody could properly take the oath, no matter how loyal he had been to the Union or how great his service in its behalf, for to take the oath, was to acknowledge its validity and give sanction to all the proceedings of the Convention. This view, acted upon, would abandon the field altogether to the Radicals.

Mr. Bates being appealed to, took the middle ground between these two extremes, as the correspondence with Dr. Linton will show:

LINTON TO BATES.

"St. Louis, May 27, 1865.

Hon. Edward Bates:

Dear Sir:

My high estimation of you as a jurist and as a man induced me to address you on a subject of much interest to Missouri just now.

I allude to the test oath proposed by the late Convention.

Having been a member of that Convention, and consequently knowing something in regard to the feelings and intentions of my colleagues, I will briefly give my own version or construction of this strange oath. But not being a lawyer or student of the science of government I may overlook important points which would not escape your notice. Hence I appeal to you as authority in such matters.

According to my reading the oath proposed by the Convention disfranchises the entire population of Missouri, for it says "no person shall be deemed a qualified voter who has ever been in armed hostility to the United States or to the lawful authorities thereof or to the government of this State or has ever given aid, comfort, countenance or support to persons in such hostility."

All the loyal men in Missouri took up arms against the government of this state in the Spring of 1861 or aided or abetted those who did; all such are disfranchised by the oath. The disloyal took the other side—of course they are disfranchised also. Such is the very plain, literal reading of the oath.

I am sure, however, the intention or spirit of the oath is entirely different.

Literally taken this oath is contrary to the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees to every State a republican form of government, for there cannot be such government without voters. Literally taken it is also a transgression of the limit or the power of the Convention. This Convention was empowered to disfranchise the disloyal, not the loyal. So that literally taken the oath is unconstitutional, null and void. Such was not the intention of the framers of this oath. They intended only to disfranchise the disloyal.

Every member of the Convention will swear today that it was not his intention to disfranchise those who took up arms against the government of this State in the beginning; no such thing was meant. But does not the oath disfranchise all who have ever done any "act" against the government of the United States? Literally it does, but not according to the spirit or intention of its framers.

They adopted the strange oath on the hypothesis that there is no such thing as repentance for treason. "Once a traitor always a traitor," was their creed and hence they made the fact of any "act" done in the past evidence of disloyalty now. If they could have looked into the hearts of men and seen that they had repented and were loyal I doubt not that such men would have been permitted to vote. So my own conclusion is that according to the intention, the spirit

of this oath, all men who are loyal now can vote, though according to the literal reading, it disfranchises the loyal as well as the disloyal. Such is my construction of the oath. I might add more, but my object in writing to you is rather to learn your views than to set forth my own.

An early answer is respectfully requested.

Your obedient servant,

M. L. LINTON."

BATES TO LINTON.

"St. Louis, Monday Morning May 29, 1865.

To Dr. M. L. Linton, St. Louis.

Sir:

I avail myself of the first spare moment to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst. asking for my views on the subject of the "test oath proposed by the late Convention." The keen, terse, logic with which your letter handles the subject demonstrates that you stand in no need of aid from me either to confirm your own judgment or to convince others.

Still, in courtesy I must answer you. I have received many letters from various sections of the State asking my opinion about that fraudulent oath. I had no sufficient time or leisure to answer them all but I did answer one. A gentleman in one of the middle Counties desired my opinion upon the question whether the voters in the coming election in June will be required to take the oath set forth in the new and unfinished Constitution of the Convention, and I gave him this answer: "If you mean to say, are the voters required by law to take that oath before voting, I answer emphatically, no; the refusal to take that oath is no legal disqualification. But if you mean to ask whether or no I think the oath will be required by Radical Judges of election and the legally qualified voters who refuse to take it be thus defrauded of their right of suffrage I can only answer yes! I do believe that that unlawful oath will be required, and any other false pretense resorted to which may promise to exclude the greatest number of qualified voters

from their right to pronounce against that odious Constitution and its makers." In that same answer I gave the writer of the letter and neighbors (in whose behalf he wrote) a piece of prudential advice in these words: "Be sure to have a committee of several of the most respectable and solid men of your precinct to attend the election and keep an exact written statement of every material fact which happens there, noting especially the name and place of abode of every voter who is excluded for refusing to take the unlawful oath. Don't be intimidated by truculent looks and threats of violence. We have a pretty good act of Congress now reaching the subject and the United States Circuit Court is an independent tribunal—and best of all, the reign of the law is about to be restored."

And still I adhere to that view.

I understand that some of the prominent supporters of the new Constitution affect a sort of indignant surprise at hearing it said upon our side that the language of the oath as it is written excludes from the right of suffrage all men who resisted the government of the State while it was under the control of the official traitors Governor Jackson and his legislature. The letter of their law is against them as plain as daylight; for Jackson was Governor of Missouri legally constituted until deposed by the Convention of 1861. But let them have their own way in that and still they have no possible escape from their own condemnation. After Jackson was deposed by the Convention and expelled by force of arms we still had the government of this State known and recognized in the capitols of both the State and the Nation and manifest in the person of Governor Gamble and "the Gamble dynasty." And that is the government of the State which they openly and notoriously resisted. They resisted it by using their utmost efforts to have it put down by military power (I know them for I had to resist them at Washington City); and they gave aid and comfort to the open enemies of the State and nation by habitually denouncing all the members of the provisional government (our only State government then existing) as usurpers and traitors and allies of the public enemy.

These facts are still capable of judicial proof and if they still persist in forcing that odious oath upon the opponents of the new constitution and if they have the hardihood of conscience to take the oath themselves, let them be prepared to take the consequence, for they can expect no less than to be watched at the polls and prosecuted in the Courts.

Possibly they may be able to exclude the votes of such men as Lyon and Blair and McNeil and Phelps and their associates in arms against treason—the men who took Camp Jackson and beat the enemy at Boonville and Pea Ridge. Heretofore when backed by the terrors of martial law they beat us fearfully; but now a better day has dawned and we hope to be able to take care of our rights in any forum where the law of the land is the rule of action.

I remain,

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD BATES.

P. S. I see on reading the above that I have omitted to mention one of your suggestions; that is, should a man who believes the oath to be unlawful nevertheless take it if he can do it with a clear conscience rather than be robbed of his vote by a dishonest trick. I myself can take the oath without any consciousness of doing wrong myself or any sense of sin except the humiliation of yielding to an unlawful and unjust demand dishonestly made upon me. And I don't see why any man should be deterred from taking the oath who has never borne arms against the government and knows in his own heart that he bears true and faithful allegiance to the Nation and the State.

E. B.

Most of what is said in these letters has reference to the construction or meaning of the oath, the plight of the Radicals if the oath is literally construed, and suggests that the foundation be laid on election day for prosecutions under the Federal law, if Conservatives are excluded from voting.

The propriety of taking the oath in view of its illegality is dealt with only in the postscript which is devoted to it entirely. Mr. Bates puts the question: "Should a man who believes the oath to be unlawful nevertheless take it if he can do it with a clear conscience, rather than be robbed of his vote by a dishonest trick." He answers that he himself can take it without consciousness of wrongdoing or sense of sin, other than the humiliation of yielding to an unlawful demand dishonestly made upon him. Clearly so, for he had been loyal throughout the war and the confidential adviser and faithful supporter of the President from the beginning. It would be humiliating in view of all this to be required to attest his loyalty by an oath illegally imposed by men upon whom he looked as the enemies of public law and order. But rather than lose his vote he would suffer this humiliation. So much for himself. Now as to others. "I don't see why any man should be deterred from taking the oath *who has never borne arms against the Government and knows in his own heart that he bears true and faithful allegiance to the Nation and the State.*

As plain as words can make it, this is advice to take the oath, despite its illegality, if it can be done truthfully, rather than lose the votes. It excludes the quixotic view of General Blair and also the view that nobody should take the oath as that would be to give it sanction and approval. And it is just as far from the other extreme that anybody could properly take the oath because it was illegal. The illegality of the imposition was a thing of humiliation, but in itself was neither a reason for refusing the oath nor a justification for taking it. The advice was sensible and honest, doing credit alike to the judgment and character of Edward Bates.

Happily those days are past and the test oath remains only as a thing of odious memory. It was

held to be invalid as a qualification for the vocation of teacher, lawyer or minister by the Supreme Court of the United States and was abrogated altogether by amendment of the State Constitution in 1870. Mr. Bates did not live to see all this accomplished as he died in 1869, but the promise of it was bright and its fulfillment well assured before he passed away.

SAMUEL HAMMOND.

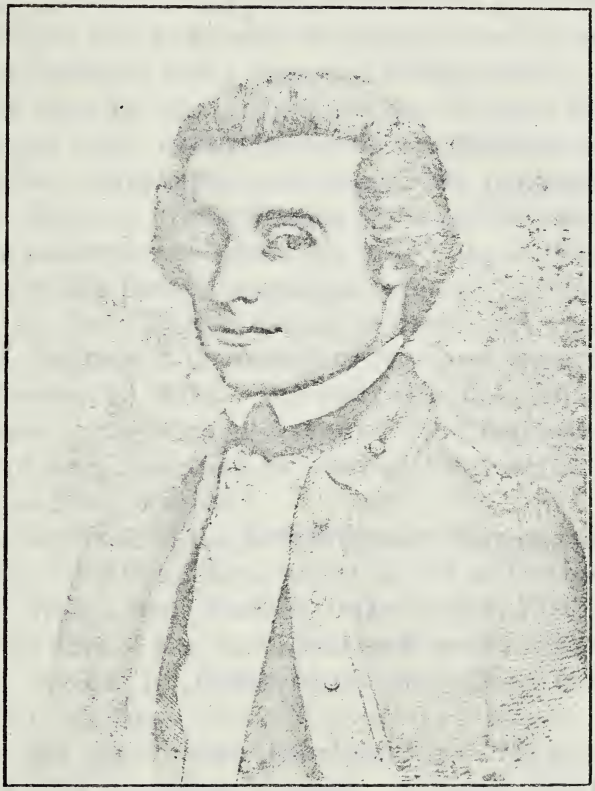
By Stella M. Drumm.

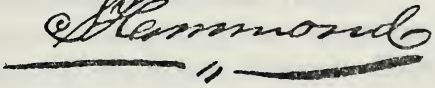
Of those characters connected with the early history of Louisiana Territory, Samuel Hammond was one of the most versatile and interesting. He came to St. Louis From Augusta, Georgia, near the close of the year 1804, as an agent of the great constructive President, Thomas Jefferson.[1] His earlier career and experiences as a soldier and statesman, bearing, as they doubtless did upon his appointment, will be interesting to note in this connection.

Samuel Hammond was one of the distinguished colonial family of that name, and was born in Farnham Parish, Richmond County, Virginia, on the 21st day of September, 1757. He was the son of Charles Hammond and Elizabeth Hammond Steele (his father and mother being second cousins), and a descendant of Sir Anthony Hammond of St. Albans' Court, County of Kent, England, who died in 1661. His father filled the office of Secretary to the Virginia House of Delegates for several years, and with his four sons took an active part in the War of the Revolution.

Reared in the romantic wilds of the Old Dominion, Samuel acquired early a love of valor, a daring and determination, which made him conspicuous even in childhood. When the days of peril and tribulation came to Virginia, and so many of her people fell victims to the Indian's tomahawk and scalping knife, Hammond went forth to battle with the savages. Though a mere lad of sixteen, he, together with his

[1] Letter from Thomas Jefferson to House of Representatives, *Amer. State Papers, Misc.*, 1:426.





comrades in arms, penetrated the wilds that stretched beyond indefinitely, to hunt and beat down the enemies of his people. Taking part in many campaigns against the Indians, he became inured to hardships and dangers of every kind, and became familiar with forest life. The instinct of self-preservation thus quickened in him taught him to be ever on the alert, and to scan with close scrutiny every bush and rustling leaf.

At this time he was remarkable for his pale face, thin visage, high, broad forehead, and flashing eye, which latter characteristic impressed his personality upon the observer. Even then he had a self-reliant air which he retained throughout his life.[2] One of the expeditions in the Indian campaigns referred to was organized by Gov. Dunmore, and he took part in the desperate fighting at the mouth of the Great Kanawha river, October 10, 1774. He was with Col. Andrew Williamson in the struggle against the Cherokees in July, 1776, and, according to a writer, twice saved the Americans from disaster.[3]

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he raised a company of Minute Men, which he led at the battle of Great Bridge, near Norfolk, in December, 1776. In the earlier part of the war Hammond served with the Virginia troops in Pennsylvania and New Jersey under Col. Mathews, Gen. Maxwell and others. In 1778 he was aide to Gen. Hand, and in 1779, having removed with his father's family to Ninety-Six District, South Carolina, he took part there in the attack upon the British left under Gen. Huger.

By the time he had joined the campaign in South Carolina Hammond was a man in years. He stood then

[2] *Charleston Courier*, March 11, 1859.

[3] Roosevelt, in his *Winning of the West* (New York, 1903), says: "Col. Williamson tried to cross the ford of the River Keowee, but his men had become sulky and mutinous and refused to cross until Hammond swore he would go alone, and plunged into the river followed by three volunteers, whereupon the whole army crowded after. I: 298, 301.

six feet or more in height, was large, powerful, well formed, and possessed of iron nerves. With muscles of steel, a true eye and steady hand, he was a dead shot and matchless swordsman.

Young Hammond was in continuous and active service from the beginning of the war with England until the evacuation of Charleston in December, 1780. There he was a member of the "Council of Capitulation," but, refusing to abide the decision of the majority, he made his escape with a small party to North Carolina. He then raised a company of seventy-six men, equipped at his own expense, and determined to hold out until assistance should come, or die fighting. In a short time more than half of these men deserted him, hid out, and were afterwards captured by the British and sent to prison. Hammond, with the thirty-two remaining, avoided capture and escaped. He re-entered the army with the rank of major, and in this capacity commanded the left front of the line at the battle of Cowpens, June 17, 1781. Major Hammond was distinguished at the battle of Eutaw Springs, September 8, 1781, and has been recorded as one of the heroes of the battle of King's Mountain.[4] He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment of State troops on September 17, 1781, and served under Gen. Greene until the end of the war.

The use of the superlative by writers of biography in describing public characters takes away a great deal of the realness of their lives. However, there are so many recorded circumstances showing the spectacular and unusual character of Hammond's military life that a history of him would be sadly deficient without reference to some of these exciting incidents.

In the manuscript collection of Dr. L. C. Draper, now owned by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, appear the following accounts:

"The Commandant of the British garrisons at

[4] Draper, *King's Mountain and its heroes.* (Cincinnati, 1881).

Augusta, Georgia, by the name of Browne, offered a premium to the party who should either kill or capture Samuel Hammond. This is a fact well authenticated. Browne declared that 'the audacity of the d—d roving rebel' (as he styled Hammond) 'had no parallel and was intolerable to himself and ruinous to the King's cause; that he was here, there, and everywhere; and when sought for and expected in one quarter, was cutting up Tories in another.' Commandant Browne declared that Hammond was literally cutting up and destroying the King's men, and if he was not soon killed or captured he would hang Charles Hammond, Samuel Hammond's father in his place. The father was at that time being held prisoner by Browne, and although seventy years of age was badly treated and ill-used by him. No doubt this threat would have been fully carried out had it not been for Mr. McLean, a wealthy and influential loyalist. Capt. Joshua Hammond, a relative of Col. Hammond, was also a prisoner at the same place.

"The fact is, Col. Hammond was just the man to dare anything for the liberation of his comrades or the freedom of his country. Everywhere, at all times, and under every circumstance, he was the same—bold, cool, reflective, in judgment sound, in perception quick and in action prompt."

An incident recounted in these manuscripts shows how nearly Commander Browne came to succeeding in his ambition to capture Hammond:

While Hammond was making a perilous tour for the purpose of looking into the state of things in the vicinity of Fort Galphin, with only one man, Mathew Dalton, as a guard, he had proceeded on his way ten or twelve miles without anything occurring to disturb the quiet and stillness of the ride. He had just reached a point where the road forked—one prong leading down the Savannah River, known as the "Cracker Neck" road, and the other known as "Hollow Creek"

or "Minor's Bridge" road, both penetrating the district of Barnwell in different directions. Here Hammond perceived a boy riding toward him on the River or Neck road, and halted until he should come up. He then asked the boy if he had seen or met any soldiers along the road. The lad replied that he had not, and further stated in reply to a question that he had traveled that road for about fifteen miles. The boy passed on, but Hammond was not convinced, knowing of Browne's purpose to capture him and the likelihood of the boy having been sent as a decoy. So he took the opposite prong of the road leading to Minor's Bridge. It was a useless precaution, because both roads were closely watched and guarded by some seventy or eighty men, each party well concealed in bushes and, impatiently waiting like vultures for their prey, now hastening toward the snare laid for him. A few miles further along he came to a small branch or streamlet crossing the road, along which the ground on either side fell abruptly. Into this he rode, turning his horse up the stream and near the bushes for deeper water, then leaning forward and throwing his reins on the horse's neck to allow him to drink more at ease, he lapsed into deep thought about the object of his journey, and ceased for a moment to scrutinize his surroundings. His momentary reverie was interupted by a slight noise and, looking up, he perceived the road, both in front and rear, filled with armed men waiting to destroy him. Completely hemming in the object of their constant pursuit, and now confident of winning the long-sought and coveted prize offered for his capture, they stopped in the road. But they had "reckoned without their host," for Hammond, cool in the midst of his peril, was as usual quick to the emergency. He shaped his course and acted upon it like a flash. Seizing his bridle with one hand and drawing his pistol with the other, he dashed up the hill. Those in front, surprised by the rapidity of the

movement, hastily fired all at once, and, being on more elevated ground than Hammond, over-shot him. Those in the rear, affected by the same surprise, shot too low and likewise missed the mark. Hammond's marksmanship proved better, for at the crack of his pistol down went one of His Majesty's subjects. Restoring the empty weapon to his holster, its fellow was quickly drawn and fired and another red-coat bit the dust. He then resorted to his saber and sent two others to join their comrades who had gone before. A gigantic fellow, with more courage than his companions, seized Hammond's horse by the reins. But his temerity cost him his life. Hammond at this moment raised himself in his stirrups for greater force and, waving his saber aloft, was enabled to deal him a crushing blow. He then spurred forward his horse and passed through the others unharmed. Dalton got through those in the rear, but not with such good fortune.

In the celebrated chase of Gen. Tarleton by Washington following the battle of Cowpens, Hammond accompanied him. Toward the close of the pursuit, Washington approached so near to Tarleton at one time as to raise himself in his stirrups and lean forward to strike him. Unfortunately his horse stumbled just at that moment and Washington was nearly thrown. The momentary pause resulting permitted Tarleton to escape him. Hammond continued the pursuit and pressed him so hard that he was compelled to leave his horse and take refuge in the swamps. The chase was over a distance of twenty-eight miles, and night and the swamps alone ended it.

Col. Hammond left among his papers various notes in his own hand-writing, which illustrated and described the battles and expeditions in which he was engaged. Some of these notes have been published in Joseph Johnson's *Traditions and Reminiscences*

Chiefly of the American Revolution in the South. (Charleston, 1851.)

After the war Col. Hammond resided in Savannah and was several times elected to the State legislature from Chatham County. He was made Surveyor General of the State, and also a State Commissioner, appointed to act in conjunction with other men of distinction in arranging treaties with the Indians.

His military operations were renewed in 1793 by an appointment from Gov. Telfair to command of the Chatham County Militia, which was being sent to the frontier. In this connection he rendered important service in checking the depredations of the lower Creek Indians. Returning to Savannah at the end of his term of service, he soon realized that his services in the field were needed by the State. Raising a volunteer troop he went back to the frontier.

In 1802 Col. Hammond was elected a representative from the State of Georgia in the Congress of the United States, defeating Joseph Bryan and William H. Crawford. But before his term of office expired he was asked to accept the appointment from President Jefferson to be Colonel Commandant for the District of Louisiana.[5]

Thus in the prime of his life, a veteran soldier and legislator, Hammond was called for constructive service in the West. There has been much confusion in accounts of this period in Hammond's career. In some measure it is probably due to the lack of access to records and letters. Hammond agreed, reluctantly, to accept the appointment in a letter of June 30, 1804, but the correspondence between him and the Secretary of War was much interrupted by long delays in the mail. Even after his acceptance, it was so long before any further word or instructions came to him that he was on the point of returning to his duties at Washington when stopped at the last moment by the receipt

[5] *Annals of Congress*, 1804-05: 1139.

of belated orders.[6] All this confusion resulted in a long delay in filling the post at St. Louis, and was the subject of an exchange of messages between Congress and the President.[7] The commission itself was sent by the War Department on November 2, 1804, to St. Louis, where Col. Hammond found it on his arrival.

The appointment of Col. Hammond was to the command of the District of St. Louis, and he thus became practically the first resident governor of that section under the authority of the United States. Major Stoddard, who was first appointed to receive Upper Louisiana from the French authorities, had remained for a time in charge, but without many discretionary powers. The latter was instructed to conduct the government and laws as they existed at the time he took hold, and had no definite attributes as a civil governor.[8]

The District of St. Louis was bounded by the Missouri River on the North, Platin Creek, from its mouth to its source, on the south, thence in a due line west to the fork of the River Merrimack, called Arencau, then up the said Merrimack to the upper settlements on that river, thence in a due west line to the western boundary of Louisiana.[9] This district was by far the most important in Upper Louisiana. It contained about 3,738 whites and 667 blacks, and comprised three good settlements—St. Louis, Carondelet and St. Ferdinand.[10]

The character of Col. Hammond's mission is better described by quoting from a letter from President Jefferson to Col. Richard Kennon.[11] In this communi-

[6] Letter of Samuel Hammond to Hon. H. Dearborn, *Amer. State Papers, Misc.*, I:426.

[7] *Annals of Congress*, 1804-05: 1033.

[8] Billon's *Annals of St. Louis* (St. Louis, 1888), II: 1.

[9] Proclamation, October 1, 1804, of William H. Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory and the District of Louisiana.

[10] Letter from Maj. Amos Stoddard to Gov. Harrison. Mss. Collection Mo. Hist. Soc.

[11] Original letter. Mss. Mo. Hist. Soc., Bixby collection.

cation he offers the command of one of the other districts and uses the following language:

"The act of Congress establishing the government of Louisiana has placed that of its several Districts chiefly in a commandant, subject only to the superintendence of the Governor of Indiana at Vincennes. It is of great importance that these offices, five in number . . . should be filled with persons who may blend with great prudence the duties, civil and military, annexed to the office." . . .

The people of this district were not at all happy over the change from the French-Spanish government to the American, and it was particularly distasteful to them because they feared the new government would be out of harmony with all their traditions, customs and habits. With this fact in view, it is unnecessary to emphasize the point hinted at by Jefferson, that the man in such post, to be successful and influential with the people, must be highly intelligent and versatile.

Gen. Dearborn, Secretary of War, in his letter to Col. Hammond accompanying the commission,[12] directs him as follows:

"War Department.
Nov'r 2d, 1804.

"Samuel Hammond,

"Sir: Enclosed herewith you will receive your Commission as Colonel and Commandant in Louisiana. The District of St. Louis is assigned you. In the pursuance of your duties you will be governed principally by the obvious intent and meaning of the Law authorizing the President of the United States to make the appointment, a copy of which Law you will herewith receive.

"By this you will perceive that the Laws heretofore in force in that country are continued until altered by the new legislature. These it is believed gave considerable Civil as well as Military powers to

[12] War Department *Military Book* 2; pp. 267, 268.

the Commandants of Districts, which powers will of course devolve on you until altered by the legislature. Wherever a case arises to which the civil authority is competent, let your interference be in your civil character, using the aids and forms of the civil authority, and never those of the military, but in cases not otherwise to be affected—and wherever it is used—let it be marked in its proceedings by the utmost tenderness to the civil rights of Individuals and never aggravating by insult, harshness or passion, the acts of force which the case requires to be used. In these matters the present act of Congress, the existing laws of Louisiana, and the ordinances of the Governor and Judges will be your guide and warrant.

"An important part of your duty will relate to the prohibiting of unauthorized settlements on lands to which legal and valid titles have not been acquired. The settlements which are lawful are so exactly defined by the 14th Section of the enclosed act of Congress that no other direction is necessary from me than to exert your utmost vigilance in detecting unauthorized settlements the moment they are made or discovered, dealing with the persons as the Law requires and destroying any fixed improvements they may have made on the land. Besides the necessity of constant enquiries as to this object and having correspondents in all parts charged to give you necessary information, you may perhaps find it expedient at times to order patroles into those parts where intrusions are most to be expected.

"Your own good judgment and discretion will fully convince you of the propriety and necessity of conciliating the esteem and confidence of all classes of Citizens, of keeping up the most friendly intercourse between yourself and the Officers generally, especially those of the higher grades, and of the importance of strict discipline and subordination as well among the regular troops as the Militia.

"As complete an organization of the Militia as circumstances will admit ought to engage your early and particular attention, much will depend on a judicious selection of officers. Your opinion on this subject will undoubtedly have weight with the Governor, with whom you will communicate freely as well on this sub-

ject, as any other which may require consideration and on which you may entertain doubts as to what line of conduct would be most expedient. You will please to transmit to this office a regular return of the Militia under your Command as soon as an organization shall have taken place and also one to the Governor: and similar Returns in the month of October annually.

"I cannot at present be explicit on the subject of Arms for the Militia, it requiring a further and more correct knowledge of all circumstances than has yet been obtained concerning which I will thank you for such information as your situation will enable you to procure.

"I am, etc.,

H. DEARBORN."

The wisdom and fitness of the appointment of Col. Hammond to this position is shown by the fact that he entered immediately into the life of the people of the community and adopted the new country as his own, in every respect. Possessed of a large fortune and a hospitable Virginia nature, he immediately built a large house,[13] where he entertained royally. With his polished manners, brilliant conversational powers, including his ability as a linguist, and the aid of his beautiful and accomplished wife, he soon won the hearts of the people, and his home became noted far and wide among the officials who were sent out to the new territory. In 1818 he purchased a residence on the west side of Third Street, between Elm and Myrtle Streets, which was ever afterward referred to as the "Hammond Mansion," and was numbered 72 South Third Street.[14] After he left it, this house was occupied by other persons prominent in St. Louis. He also had a large farm and summer home on the prairie near what is now the entrance to Forest Park; Lindell

[13] Scharf's History of St. Louis, 1:314; probably at Main and Spruce Streets.

[14] This house was afterward numbered 217 S. Third Street, and was standing at late as 1888.

Boulevard now extending through his old estate. On this land was a large spring called "Hammond's Spring," which was one of the three principal sources of water supply for Chouteau's Pond.

Col. Hammond entered into the business ventures of the community, probably to his disadvantage, but still in his characteristic attitude: "Thy people shall be my people." He was one of the organizers and first president of the St. Louis Bank; this, the first bank west of the Mississippi River, incorporated in 1813, was located at St. Louis. He was one of the founders of Christ Church,[15] the first Protestant Episcopal Church in St. Louis, and was for years on its vestry.[16]

Even after the system of territorial government was changed again (when the civil and military government was vested in one resident governor of the whole people of Upper Louisiana, acting in legislative matters with three judges), and after Gen. Wilkinson took charge as the first governor of the territory, on the 4th of July, 1805, Col. Hammond continued to be in authority.[17] It will be remembered that the territory had previously been under the nominal authority and government of the Chief Executive of Indiana Territory, next adjoining, in the person of William Henry Harrison.[18]

Considerable ill feeling soon developed between Gov.

[15] Christ Church was established Nov. 1, 1819. The original manuscript of the Articles of Association, as well as the first subscription list for the salary of the minister, etc., is in the rectory of Christ Church Cathedral.

[16] The first vestry was composed of Thos. F. Riddick and Wilson P. Hunt. Wardens: Samuel Hammond, Hy. von Phul, James Kennerly, James Clemens, Jr., Wm. Stokes, Joseph V. Garnier, A. Rutgers, and Frederick Dent.

[17] War Department *Military Book* 2; 373.

[18] On Mar. 3, 1805, an act was passed by Congress changing the name of the District of Louisiana to Louisiana Territory; the governor to be appointed for three years, the secretary for four years, and the legislative powers to be vested in the governor and three judges. This act went into effect July 4, 1805.

Wilkinson and Col. Hammond. In the light of certain official correspondence between them, which is still preserved, Wilkinson seems to have been petty and spiteful. His reply to a letter of Hammond's conveying the desire of certain citizens to have their military company incorporated into the militia, is stiff, impolite, contemptuous and full of arrogance. Whether or not the local popularity of Hammond and the desire of many prominent St. Louisans to have Hammond as Wilkinson's successor was the cause is a matter of conjecture. Suffice it to say that Wilkinson and his attorney general never missed an opportunity to abuse Hammond and his prominent St. Louis friends. An incident bearing upon their attitude is the prosecution, by the attorney general, of Samuel Hammond, Jr., a nephew of the Commandant. The younger Hammond killed an Indian, which act, according to the testimony at the inquest, was clearly justifiable and necessary to save the lives of Col. Return J. Meigs, Jr., and Antoine Saugrain. A report of this inquest was duly forwarded to President Jefferson by Col. Hammond:[19]

St. Louis, May 26, 1806.

"Territory of Louisiana,
District of Ste. Genevieve, } Sct.

"Inquisition taken at the town of Saint Louis in the District and in the Territory aforesaid, at the house of Hiacinth St. Cyr on the 23d day of May, A. D. 1806, upon a view of the body of Maichiwaigachee, an Indian of the Kickapoo tribe of Indians, then and there found dead, by the Oath of John Murphy, foreman, Calvin Adams, James Smith, James Rankin, Josiah McLannahan, James Huston, John C. Comegys, Francois Hortiz, Joseph LaCroix, William Massey, Hugh Patterson, Gabriel LaCroix, George Doggett, and Charles Gurrie, good and lawful men of the body of the said District, who being duly Summoned and Sworn well and faithfully, to enquire, when, where and in what manner the said Maichiwaigachee, came to his death, after having examined several Witnesses who were duly sworn, upon their Oaths say that at the Town of St. Louis aforesaid on the 23d day of May one Antoine Saugrain and Return J. Meigs, Jr., Esqr., being then and there in peace of God and of the United

19 (*Jefferson Papers*, Ser. 2, vol. 42.)

States, said that Maichiwaigachee then and there did make an assault upon the said Col. Return J. Meigs Jr. and the said Antoine Saugrain, and without provocation did walk the Streets of Saint Louis brandishing his Tomahawk in a threatening manner and striking the same in one or more Doors and terrifying the citizens thereof and did then and there of his malice aforethought with the Tomahawk aforesaid strike and attempt to Kill the said Return J. Meigs, Jr., and that Samuel Hammond, Jr., then and there for the preservation and in defence of the life of the said Return J. Meigs Junior with a certain pocket pistol loaded with powder and ball, then and there a mortal wound gave to the said Indian by firing the same which entered at the left side of the back of the said Indian of the breadth of a quarter of an inch and lodging in the body of the said Indian then and there, while engaged with the said Return J. Meigs, Jr., and the hand in which he held the said Tomahawk being held by the said Meigs was in the act of drawing his Knife with his left hand which was about half drawn when he received the Shot aforesaid and the said Samuel Hammond, Jr. at the same time for the preservation and defence of the life of the said Return J. Meigs, Jr. did then and there with a certain Dirk of the length of———— [sic] Inches give to the said Indian the wound on the left side, the one under the left arm the other near the short ribs of the length of three-quarters of an inch, of which said mortal wounds the said Indian, on the same day and year, and at the place aforesaid immediately died, and so the Jurors aforesaid say, that the said Samuel Hammond Junior did then and there Kill the said Maichiwaigachee for the preservation and in the defence of the life of the said Return J. Meigs, Junior.

"John Murphy

Nathan Pusey, Coroner

P. Jh. LaCroix
Hh. Patterson
Gabriel LaCroix
J. Rankin
Jno. G. Comegys
Jo. Hortiz
James Smith
William Massey
Calvin Adams
Geo. Doggett
J. Huston
Josiah McLannahan

"St. Louis, 26th May 1806—I do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true Copy from the original as filed in my office.

"Copy—Nathan Pusey, Coroner.

"The foregoing is a True Copy of an Original inquest Compared and Examined by

S. Hammond Senr. J. P.
27 May 1806."

Col. Hammond wrote to President Jefferson, August 26, 1806, in regard to the reported slanders by Gov. Wilkinson. In this letter he says:

"I have just now been informed by a Gentleman whose veracity I have no right to question, that Gov. Wilkinson had written a letter to the executive of the U. S. some months since, calculated to injure my reputation or prejudice my character. It is a duty due to myself to ask for a copy of the communication, if such has been made—if there has not, it would afford me gratification, for it is always painful to me to have cause to suspect any gentleman of such malevolence and hypocracy as would be established if my information be correct. My judgment assures me that I have Conducted my self towards the Governor with every respect and attention due to his Station and that it is out of his power to Charge me Justly with the neglect of, or inattentions to any part of those duties which the laws under which I have acted required of me and his Official arrangements gave me the powers to perform. Unless indeed that Silence which I have observed upon the subject of the animosities and party disturbances which have been unfortunately produced and imprudently spread throughout this territory by those whose duty it was rather to heal and Reconcile them, be considered as a reprehensible neglect. * * *

"I have been informed that a paper has been circulating here having for its object the recommendation of myself for the Government of this territory. I take leave to assure you that it has not been set on foot with my privity, or countenanced in any way by my wish or would I have it understood as an application flowing from me, for altho I have felt it my duty to perform or attempt to perform such Services as have been required of me either by the people or their Constituted Authorities, I have never been found soliciting such employments."

In any controversy involving Wilkinson it should be borne in mind that he was a man selfish of power and eager for money. He had enemies from St. Louis to New Orleans, and while Jefferson never believed that he was involved in the conspiracy with Aaron Burr,

this disbelief was based upon his idea of Wilkinson's shrewdness rather than upon confidence in his honesty. Wilkinson received instructions from the War Department on June 11, 1806, to go with all dispatch to New Orleans and prepare for defense against the Burr conspirators. Instead he lingered at St. Louis until the following September. The question was taken up by the President's cabinet October 22, 1806, as to what should be done with him on account of his disobedience. At this meeting the general and widespread suspicion concerning his fidelity was discussed. The matter was postponed and the attention of the cabinet was probably diverted from the subject by Wilkinson's subsequent court-martial.

Congress having adjourned without authorizing the continuation of the commandants in the Territory of Louisiana, their appointments ceased on the 21st of April, 1806. Gen. Dearborn wrote on May 6th of that year so informing Col. Hammond. The several districts subsequently became counties, presided over by the elective officers, whose authority and dignity were in the shadow of the chief executive, and who lacked the power and authority of the commandants.

These changes did not end the public career of Col. Hammond, but, on the contrary, he was frequently called to positions of public trust. About July 1, 1811, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by Frederick Bates, then acting as Governor of the Territory.[20] He was a member of the first Territorial Council of eighteen persons, being one of the nine appointed by President Madison,[21] and was elected president of the Council at its first meeting, held July 5, 1813; was the first Receiver of Public Monies for the United States Land District, being appointed by President Monroe in 1818, which office he held until 1820.

[20] Common Pleas Record B, p. 118.

[21] Original proclamation of acting Governor Bates dated June 3, 1813. Mss. Missouri Historical Society, Dalton Collection.

He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the State of Missouri, held in 1820, to which he was elected to represent Jefferson County, having a plantation in that county at Herculaneum, [22] and in several elections held in the earlier days, to choose a delegate to Congress, Col. Hammond was prominently considered.

It was not until 1824 that Samuel Hammond gave up his residence in Missouri and went to South Carolina, the field of his early career: Not to rest, as his sixty-seven years of age would have seemed to justify, but to write his name in the political history of another State. He had served Georgia as a member of the State legislature and as her representative in Congress; Missouri from her infancy until her maturity, and now was to be Surveyor General of the State of South Carolina, and afterwards her Secretary of State.

After his return to the South he found it necessary to sell off a great deal of his property, in order to contribute toward the settlement of the debts of a bank with which he was connected. This bank had given notes to the United States Government in payment of public dues and, in its failure to meet them, involved its stockholders. He also found that his estate in South Carolina had been lost by sale for taxes, through the neglect of his agents. Fortunately, however, the property had fallen into the hands of an old friend and fellow soldier, Col. Brooks, of Edgefield, and he generously agreed to restore it to him.

[22] Herculaneum, a small village about 30 miles below St. Louis, was laid out, in 1808, by Samuel Hammond and Moses Austin and was subsequently made the county seat of Jefferson County. After the county seat was removed to Hillsboro in 1839, the town lost a great deal of its importance until the establishment of plants for the smelting of lead. When the Mississippi River & Bonne Terre R. R. was constructed a large smelting plant was built on the river at Herculaneum and great quantities of lead ore were brought from the mines to be smelted in this plant. It is still one of the important lead manufacturing towns in the State, and is supported almost entirely by the lead company. Its population in 1912 was 800.

His election to the office of Surveyor General of South Carolina was in 1827, and he was seventy-four years of age when chosen Secretary of State. His fellow soldier, Gen. Sumpter, in advocating his selection, spoke with approval of his gallantry and usefulness during the Revolutionary War, and stated that the victory of Blackstocks was due to his great bravery and conduct in that battle. While holding office, Col. Hammond resided at Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina, respectively. In 1835 he returned to "Varello," his country estate (at Beech Island, South Carolina, three miles from Augusta, Georgia, on the Savannah River), for a well-earned rest from the labors of a very long and active career. Here he died, on the 11th day of September, 1842, in his eighty-fifth year.

Col. Hammond was buried with civil, military and Masonic honors. The Militia of Hamburg, South Carolina, and the Augusta, Georgia, Riflemen and Artillery Guard, all under the command of Samuel G. Wilson, together with the Masonic lodges and citizens of both places, formed a procession at the corner of Covington and Market Streets. From the site of his old fort on Shultz' hill, which he had stormed in 1781, minute guns were fired by the artillery while the procession followed the body of the deceased veteran with the solemn sounds of the muffled drums. When they arrived at the family burial grounds, above Campbellton, the remains were lifted into the vault with Masonic honors, and a volley fired over it by the escorting infantry.

The meeting of Samuel Hammond and his first wife, Rebecca Rae, was attended with romantic incident, as might be expected of so romantic a personage as the Colonel. Shortly after the battle of Eutaw Springs a splendid pair of carriage horses were stolen from Mrs. Rebecca Rae, an interesting young widow. These horses were recaptured by Col. Hammond while on his

way to visit an uncle, Col. Leroy Hammond. When he arrived at the home of his uncle he was introduced to Mrs. Rae, who was a guest there. In the course of conversation Col. Hammond learned that Mrs. Rae was the owner of the horses. He said nothing, but the next day Mrs. Rae was agreeably surprised to receive her horses with a note from Col. Hammond, informing her that they had been taken from the Tories and were returned to her with the hope that she would not suffer any further molestation. She immediately dispatched her servant with the horses and a note of thanks, requesting his acceptance of the animals, saying that as she had learned that he had the misfortune to lose three horses at the battle of Blackstocks, she hoped these might be of service to him. This incident, trifling in itself, was the forerunner of an acquaintance which ripened from friendship into love, culminating in their marriage in 1783.

Rebecca Rae was the widow of Col. John Rae, and a sister of Samuel Elbert, Governor of Georgia; also a Revolutionary hero. Their home was at Rae's Hall, a few miles from Savannah on the Savannah River. A son was born of this union, at Rae's Hall in 1786, who was named Samuel Elbert; also a daughter, who died in infancy.

Samuel Elbert married Ellen Lark and left many descendants in Missouri and Arkansas, having made his home in the latter State. Their children married into some of the most prominent families in Missouri.

Rebecca Rae Hammond, the first wife, died in the spring of 1798, and on the 25th day of May, 1802, Col. Hammond was married to Eliza Amelia O'Keefe, who was famous for her beauty and wealth. All of his children by the second marriage were born in Missouri at Bellvale, his country estate near Forest Park, and were:

Charles Lincoln, born November 19, 1806, who was married in 1830 to Sarah Reynolds, and moved to a

plantation in Alabama, where he and his wife were massacred by the Indians in May, 1836;

Margaret Eleanor, born March 9, 1809, who married Samuel Kingman. The eldest son of this marriage was assigned to the consular service of this country in Italy, and died in service. One daughter, Mrs. Julia McKee, now lives in Augusta, Georgia;

Abner Lewis, born September 18, 1813, who married Katherine Barsh. He became a distinguished surgeon in the Army of the Confederate States of America and lost three sons in the service of the Confederacy;

John O'Keefe, born April 23, 1822, who married Susan Richardson. Their only son, Charles Lincoln, was killed while serving the Confederate States in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Mary Ann Magdalene, born May 12, 1816, who married her second cousin, James H. R. Washington. The latter was a son of Robert Washington and a descendant of Lawrence Washington, the emigrant. Robert Washington married his cousin, Elizabeth Hammond, in Richmond County, Virginia, May 24, 1789. He afterwards moved to Georgia. James H. R. Washington and Mary A. Hammond had eight children, among whom were: Mrs. Ellen Washington Bellamy, James Washington and Hugh Vernon Washington.

Mrs. Ellen Washington Bellamy, a survivor of this distinguished Hammond-Washington family, is now living at Macon, Georgia, and is prominent in the councils of the National Daughters of the American Revolution. She attended the unveiling of the tablet placed in the Jefferson Memorial in honor of her grandfather, Samuel Hammond. This imposing work of bronze was the gift of the St. Louis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and now marks a spot almost on the very land owned and occupied by him.

Hugh Vernon Washington was born at the famous old Washington homestead in the city of Macon,

Georgia, on April 2, 1861, and died in the same house, October 5, 1911. He was educated at the University of Georgia and took his degree in law in 1882. While quite young he was made judge of the Recorder's Court at Macon. Mr. Washington was the representative of the state of Georgia at the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exposition, by appointment from the governor of that state. His service in that capacity was spoken of with warm commendation by Gov. Terrell in his annual message to the General Assembly of the state. Mr. Washington was a gentleman of the old school, a lawyer of ability, culture and eloquence, and much interested in philanthropic and educational matters. He died unmarried.

Mary Ann Hammond Washington, daughter of Col. Hammond, and mother of Mrs. Bellamy and Hugh V. Washington, was the first "real daughter" of the Revolution. She was a notable woman and lived to be eighty-five years of age. A marble bust of her has been placed in Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Col. Hammond brought with him to St. Louis his nephew, George Hammond. The latter subsequently became deputy sheriff of St. Louis and was stabbed to death in front of the court house in 1836, while conveying a desperate mulatto to the jail.[23] A daughter of George Hammond, Eliza Ann, was married in St. Louis, March 3, 1836, to Theodore Labeaume, a son of Louis Tarteron de Lebeaume (an *emigre*, who came to St. Louis from France during the Revolution) and his wife Suzanne Dubreuil. Descendants of Theodore Labeaume and Eliza Hammond are now among the leading citizens of St. Louis.

[23] See an account of Hammond's murder, in Darby, *Personal Recollections* (St. Louis, 1880), p. 237. The people were so greatly incensed at the murderer that they immediately burned him on a vacant lot at Seventh and Chestnut Streets, about where the Title Guaranty building now stands.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ACTOR.

By CHARLES A. KRONE.

(Read at a Meeting of the Society March 17 1906: Continued from Vol. IV., No. 3.)

John McCullough, then a young man, played "Icilius" worthy of his great master. I was the "Appius Claudius on this occasion, and had ample opportunity to witness the scenes between Virginius, Icilius and Dentatus, scenes in which the tenderest emotions of the father and friend were called into action, and which convinced me that the imputation he had fallen under of being a ranter was owing to his lame imitators. His voice was melodious and sonorous, and would rise from the faintest whisper and lament through all the gradations to the highest thunders of passion and spread like the reverberations of a cathedral organ, clearly, distinctly and without effort, to every part of the house.

After the curtain had dropped on the last act, he suddenly came over to where I was lying in the same position as when strangled by him. and he gruffly asked: "Who the devil ever taught you to die like that?" I was somewhat startled and inquired if it wasn't all right. "Right," he replied, "Of course it is. By Jove, you're the only man I've had to die right these four years, for no sooner have I killed them, but they stretch out as stiff as a poker. You've done it like a man that has been strangled. He then proceeded to give me an explanation of the contraction of the limbs in such cases, the obstruction of the flow of blood, etc., which, luckily was interrupted by the tremendous applause that called him before the curtain.

Although all his renditions were as masterly, his highest flight was reached in "King Lear," which he played to a fair house, and the attendance gradually began to fall off, so that his brilliant representations of "Richelieu," "Jack Crade," and the "Gladiator," this excellent lesson on the decadence of the Roman Empire failed to draw the desired attendance. His time was departing with the popular enthusiasm for classic plays. Besides, one of the leading journals daily criticised him and spoke of his support as not being efficient, and he closed the engagement with but little, if any, financial success, to make way for John Thompson, Jos. Murphy and other performers, who had adopted the dramatic stage and were reaping a plenteous harvest.

The life of Edwin Forrest with its scandalous divorce case, and the Astor House riot during Macready's engagement in 1849, had, no doubt soured his temper and embittered lis life. In this riot, which was the result of a rivalry between the English and the American tragedian, a score of men were killed and many wounded, and it was said that Forrest had injudiciously provoked it. However, that might be, his passionate temper and his rude, profane, and often coarse manner, were well calculated to give rise to such opinion. Notwithstanding this, he was also known to be manly and just, and without a tinge of superciliousness or of falseness in his nature. With his colleagues, though rough, he was frank and straightforward, demanding of them the same devotion and accuracy in their work that he himself exhibited. When he saw this was earnestly attempted he was bearable, but carelessness and frivolity found no mercy from his bitter and mocking remarks. "Can't you do it as I do?" he is known to have said to a youngster whom he was vainly trying to teach a small part. "No, Mr. Forrest, I can't," was the reply; "for, if I could, I would not be working for

$5.00 a week." "If that's all you're getting, do it as you d—d please." Though vain himself and proud of his vocation, he never objected, but rather desired that others should likewise be so as long as they attended to the work before them. On one occasion I heard him say to a member of the company, "Never mind those in front, you play your part correctly, and if you don't know how better than those in the galleries, I'd advise you to go home and learn to make shoes." His world reached as far as the footlights, and beyond these he disdained all efforts to gain applause or favor. While witnessing a grand production of Richelieu at Booth's Theatre in New York, a large crowd of magnificently dressed ladies and courtiers were promenading among the gorgeous flowers and fountains in the Versailles garden scene, and, that too while the affecting dialogue between Richelieu and King Louis was going on, some gentleman sitting near him asked him how he would like to play Richelieu in that style and he answered, "not before that scenery by God." There is no doubt that Booth, who played Richelieu, thought likewise, but the time had arrived in which he was either not to act at all or make some concessions to the speculators who starred him and to the public who demanded this display. Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia in 1806. This advent falls in a period when this country was yet in its incipiency. The radical sentiments of individual liberty that had been born of the blood of patriots was intensified by the hatred of every thing that pertained to monarchic institutions, and of this hate the English bore the lion's share. John Barrett, our comedian, on his arrival from England, while sitting in Battery Park a few moments had half of his coat tail cut off by some rowdies, and when he shed tears on account of the brutal treatment, they laughed and reminded him of the battle of Bunker Hill. The Germans, or Dutch as they were then

called, were looked upon as inferiors and as the slaves of despots, whereas the Irish fared somewhat better on account of their hatred to England and the French were respected for their aid during the Revolution. This was the popular feeling, and among these conditions Forrest was reared, and that too, in Philadelphia, the cradle of Liberty, where these sentiments were nurtured. The young nation in its robust health and strength felt that its power was adequate for any talk or danger, and a sincere faith in the eternal duration of the institutions under which it lived. Rude and boastful, proud and impatient of contradiction, yet enterprising and manly in the fulfillment of the simple duties which clearly lay before them, the people in general were considered coarse and rude by their more polished European critics, while the average American held in contempt the unnecessary ceremonials and fopperies of European society. The word "master" in this country had been changed to employer, and "servant" to that of "help," and decorations and liveries save on a soldier were looked upon as abominations. Such was the spirit and the conditions in which Forrest was born and grew into manhood, and this considered we have a clew that will lead us to understand the deplorable affair of the Macready contention and the Astor Place riot; and the populace of that day who were as fiercly anti-English as Forrest himself. His favorite expression when excited, was "God bless my American heart, if so, and so," and uttered with a force as if he had been born of the Pilgrim Fathers instead of Rebecca Lauman, his German mother and John Forrest, his Scotch father. In short this pride, sturdiness, and sense of unshackled freedom that based itself upon simple and right feeling, and the faith to realize it, were his in a high degree, and as far as an artist can embody and represent the spirit of his time and people in his work, Edwin Forrest accomplished this in his acting, and

even up to this day stands as one of the greatest personalities in art and genius that this country has produced. Another American, a woman, Charlotte Cushman, who in the tragic art soared into the highest flights in what was greatest in a race's literature, deserves a place on the same pedestal with Forrest in the temple of fame.

The encouragement, also, which Forrest gave to authors for the creation of plays conceived in the spirit of American ideals gave us such works as "Metamora" and "The Gladiator," which, in his time were considered high psalms of liberty. Taken all in all, he was the most specific great American actor that ever lived. His entire manner differed from that of the English actors who visited us or those of their American imitators. His mannerisms, of which he had not a few, were also original and distinctly his own, such as the biting of his nether lip, the nervous twitching of his fingers, the violent heaving of his bulky chest which proclaimed the struggle of the emotion his spirit strove to master. The peculiar manner in which he would sacrifice the customary accentuation of words to give effect often were criticised. As a specimen the following will suffice; In the play of Richelieu when the Count De Baradas recounts his services to the king in a boastful manner and makes use of the word "we" instead of "I" he is suddenly interrupted by Richelieu, Forrest would say it thus:— "W-e-e-e! You hear him sire, We-e-e-! What pa-a-a-ge, man, in the last court gram-a-a-r made you a plur-a-a-l!" In Metamura after the trial scene he went to De Bar and complained that there wasn't a man in his company that could pronounce Phil-i-pp!

The last and best representative of this renowned American actor was John McCullogh his pupil and support for some years, who after Forrest's departure starred in the same roles and followed in his master's

footsteps. He was one of the last of that younger generation who began their career when the ideals of earlier days had begun to fade from the popular mind, and who was the only one who in his province attained to any signal success as a tragedian. A story was current that in his former days he had worked as a stoker in a gas house, where, by the light of the furnace he tended he had taught himself to read. Whether this story be true or not I can not say.

Sixteen years after this engagement with Forrest in 1866, when he had arrived at fame and excellence we met again in Providence R. I. He had heard that I was in town with a company and sent one of his actors with an invitation for me to see him, stating that he was ill or he would have called upon me. On the night of his departure I went in a coach with some of his actors to the train and found him standing on the platform. He looked worn and pale, but spoke with cheerfulness and great warmth of former days, and the engagement of '66 in St. Louis, of which he remembered all the particulars. On the signal of departure we shook hands and I never saw him again. No man was ever held in greater esteem by his company, and his tragic fate which bereft him of his reason and ended with his death was mourned by all who knew him.

Belle Boyd, the Rebel Spy, a very handsome lady who had served as a spy in the Confederate army, appeared for one week. She brought a horse with her and a play full of thrilling adventures of the Civil War. Her beauty and her equestrian feats drew large attendances.

On the 26th. of May the joint benefit of George Jones the treasurer and Joel W. Turner, the master machinist took place. On this occasion Ben DeBar appeared as Tom Tape in the "Stage Struck Tailor," and the following in an olio of song, dance and farce! —Miss Kate Taylor, La Petite Sylvia, R. S. Vandib,

and Frank Martin. Wm. Vandib, a young comedian who had been in George Chaplin's Stock Co. at Leavenworth appeared as Handy Andy in the play of that name. A. B. Pearson, who is well remembered by old citizens for his talent as a reciter and player of tragic parts delivered a recitation. These gentlemen, at that time were members of an amateur association which was composed of the sons of our earliest citizens. The roster was as follows:— A. B. Pearson, H. Bloomfield, J. Nagle, J. O'Hearne, Chas. Bohanan, R. Morris, J. McNamara, W. Blakely, A. J. Rose, W. Latour, Mat. Hastings, W. Gillespie, X. Murray, S. Smith and J. Mumy. Of these the following are still living:—Dr. Chas. Bohanan, J. O'Hearne, R. Morris, W. Blakely, Wm. Latour, J. McNamara and Mat Hastings. This society had a theatre of its own in what had once been the old Boatman's Church on the south side of Lucas Avenue which then was called Green St., between 3rd. and 4th. Pearson performed the leading parts, and Mat Hastings painted the scenery until his departure for Europe where he studied two years in the Art Academies of Dusseldorf and Paris, after which he returned to St. Louis a skillful artist in portrait and landscape painting. Many of his excellent works depicting historical scenes of our Western life and the portraits of numerous citizens are well known. He is still industrious at his easel,[1] and I think he is the last of the many clever St. Louis artists of former days, such as Meeker, Hinchey, Reed, Hillieker Sr. Chase and Becker. We often meet, and on one accasion, after a play I was engaged in at the Suburban Garden, we promenaded together through the crowd of people without meeting a soul that we knew. He remarked how different things were from those of our younger days, when almost at every turn

[1] Since this article was written, Mat Hastings died in St. Louis on January 23rd, 1919.

we would have been hailed by some acquaintance. I reminded him that of that period we two were the "last of the Mohicans," in our separate crafts and that the world was constantly growing young as well as old. On Feb. 19, 1868, Edwin Forrest appeared with us once more and for the last time in this city. He was now an old man of sixty two. He had aged much during the past two years, and though helpless at times with suffering from the gout, his mind still retained its wonted vigor, and his stubborn will, and irascible temper were more pronounced than ever. But, alas, his body tottered, and the once firm and majestic step was changed into a painful limp that provoked laughter. In the fight in the arena scene of the "Gladiator" it was a sad sight to see him dragging his right leg along to reach his antagonist, and with sword and shield giving and taking blows, each of which must have pierced the very marrow of his bones with pain, and reminded one of the lines in the play that speak of "killing men to make sport for a Roman holiday." Though there was no more than a half attendance, his acting was great as heretofore, and like the gladiator he represented, he determined to fight to the end.

His King Lear was enthusiastically received by but a fair audience which irritated him, for though he was a prudent business man, he was no money worshipper, and in later years cared little for the financial side of his affairs. In 1854, when Manager Wood of the People's Theatre offered him the $600 agreed upon, after an unprofitable weeks engagement, he shoved it back to him saying, "I don't want your money, George, but it annoys me that so few have come to see me." His last engagements in St. Louis were unprofitable and discouraging.

It was during the war that matinees were instituted, and at its close the system of farming out the company to theatres in other cities while opera troupes

and combinations were playing here was resorted to. While one of these itinerant shows was here for a week, instead of resting as usual we were sent with Forrest to Quincy, Illinois. He was very ill during the trip. After laying over the night at a country town to catch the train on the following day, he arose in the morning, and supported by his agent and dresser limped towards the hotel to breakfast. A crowd of countrymen that had heard of his arrival had assembled on the platform and craned their necks to get a look at him, upon which, with a majestic wave of his hand he shouted "Stand back you foolish blockheads, what are you staring at?" The crowd shrunk back, and he moved on and growled until he reached the hotel.

In Quincy, the business proved worse than in St. Louis, and so was his temper. Upon the request of the Mayor to see him, he replied, "What do I want to see him for? Let him attend to his own business and leave me to mine." His dresser, a Philadelphia shoulder hitter, had made himself obnoxious to our property man, a slender Irish youth. One afternoon at the theatre, a fight took place up in the flies, between the property man and the tall Philadelphian who loudly shouted for help while the former was beating him unmercifully. I rushed to the spot and made him desist, but the dresser had been punished so severely that he came to the theatre that night with his head and face covered with raw beefsteak. Some insulting remark about St. Louis and its people had been the immediate cause of the trouble. Of course this added to the general ill feeling, and Forrest growled like an angry lion at everybody and everything. On the last night King Lear was produced. In the last act Lear is discovered asleep on a couch as the curtain rises to the plaintive tune of "Sweet angels sing me to rest." Forrest had lain on the couch for some time, and he enquired why they waited

so long for the curtain to rise. Wright, his stage manager answered that this would be done as soon as he had instructed the orchestra to play "Sweet angels sing me to my rest," upon which Forrest roared out, "Sweet angels sing me to the infernal regions and perdition, so we get out of this God forsaken village." He died on the 12th. of December, 1872, leaving his vast property for the benefit of aged and indigent actors. The Forrest Home stands as a monument to his greatness and his kindness of heart. He was found dead in his room, one half of his body, the head and broad chest resting on the floor, and the other part on the bed. What the last struggle may have been can never be known. His life was a tragedy and so was his death. The tall old elm tree that shadowed the window of his study with its branches, though it spoke to him will never reveal the mystery. His gardener had repeatedly begged him to have it cut down as it obstructed the view of the house. Tired of the man's eagerness to have it removed he replied "No by the gods, no! For at night when I sit here and study, the rustling of its leaves remind me of my immortal soul and whispers of the life to come."

Edwin Booth, after an absence of two years, dating from the assassination of the president, again appeared in St. Louis on the 18th. of November, 1867. He opened in Hamlet. It was said that he had studied the part during the period of his retirement in England. It was also rumored that he had drank vinegar during all this time to give himself the proper taint. This is hard to believe, for he had it from nature. This famous actor was one of the few in whom the best qualities of his contemporaries were harmoniously blended in a high degree. Unable to reach the sublime heights of Forrest, the titanic force of Barry Sullivan, the ideal conceptions of Murdock in either tragedy or comedy, the romantic glamor of James W. Wallack or the versatility of Edwin Davenport, he

succeeded in painting the historical and poetical spirit as well as the dramatic tone of his picture in a degree which none of the others attained. He was free, likewise, of all pronounced mannerisms, and could disindividualize and merge himself into the character he represented. In his Richelieu one never lost sight of the Frenchman and the priest, and in his Shylock the Jew was so evident that one was apt to imagine he spoke with a slight Hebrew accent. Such, at least, was my impression, though, on inquiry, I was told he spoke as pure English in this as in other parts, and that I was not the only one who shared in the deception. Hamlet was considered to be his master piece. Without the fire and emotional qualities of his father, his renditions were considered more even, smooth, cold and reflective, which addressed themselves to the intellect rather than the heart, and this, with his personal advantages of a melancholy cast of countenance, slight and graceful figure, and a clear and plaintive tone of voice, fitted him for the part of the melancholy Dane. On the second night he appeared as Romeo, which to my mind, was the finest I ever saw, which was the more strange, as his Claude Melnotte a similar lover was the worst that could be imagined. However, he played this part very seldom, and only at matinees. Richard III, a repetition of Hamlet, Othello, Catharine and Petruchio and the Merchant of Venice ended the engagement. The gross receipts for this week amounted to $7,689, of which no doubt he received the half. He was of a quiet and kindly disposition, but the kind that seemed rather to have been cultivated than natural. The tragic fate of his brother, the eccentricities and waywardness of his father, and the existence of a strain of crankism if not madness, of which he was well aware, weighed upon his soul, and had made him mistrust himself, and take every precaution to keep his mind calm and balanced. During the many engagements he played

with De Bar he was never seen to lose his temper save on one occasion. At a rehearsal of Richelieu after vainly attempting to get a certain situation of the piece according to his notion he burst out suddenly in such a furious manner as filled everybody with fear and astonishment, but seeing the effect he had produced he broke out into a loud and merry laugh and at once resumed his former quiet manner.

Robert Grierson, or "old Bob" as he was familiarly called, an excellent actor of old men, well known in this community for his staunch and manly character and his connection with the various theatres of St. Louis since the days of Ludlow and Smith, had played very often with Junius Brutus Booth, the father of Edwin, and knew him intimately. He said there never had been any doubt of the existence of a strain of monomania in the family. Among many eccentricities that he related of the elder Booth were such as reading the Koran at the theatre and praising it as containing the only true religion, and his selling Edwin to him on one occasion in Pittsburgh as he met him on the street with the boy, then a mere child. Grierson petted and praised the little fellow, upon which the father said "you can have him for five dollars." Grierson paid the money and took the child home to its mother, while the father went to a tavern to spend the purchase money in drink. But with all this he was considered a fair, honest, and kind hearted man, and one of considerable knowledge in ancient languages and literature. He was indifferent to money, and as my informant assured me, his salary amounted to $50. a night, and a half clear benefit towards the end of the week, which would give him six hundred dollars as his pay, and, that too, when he was at the height of his fame in this country. When relating this "Old Bob," would add "and that was enough! As an instructor or factor in culture, an actor may have an infinite price, but there never

lived a darned actor in this world who was worth more than $600. in money value." Every morning he would receive his $50 from the treasurer at the box office and being told to count it, he would reply "Oh I guess it's all right," stick the roll in his pocket and walk away. The many stories that were current about him, such as driving people off the stage and acting while intoxicated, Grierson denounced as mere fairy tales. On the contrary his nose had been broken in a combat by a clumsy actor, and this was the cause of the nasal twang of his voice which never left him. He was so careful of the safety and comfort of others that he would walk around and pick up the pins that had been dropped upon the stage, saying, "That the ladies with their light slippers might tread upon them and be seriously hurt," and when intoxicated he invariably refused to appear. His biographies speak of his rambling through a lonely forest where he picked up dead wild pigeons the hunters had left; of his taking them home and making small coffins for them to give them decent burial. Many stories were told of his regard for others and of occasional bursts of passions only when he believed himself to be treated unjustly.

Edwin Booth followed the old traditions and methods like his father before him and sought to equal the former masters or improve their work on the same lines. He never had a play written for himself, but sought to fit himself to those that were already extant. He was no specialist, no canvasser for votes beyond the footlights. Whatever his agents and managers may have forced upon him in his later years, he himself cared nothing for ostentatious display and expensive accessories. When he and Barrett traveled together, Barrett who was more particular about the scenes and decorations, reprimanded Booth for his carelessness in such matters, upon which Booth replied:—"I know you require these things. As for

me, I never take any notice of the scene, I can play to a brick wall." During his many engagements with Ben De Bar he was known and loved as a kind and noble artist. The stories of his occasional sprees no doubt are of the same nature as those related of his father, of whom it was said that his delivery of the Lord's Prayer at a dinner party drew tears from all present. Judging from the many people who profess having heard that delivery there must have been quite a number. The only habit that the younger Booth seemed passionately addicted to was the smoking of a little black meerschaum pipe, which he would puff during pauses in the rehearsal and in which I have often joined him in the alley way leading to the stage, until we were called to work.

The season closed the latter part of May, and as I had received repeated offers from my old manager in Louisville I accepted once more and for the last time.

During the summer, Charlotte Crampton an actress of great ability, though a wayward and erratic character arrived from Omaha in a destitute condition. She had married again for the third time, and on this occasion a lad of 22 years of age while she was in the 40's. This youth posed as her business manager, and called upon Thos. Connor, who was in the city spending his vacation, and myself to consult upon some means to relieve himself and wife of the dire distress they were in, and begged us to come and see her. We found her in a deplorable condition, in threadbare apparel and without money. Their meagre baggage had been seized for transportation, and they were devoid of everything save hope. But a few years since Charlotte Crampton had been a great favorite in this city, and delighted the public with her unique renditions of tragic characters, but having delivered herself to drink she had lost the public respect for herself as well as her art, and had been compelled to lead a gypsy life. This actress possessed the rare

gift of representing male parts equally as true as those of females, and it is doubtful if there ever lived a woman that could play a Richard III, with all its masculine force and fierce combat, and in the after pieces appear as a meek and simple swiss peasant girl as perfectly as this woman could, and so change her gait, voice and manner that but for the name on the programme, it would have been impossible to recognise the two parts as the work of the same person. She was small of statue and plain though expressive features and brilliant eyes, and her walk and manner on the stage both as man and woman was distinct and graceful. Gustavus Brooke when here in 1855, drew her before the curtain after the performance of Othello and congratulated the public of St. Louis on the excellent leading woman they possessed, and said that she was the gentlest and most perfect Desdemona he had ever met. No doubt if she had been careful and steady, this woman would have ranked with Charlotte Cushman.

Wilson's Opera House, on 4th St. between Pine and Chestnut, where Negro Minstrelry had been performed for several seasons had closed. This house was secured for a week and Charlotte Crampton advertised to appear as Evadne, Shylock, Richard III, and Meg Merriles. She was to open in Evadne with the support of the remnant of De Bar's company that were left in town. Mrs. Clark a retired actress and the proprietress of a costume establishment volunteered to furnish the proper costume for the noble Italian dame. In the evening, after finishing our make up, Conner and myself went to see what had been done for her, and we found her on the stage in gorgeous array and glittering jewels. We applauded and complimented her on her appearance, upon which she began to cry most bitterly, and pressing our hands she thanked us for the happiest day of her life in having given her once more an opportunity of feeling herself

in "her old glory." This sudden leap from dire misery to the pleasure of former days seemed to have recreated her, and I am positive she never acted better than she did on that night. As I was going to leave for Louisville the next day I went to bid her farewell at the close of the play, and she insisted that I should take an extra part of the profit of that night with my salary, and that all the others should do likewise, which, of course, was refused. Poor as she was she was ready to give the two hundred dollars away for extra pay to those that had helped her.

The next day I left for Louisville where I remained during the season of 68 to 69. Charlotte Crampton, who had now entered the ranks again played a week's engagement with us and produced the same plays as in St. Louis. She was subsequently engaged by Barney Macauley as first old woman for his theatre in Cincinnati. Her life had become more ordered and steady. Macauley swore by her and always spoke of her with pleasure and high praise, and it was under his noble care that the last years of her life were passed in calm repose, until she sickened and died and was buried by him. The old theatre goers that are still living I am sure will agree with me that she was one of the most talented women that the American Theatre has produced, and, that, though she was infected with some of the vices peculiar to men, she revealed rare womanly gifts in the exercise of her art.

The theatre at St. Louis opened in the first week of September. This season of 1869-70 is memorable for the first appearance at De Bar's theatre of Joe K. Emmett, a native of St. Louis, a genius in the vocation he had embraced, and whose continued success both from a financial as well as artistic point of view stands unrivaled in the annals of the American theatre. His first appearance as an actor took place in Buffalo N. Y. at Mecchan's Opera House on the

7th, of November 1868, after which he played a week at Ellsler's Theatre, Cleveland, proving a great success in both cities, upon which he came to his native city in the early spring of 1869, and opened in a play expressly written for him entitled "Fritz, our German Cousin." The house was packed each night, and his novel portrayal of the unsophisticated and good natured German was hailed with delight. Although the structure and action of the play hovered between comedy and farce, he handled its highly colored situations and sometimes extravagant features with a naturalness and dramatic skill that made them appear as true as the scenes of real life that daily pass before us. There was a charm and magnatism in his renditions that at once took possession of and held the mind, to which was added the known fact, that he had never received instructions either from masters or experience, but had entered the arena fully formed and equipped for the contest through his own individual efforts and genius. His trade was that of a sign painter, and he enjoyed the reputation of being the best of his kind. His public work, hitherto, had been restricted to playing the snare drum occasionally at Jake Esher's Varieties and other minor theatres and Concert Saloons, and singing ballads at Benefits and charitable entertainments. He had a splendid voice and his warbling in the Tyrolese manner, rivalled the best of European mountain singers. Added to this, he possessed a body as near perfect in symmetry and grace as health and proper exercise could make it. He was an athlete, and was known as a jumper, runner, boxer, and a general gymnast of high order. He was about 5 feet 9 inches in height, dark hair and a face open and frank; of brunette complexion with large dark and merry twinkling eyes; full red lips, which when he smiled (and that was often) displayed a row of regular and well formed teeth of ivory whiteness. Taken all in all if there is any beauty in a man,

he was about a handsome specimen of that gender.

On his benefit night he was tendered an ovation such as no other actor had ever received at the old Pine Street theatre. A profusion of flowers and the present of a fine silver mounted snare drum were handed to him. Congratulatory speeches were delivered by prominent citizens, who, at every allusion to his name and native city, were answered with shouts and applause. His many songs, the tunes of which he had composed himself, were set to notes by expert musicians, for he was ignorant in the art of reading music. These sympathetic and melodious songs, ere long, were sung in the parlor and whistled in the street. At one bound he had become the most popular actor of the land, commanded the highest percentage, and was eagerly sought by all managers as the most successful money maker of his time.

He was a specialist of the best class, who instinctively knew the line that divides a strong characterization from a caricature, and thus he never became tiresome, for he appeared to have more fun in reserve than he revealed and kept one in a condition to wish for more. His pathos was also well balanced. The subject of his plays were of the domestic type and such as could be seen without offense by women and children, with whom Emmett was a source of delight. After a few seasons he changed his plays to "Fritz in Italy," "Fritz in Switzerland," etc. which gave the hero scope for new adventures and interest in various countries, and thus, for nearly twenty-two years an uninterrupted course of success accompanied him through out the civilized world until his death.

He was born in this city on the 12th, day of March, 1841, of Irish parents, and consequently belonged to that race who for the past sixty years have, comparatively, furnished more good actors for the English stage than any other people. He died in 1890, leaving

an estate which was said amounted to more than a million dollars. A great sum for one who had spent his money so freely, for he was kind-hearted and lavish with his wealth, often to his own detriment. In speaking of Emmett one cannot but think of two other St. Louisians, who attained high positions, honor and wealth in their several callings, namely, Sol Smith Russell, Gus Thomas the playwright, and Archie Boyd, who for many years rivalled the celebrated comedian Denman Thompson, in the part of Joshua Whitecomb in the Old Homestead, and who since the shelving of this play has created many other parts of the same character. But none of these obtained the phenomenal success of their townsman, who leaving his humble paint shop, with one stride faced the glare of the footlights as a conqueror, and without diminution ruled as such until he was pushed from the scene by the implacable hand of death.

A similar genius in the person of a woman also appeared during this period.

Lottie Crabtree, the daughter of a concert saloon keeper of San Francisco, where, when a child she sang and danced upon a table in her father's establishment. During the latter part of the 60's she entered upon a starring tour and proved an artistic and financial success. Like Emmett, she too at one leap had cleared every obstruction and without any other experience than that of her performances to an audience composed of miners, had, in a short space of time attained a phenomenal success in the best theatres of the country. She traveled with her mother, a shrewd lady who managed the financial part of the business, and her father, a good natured soul who was fond of his toddy and cheerful company, and who was charged with managing the outside affairs, for which purpose he received the sum of twenty-five cents a day to work up the business for his talented daughter.

The house was continually packed to witness the various comic dramas of her repertoire. She was a character of rare merit, and one of the few who owed their success to what they did and not to what they are, for her personal attractions were not of the kind to arouse enthusiasm. Small and slight in figure, reddish hair, and a face though plain and girlish in its contour and expressive of kindness and cheerfulness, was such as could be readily made up and converted into that of a child or an old woman—what might be called a typical actor's face. Her chief characters were tom-boys, hoyden, school girls and eccentric old women, until through the advice of Ben De Bar who saw the latent talent of the girl, several plays of a higher order were written to suit her genius. Prominent among these was "The Old Curiosity Shop," in which she sustained the double roles of "Nell" and the "Little Marchioness" in a manner that would have delighted Dickens himself. She played it to overflowing houses, and her engagements always were for at least two, if not three weeks, during which the street in front of the theatre was often so densely packed that it was difficult for the actors to reach the stage door. All her new pieces received their first performance in St. Louis where they were directed and staged by Ben De Bar, though later this honor was accredited to the managers of New York City. On her benefits, also, speeches were made, and medals, presents and flowers offered profusely. As she was of a staid and exemplary character she was highly esteemed, and she showed her practical good sense by retiring at the height of her success as soon as she had amassed sufficient wealth, and before reaching that age in which actors are generally relegated to the ranks of what is termed the "has beens," and this she did without any noise or ostentation. To my knowledge she never was married, and no mention is made of her since her retire-

ment. She owed much to Ben De Bar and she always showed her gratitude and affection for him as to a father.

During the period of 1871 to '73, Edwin Adams in his great rendition of Enoch Arden, the Wallack, Davenport and Mrs. Farren combination appeared in their classic productions of "Julius Cæsar," "Werner," "Iron Master" etc. with but little success. Edwin Davenport was a renowned American actor, whose versatility enabled him to play tragic characters like Sir Giles Overreach, and William the sailor in "Blackeyed Susan," and dance a hornpipe and sing "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," the same evening. On being called before the curtain to make a speech, he told the audience that he had come to the conclusion that the legitimate day was past, and he and Wallack were going to learn to play on the bones and the banjo, to accompany Mrs. Farren's jig, and that they would return next season to make up for what they had lost in this.

Hackett, the celebrated interpreter of Falstaff had passed away and since that period the character had not been attempted by any actor of note. De Bar resolved to fill this void. After several years of study, in 1872, he finally appeared as the "merry knight" to an enthusiastic audience assembled at the Pine street theatre to witness the crowning act of his long professional career. He was now sixty years of age and the vim and humor with which he rendered the character were such as called forth admiration and surprise. The most pronounced and strongest element in De Bar's composition as an actor was that of a lively sense of the ludicrous, which, coupled with a quaint dash of humor, found its highest expression in such characters as Shakespeare's Dagberry, Touchstone and Bottom; and Micawber, the Mock Duke, Bob Acres, the Lawyer in "London Assurance" and the Apothecary in "The Poor Gentleman" of the English

comedies, together with Toodles, Robert Macaire and numerous others of the English farce species. Besides these, he also had a repertoire of Burlesques and Extravaganzas that he was fond of, in which he stood unrivalled, and never to be forgotten by those that have witnessed them. When it was known that he was about to essay the difficult part of Falstaff, so different from those he had been accustomed to, it was feared he would not be able to divest himself of the style and mannerisms which the aforesaid characters entailed, and which had become almost as a second nature to him. But everybody was agreeably deceived, for he had freed himself from his former conventionalities, and though he did not reach the perfection of Hackett his great predecessor, he was superior to all the others that so far had attempted the task. It must have been a heroic struggle for a man of his years to disengage himself from the ways and means of these parts to which he had restricted himself during the latter part of his life, and so completely to disindividualise himself as to make it appear he had adopted an altogether new system of acting. Even his favorite expression "egad" which his actors were expecting him to say was discarded after using it several times during the first performance. It was a triumph that he could well be proud of, and from this time forth whenever an opera troupe or combination took possession of the theatre, he and his company departed for Detroit, Lansing, Bay City, the towns of Illinois and Missouri and Nashville and Memphis to play "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV." Later he starred in the part in all the great Eastern cities with indifferent financial success; but that was no wonder, for Hackett himself during the last fifteen years of his life had been unable to draw a crowded house in the character. The time was past, and a rapid change had begun.

During the winter of 72-73 we were sent to Memphis

for five successive weeks to support De Bar, Frank Chanfrau, and John Collins. I know not if De Bar had any interest in the Memphis theatre as in that of the St. Charles at New Orleans, which was a losing speculation, and that of Montreal, Canada, which was under his management. Our five weeks stay in Memphis was the most melancholy ever passed. Business was dire bad, besides the city was infected with the three pests of epizootic, meningitis and small pox. In the neighborhood of my boarding house a number of yellow flags were fluttering in the breeze, and many doors had signs prefixed to them with the cheerful inscription "Beware—Small Pox." Many people sickened and died, and those who were well were gloomy and growled, and most of the horses were coughing. To make matters worse, I had little to do at the theatre, and so could sit in my room and philosophise or look out of the window on a field of snow where a party of crows held a daily picnic and vainly tried to dance a modern three step to their lugubrious croaking, and in the stilly hours of night I could listen to the continual thumping of a cotton press near by and the weird and melancholy song of the negroes that worked it.

During the first week the startling news came that John Norton was down with the small-pox at the Sister's Hospital where he had been left by his company a week before our arrival. About the third week William Wiggins our comedian and my friend took ill and I was called upon to take him to the train for home. He was very sick, and when I saw him I knew at once what ailed him, having been in the same condition myself. When we arrived at the train he suddenly exclaimed "I don't like that, that's a bad omen!" Upon asking him what he meant, he replied "That sparrow flew across the track from the right to the left. I wish he had flown the other way! I doubt if you'll ever see me again after this." He was

fond of reading the story of "Renard the Fox" and his fevered imagination had recalled the episode where the Fox refuses to obey the lion on account of a like occurrence. I brought him to his sleeper, and it was the last time I saw him, for on our return he was dead and buried. He was an upright man, a comedian whose talents had given promise of future excellence. He left a widow and two sons, both of whom are stage hands and residents of this city. The season of '73 opened in September with that clever impersonator of old men, Mark Smith, a son of the veteran manager. He appeared with Ben De Bar as the two Dromios in a "Comedy of Errors." This was the first season in the theatre on Market street which was henceforth to be called De Bar's Opera House, while the old Drury on Pine street was let for the purpose of vaudeville shows and was called the Comique, even after several women had been murdered within its walls during its short lived existence. It was as tough an institution as the toughest could desire, and the first Vaudeville Theatre, for hitherto this species of show had been confined to Concert Halls and beer saloons.

When De Bar took possession of the place his first act was to take down the portrait of B. Wakefield the gambler and former manager, who had removed the portrait of Shakespeare from the proscenium and placed his own in its stead. This was a desecration not to be borne, and so the poker player was torn from his elevation to make room for the poet. A new curtain had been painted by Leon Pomerede and Henry Willicher, representing "The Dream of Happiness." It was a showy and clever composition in which arts and the muses were represented by mythological figures assempled in charming groups in a beautiful grove backed by Greek temples and rising mountains. Before long, however, serious complaints were made that the figures which were semi-nude, were vulgar—that is not sufficiently dressed. De Bar

sent for Pomerede and after a chuckling laugh and some hesitation told him of the trouble. The painter was dumbfounded and enquired if he thought the figures immodest. De Bar replied "Egad, I've no objection to them, but we will have to dress them my boy—and the worst of the matter is that its not those that pay who are kicking, but the damned deadheads." And so they were all dressed in long robes that reached unto the chin, and after a season or so they were wiped out to make room for another subject.

Adelaide Neilson played a two week's engagement, during which she appeared in "As You Like It" the first week. The second week was reserved for "Measure for Measure," in which her "Isabel" was a marvelous performance. She was a young and beautiful woman and reminded one of Julia Dean. She had been a London bar-maid until an old actor discovered her talents, undertook her tuition and cleared the way for her career. She died in Paris, and there was some suspicion that she had been poisoned.

During the Spring of this season of 1873-4 I directed and managed an entertainment for the South St. Louis Dramatic Club, an association of young men and women of some of the oldest and respected families of South St. Louis. The club possessed a small but select library and a suite of rooms to which known actors and singers were always welcome on their festal gatherings for the promotion of intellectual pleasures and good cheer.

The mapority of its members are still living and have made their mark as merchants, laywers, physicians, manufacturers and master mechanics. It comprised the following members: —F. I. Doerr, Bernard Dierkes, G. H. Droege, Ed Guion, F. V. Dauth, Henry Wetzel, A. H. Geisel, R. F. Slange, Lutteke, Weil, Henry Doerr, Chas. Blum. Mat. Hanauer, Chas. Hanauer and F. Siegel. Quartette:— F. J. Doerr, Dewes, B. Dierkes and Jas. Sales. The ladies who

assisted at the Dramatic Entertainments were as follows: Miss Guion, Mrs. G. H. Droege, Miss H. Keller, Miss D. Eichle, Miss Mary Nuelle, Miss Matilda Roentgen, Miss Emily Dauth and Veronica Geisel.

The initial performance took place on Jan. 8th 1873 at the old Apollo Theatre on Fourth between Plum and Cerre street, on which occasion the operetta of "The Swiss Cottage," and the farce of "The Lottery Ticket" were presented to a well filled house.

This Association lived for sixteen years, when its members having become heads of families and managers of business they were prevented from devoting further time to the same. It was succeeded by "The Paragon Club" which lasted ten years and from which sprang what is now known as the popular and efficient "Paragon Quartette" that comprises the following excellent singers: Ben Bloemke, Jos. Saler, Chas. Blum and Arthur Poss. Although many of the above named possessed the talent not one of them has adopted the actor's profession.

For the season of 1874-75 George Chaplin was engaged as stage manager. This actor had passed the early part of his career under the management of De Bar in St. Louis and New Orleans. He was what is called an efficient all round actor and possessed of a fine appearance and as he had formerly served satisfactorily as stage manager in 1868, his arrival was looked upon with pleasure. He was known to be conscientious in the performance of his duties, strictly sober, honest in his dealings and solicitous for the welfare and just treatment of his colleagues. When the rehearsal of a new play threatened to be lengthened beyond a reasonable time, he would take the book from the prompter at one o'clock, and at two he would close it with a thump and say "Thats enough! People must eat and rest as well as work! Thats enough for one day!" and all opposition from the star

was fruitless. He had no talent for gaining popularity outside of the theatre, but attended strictly to business, was prudent and saving without parsimony and spent his free hours independently after his own manner and without courting the company of the fast livers and sports who are fond of posing as the patrons of actors. De Bar wished to retain him another season but could not induce him to remain. Subsequently he became Fanny Jananschek's leading man and remained with her for many years. He is now in New York where he owns property, and living at ease in his own house a retired actor and bachelor, at 76 years of age.

During this season Fanny Jananschek appeared. This lady after having spent a life time on the German stage had undertaken to master the English language. She came to us very much improved in pronunciation since her appearance at the old theatre on Pine St., where, on seeing a tottering super trying to support himself on his spear, she asked "What is de metter wid dat men?" and upon being told that he was drunk she shouted "Trow him right away in de elly out!" She still retained a slight but not unpleasant dialect and her renditions of "Mary Stuart" and "Debora the Jewess" were master pieces of art in spite of her age, plain features and stout figure, which were forgotten by intelligent and impartial minds. She was generally supposed to be German but this was a mistake, for she was a Bohemian with all the Czech prejudices of that race against what ever is German, and she was known to have repelled demonstrations of admiration from the people in a brutal manner. The Germans, on the contrary, honored and esteemed her as an artist that belonged to their nation.

She was a bright woman and a superior tragic actress, as is proved by her having mastered two difficult foreign languages, English and German, and

by her renditions of Mary Stuart and Deborah, and her reputation in Europe and America. The cause of her failure, after a life long struggle, lay in her repellant disposition and a drunken and worthless husband, who died forsaken in a hospital at Lynn, Mass., during the 80s. She passed from this life completing the last act of her eventful life in the Forrest home near Philadelphia.

Since the removal from Pine street De Bar had relaxed considerably in his attention to the business of the stage. He was generally absent except when necessitated to play in some piece, and it appeared that he had grown comparatively indifferent. He was also forgetful at times and made promises and did things that a few moments after he could not remember. These occurrences, at the time, were looked upon as mere instances of absentmindedness, though, doubtless they were the premonitions of a fatal disease. He evidently longed for rest and looked to others to do the work and superintend his affairs. The first time he met John Norton he took a great fancy to him and offered to engage him as his stage manager, which Norton declined. In 1875, however, he succeeded in securing him for that position, besides giving him full power to engage, discharge and direct the dramatic affairs of the theatre as he thought best.

John Norton was an excellent actor of heroes and lovers, and through his connection with the best theatres of the country, an intelligent and skillful stage director in all that pertained to the legitimate drama. Added to this he was a fine looking young fellow in the best years of his life, full of energy and ambition, and with all this he combined a talent for business and a knack of gaining friends and popularity rarely found in actors. Soon after his arrival he began to remove various abuses that had been caused through the indifference of De Bar, who approved of

his efforts, and "John" as he called him, at once became his right hand, and remained so until his death.

The business thrived under his direction, and ere long his admirable impersonation of Romeo, Sir Thomas Clifford, Ingemar and other youthful heroes, together with his generous and sociable disposition made him such a favorite both on and off the stage as had not been seen until then.

During his management, Mary Anderson of Louisville made her first appearance in this city, and though but a crude beginner she made quite a furore. John Norton who believed her to possess talents of a superior order did every thing in his power to promote her interests, by procuring engagements for her and extending instruction and advice. She soon became a great success and for some years starred in the best theatres and filled them nightly. This success was chiefly owing to Norton's early energetic efforts and teachings, for which, it was said he received but little gratitude. This lady who was possessed of no mean talents and endowed with a form and features of classic beauty, would have proved a more solid and lasting success, if extravagant praise and idolatrous adulation had not so suddenly raised her to a height unwarranted by her ability. On her return from England she brought a company of mediocre English actors with her, because of which the battery of criticism was played upon this excellent lady in a most disgraceful manner, and she, who had lately been spoken of as "Our divine Mary," was now the target for ribald jests and bitter satire. She was no longer great, and they were right enough in that, and knew it long before. Under proper conditions and training she would have made a very acceptable actress, but compared to others of that period, greatness was out of the question. Her case was only another peculiar to that period, that of building a house without any

regard to the foundation, and she was unmade by that which made her, fulsome praise and printer's ink. She had amassed considerable wealth, married a rich man and retired to London where she lives at present. She was an exemplary, good and finely cultured lady, who strove to attain the highest, and was honored and esteemed by all who came in contact with her.

On October 2, 1876, De Bar opened in Falstaff for a week: I have a programme of the third performance, which reads as follows:—

HENRY IV.

Sir John Falstaff	Ben De Bar
King Henry IV	George Grey
Prince Henry	J. T. Huntley
Hotspur	Chas. A. Krone
Worcester	Robt. Grierson
Westmoreland	Geo. Berrell
Sir Walter Blunt	T. C. Baker
Richard Vernon	F. James
Douglas	W. Schuette
Northumberland	J. Stevens
Sheriff	B. Williams
Poins	A. Lecroix
Bardolph	O. W. Blake
Gadshill	W. S. Brown
Peto	J. W. Griffin
Francis	Percy Plunkett
Raby	W. Barton
Dame Quickly	Eliza Andrews

Tomorrow, Oct. 5, 1876, Merry Wives of Windsor.

It was during this week, I think, that De Bar was presented with a Falstaff medal that was said to have been the same that was presented on a like occasion to a comedien of Shakespeare's time. It had been discovered by a lady while examining some old coins in a pawn brokers shop, and appreciating its value

she purchased the relic with the generous and noble purpose of presenting it to De Bar. It was a graceful act and gave great pleasure to the receiver. During this week several instances of loss of memory were perceived in De Bar, however, without interfering with his work. When off the scene he looked gloomy and reflective, as if some heavy matter weighed upon his mind. Later McKee Rankin came to play the "Danites" for which a mountain torrent of real water was prepared. This mass of yellow and muddy water issued through a rocky opening in the background some twenty feet above the level of the stage and fell into a basin beneath from whence it was led into the street. In its descent, besides flooding a great part of the stage it made such a noise that it was impossible for me to hear my cue for entering, though but about fifteen feet distant from the players on the scene. I was doing the Danite, and as it was my first performance of the part, I was nervous and anxiously watching the lips of the actors for the cue, for hear them I could not, and I doubt whether the audience did. While standing thus I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turning around saw De Bar closely wrapped in his old black cloak, one end of which he had thrown over his left shoulder in the manner of a Roman toga. He looked ill and troubled and with a sad voice asked "What do you think of that, my boy!" I replied "I think it is idiotic, or at best, a silly child play!" He answered, "Egad, so do I," and after a deep fetched sigh continued "I'd like to know what we're coming to." After the act was over, I saw him as he slowly crossed the stage, stop for a moment at the stage door as if in thought, look around once more at the noise and bustle of the scene and depart for home. One of the stage hands remarked, "The old man, I fear, is on his last legs!"

The sad words "what are we coming to?" might

have been answered with "We're not coming, but already have arrived" at the period in which the former severe and simple methods had departed. Managers and owners of theatres strictly speaking, had begun to be mere landlords and overseers whose real business was managed for them by speculators, agents and promoters in New York instead of by themselves. Stars instead of traveling alone and managing their affairs, brought agents, stage managers and dressers along with them, and, some even of the spurious successful kind brought their parents and relatives, parasite plants that lived on the brains of their betters, and hung around the theatre to criticise and make life uncomfortable, especially if their protégé happened to be a money maker. The time-honored saying of old Peter Richings, a Philadelphia manager, "That the stage ought to be as sacred to an actor as the quarter-deck of a man of war is to a naval officer" was forgotten, and agents and promoters walked on to the stage and sat at or upon the prompter's table while rehearsal was going on, often with a cigar in the mouth. And yet it was not so long since, that during rehearsal De Bar would not permit the greatest actor to carry a cane nor a woman to hold a purse or a book in her hand, and as for the prompter's table, that was to be approached on urgent business, alone, and with respect. John Norton's management was strict and he himself an honest hater of the new invasion, of which he was wont to say "That the best of it was rot and good for nothing"—had to submit to it or make himself obnoxious and useless.

The fad of female stars advertising their dresses to be displayed on exhibition in such and such a place also had come in vogue, and the ladies of the town invited to examine them and admire the diamonds and trinkets, the gifts of potentates and aristocrats, which, if there had existed a proper sense of modesty

had better been kept under lock and key and never mentioned. These are some of the things we had already arrived at, and worse was to come after he had gone to sleep beneath the shadowing oaks of Bellefontaine.

The few successful stars of the old regime through their agents and promoters were demanding seventy per cent and sometimes even more, and consequently seasons were shortened and the prices of admission raised to such a height that a poor man and his family were unable to see the best, and against all these abuses not a single powerful and influential voice was raised. Booth, Barrett and Joseph Jefferson should have done this for it might have worked some good. But, no doubt, they feared to endanger their success, when it was not a question of success, but to prove themselves worthy of the nimbus of greatness with which men had invested them, and to manfully protect against the corruption. "Strive for the right with all your might, then stand or fall you've won the fight," that in the end is the vital question that concerns the world, and not whether Mr. So and So has filled his purse with shekels. True, Lawrence Barrett on several occasions published some articles in a Review and condemned the degenerate condition of affairs, but it needed no "ghost come from the grave" to inform the average reader of Reviews of that fact. It should have been done in the daily journals that are accessible to the people at large to have any effect, if such was possible. Perhaps he felt that it was useless and that the abuse would fall to pieces from its own rotteness some day, as it certainly will, and make room for a better time.

Booth and Barrett were the most successful stars that remained of the old ideal school, but along side of these there had sprung up a host that was continually increasing the so called realistic school whose highest aim was the actual reproduction of the reverse

side of human life with its vulgarities and aberrations of crime, and these flooded the popular theatres with horrible scenes of slaughter and the erotic degeneracies of criminals, who often, were personally employed to publish their own disgrace. The question what benefit the world could reap from such was answered two thousand years ago by a Greek philosopher. A realistic painter had produced a perfect likeness of a most hideous and deformed hunchback. Full of pride and conceit he asked a philosopher "Do I not deserve great credit for this work?" He answered, "You do indeed, for before you painted this picture we had only one crooked abortion like that in the town, and now we've got two!" As regards the public who take these monstrosities for real, another anecdote will suffice. The aforesaid realistic artist had also painted a bunch of grapes, and in proof of their naturalness boasted that the sparrows had come and pecked at them, upon which the philosopher replied "That only proves them genuine sparrows, no sane man would ever attempt to eat them."

And this puts me in mind of another modern example. Some strolling actors played Othello in a Kentucky village. After the play a countryman was asked how he liked it and he replied "Not a bit, for a damned nigger is the best actor in your company." Here was another sparrow.

Harry Sullivan and Edwin Adams played successful engagements during this last season of the old Stock Company, while Chequeta Dargon, an excellent actress proved a financial failure. George Rignold in Henry V held the boards for three weeks to fair business. It was a fine production of that historical play. The scenery and costumes were those that had been used by Charles Kean on its original production in London. One hundred tall supers were engaged to represent the English yeomanry, besides a chorus of cathedral chimes, and several efficient English actors

to represent the characters of Fluellen Pistol, the Prologue, the Frenchman and the French Princess served to make this performance unique in its kind.

Lottie came in the spring. "Tip" was rehearsed. De Bar had played the part of Billy Bokus the comical fat boy heretofore, but when it came to his turn to speak he was unable to remember the lines. He struggled desperately to recall them, but in vain. He appeared to be deeply moved and made several more desperate attempts to master the lines, when with a deep drawn sigh he remarked "Its no use, I'll have to give it up," and departed for home. As I recollect, this was the last time I saw him in life; his illness from this day increased rapidly, until the 28th of August 1877, when he closed his eyes forever.

The long and useful career of an artist and a man of exemplary character had come to a close like the last scene of a good play that gives satisfaction and leaves a grateful remembrance. It is often said that there is no man the world can not do without. True the sun will rise and set as usual and men pursue their accustomed course but the void that some souls leave at their departure will remain forever.

De Bar was called from the scene when the sentiments and social conditions that had produced the phase of art he represented had passed away. It was a period of transition, the new had not yet found its form, and the actor had virtually gone back three hundred years to the itinerary system when strolling companies wandered through the land until a genius appeared and gave utterance to the noblest that the nation felt, and strove to realize, and embodied the same in beautiful forms. And thus it will be again in the future. He passed away at the right hour for he would not have fitted in the new order of things. He belonged to another age.

He was born in Chancery Lane, London, on the fifth of November 1812. His father was a clerk in the

Bank of England. He left school in his twelfth year and entered the grocery business, but soon ran away to join a traveling company. After trying an attorney's office which he didn't like, his father having died, his mother gave her consent to his being an actor, and he opened as a ballet dancer in a minor theatre. His first appearance as an actor took place at the Royal Theatre, Margate Kent, where he appeared as a page in the farce of "The Page and the Purse." His rapid improvement soon secured him an engagement as leading man at a salary of $3.50 to $3.75 a week. In 1835 he came to America and opened Caldwell's Theatre in New Orleans, where, as leading man he received $15.00 per week. He brought his mother with him and his sister who married Junius Brutus Booth, a son of the elder of that name, and who is the mother of Blanch De Bar. In 1838, for the first time he appeared in St. Louis. In 1840 he commenced as a comedian. He was married twice. Of the first marriage a daughter was still living until a few years ago. His second marriage was Miss Hattie Vallee, a dancer and pantominist, an excellent artist and a quiet and kind lady who never interfered in her husband's business, and to whom those who had grievances with the manager never appealed in vain to influence her husband in their behalf. It was generally believed that De Bar's estate amounted to about half a million dollars. After much litigation it was found that all that was left consisted of a gold watch valued at $125, a Falstaff medal at $100, and a topaz ring at $100, and these were sold to Mrs. Lester, his daughter for $175. Mrs. De Bar was compelled to retire to the "Forrest Home" where she died some years ago.

This is a brief outline of the history of the man whose body on the 30th of August lay in state at the Masonic Temple. After a sermon by the Rev. Dr. McAnally the body was placed in the hearse to the

funeral strains of the united orchestras of the different theatres, and a procession consisting of the Masonic fraternity and the employees and actors of the different theatres who followed on foot, besides a numerous cortege of coaches who brought up the rear. At the cemetery the Masonic rites were rendered and a company of singers and an instrumental quartette performed a solemn dirge while the grave diggers filled the pit which contained the mortal remains of him who for so many years had been my employer, friend and teacher, and I felt as if a good piece of myself was being buried with him.

Edwin Davenport, his friend, also died that year. Since then every one of the bright lights of that period and nearly all those that supported them have likewise passed away. But a few of them are left, and when—

"I remember all the friends I've seen together,
I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted
The flowers dead, the music fled, and all but me departed.

And now ladies and gentlemen permit me to ring down the curtain on the last act of these desultory and lengthy papers. As I have arrived at an age in which before long I shall be compelled to obey the great prompter's call, it has given me great pleasure once more to meet so many of the old time patrons face to face and to appear before them, perhaps for the last time in a sort of professional way. To those of the present generation who have shown interest for what their fathers did, and to one and all my heartfelt thanks for the patience, interest and encouragement you have shown me, and so farewell.

EPILOGUE.

Many years have elapsed since the above papers were delivered before the Missouri Historical Society, and during that period eight parts of the same have been published in the magazine of the Society. I have occasionally been asked to add a fifth act comprising my wandering experience, which, after De Bar's death in 1877 extended over an often interrupted period of twenty-five years, during which every large city and almost every small town of any note in the United States, and various towns in Canada were visited, making altogether a travel of many miles within the border of Old Mexico and Winnipeg Manitoba and Portland, Maine and San Francisco. During these travels, besides the usual vicissitudes experienced by travelers on land and water, I escaped from two railroad collisions and as many hotel fires. However as the chief object of these papers was to describe, if possible, the social and intellectual status of the stage as I had seen and experienced it, I thought it prudent to close with the death of one of the last representatives of a period who had labored for intellectual and artistic ends, and once more bring before the minds of those who lived during that period the recollection of the bye-gone pleasures they had enjoyed in their younger days, and to call up the shadowy images of those worthies that then had been their delight. Besides, I thought some humble contribution to the annals of the stage at that time in St. Louis might be gleaned from this effort.

The itinerary period which followed the closing of the stock theatres, though fraught with occasional moments of professional satisfaction, was upon the whole, far from inspiring me with a desire to perpetuate the disagreeable episodes they contained, and

which eventually resulted in the "canned acting" of the movies of to-day in place of the former original and natural product.

The entire dramatic business had fallen into the hands of speculators who had neither love, taste or knowledge of the same, and who made it their ruling principle to entirely break with the past and in the future to pursue a purely commercial course, so, that any actor was sure to be refused an engagement if he said he had been in the business many years, during which he had supported Booth, Barrett, Forrest, Kean and other great lights. Quite young people were preferred, who were drilled for months in one part, in New York City where the market was always kept well supplied with a material that could not be a silent reproach to these exploiters as old and routined actors might have been, whom they could not work similarly to day laborers by the hour. Of course, as I was over forty years of age, and had been in close contact with the greatest in my profession, engagements during many seasons were often very few and far between. However, considering the times and conditions some few positions occurred, which left nothing to be wished for. Such were several strong melodramatic companies; besides an engagement of six weeks at Daly's Theatre in New York, where in the last play written by Dion Boucicault for Sol Smith Russell I appeared in a very strong character part and was recalled nightly in the middle of the scene. The great American critic of the New York Tribune considered the rendition of this character "a piece of work worthy of a Possart." The play was suposed to have run three years, but Sol Russell's part failed to give satisfaction to the author and he insisted it should be shelved, leaving Russell some four thousand dollars poorer and me to look for another engagement. After this I played Quilp in Curiosity Shop for three weeks, and the Emperor Justinian in Theodora, all of which

were favorably noticed by the New York press, a pleasure I repeatedly enjoyed while playing in that city. Later on I also appeared with Julia Marlowe on her first engagement abroad. Also the classical seasons during the close of the last century and the beginning of the next, in which the best of the standard English dramas, and the great tragedies of Shakespeare were represented at the Imperial theatre and various summer gardens in a creditable manner by efficient actors, is worthy of honorable mention as the last effort in that direction in St. Louis. These are bright recollections among many I do not care to dwell upon where neither the work nor the surroundings were worthy to be mentioned. My last steady engagement of nineteen weeks was also rather agreeable as it was with a good repertoire company who played week stands in smaller towns, and, as the bill was changed each night it gave me the opportunity of appearing every night in another part, a system which strongly reminded me of the old stock days.

Since then I have assisted at times with recitations, and played with several Literary and Dramatic Clubs, and notably among these it is with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure that I refer to my performance of Old Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Carol, as it is likely the last part I shall be called upon to play, and therefore rejoice that it was in a standard work of a great man and a genius.

I have now entered upon my eighty-eighth year, and thanks to the noble generosity of my son Charles, and the indefatigable industry and heroic pluck of my most excellent daughter Jeanette Krone, who, since my faithful wife's death seventeen years ago, not only has succeeded in keeping our home intact but has been busy as a teacher of vocal and instrumental music and a singer of acknowledged merit. I assist her whenever I can in her arduous duties, notwithstanding I have more leisure than I desire to

read, study, think of the past, and ponder upon what a difficult task I had undertaken in striving to harmonise the state of an actor on a comparative small salary with the duties of a citizen, husband and the father of a family; a task which under present conditions would be simply impossible. However, in possession of comparative good health of body and mind, the company of good friends, the recollections of the good and noble teachers of the past, and last though not least, the encouragement these papers received from the officers of the Missouri Historical Society and its members, are grateful recollections. At an advanced age like that of mine one may be called upon at any moment by the great prompter to appear in the last scene, and so I thought it would not be amiss to make a few things clear as regards the old "player" before the curtain falls, by adding this epilogue to the four preceding acts. Once more with kind regards to all, I am,

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES A. KRONE.

CHARLES PARSONS PETTUS.

1876—1923.

By Louis LaBeaume

Too often it is written, and too often does it appear true that the competitive conditions of our modern life tend to dull our finer sensibilities. Gracious habits and kindly ways of thought seem almost out of key with our feverish activities, though we recognize and respond to the fine essence of gentleness when we discern it in one of our fellows. Instinctively we feel such a one to be the embodiment and guardian of a precious tradition, and in acknowledging the nobility of fine manners and fair dealing we ennoble ourselves and recover some degree of our own self respect. So the sudden death of Charles Parsons Pettus on the afternoon of Friday, June 22nd, caused a shock and a sense of loss not only to the thousands who knew him as a friend, but to those countless numbers to whom his kindly and generous personality had been an inspiration and a guiding flame. There is no hyperbole in this statement, for no man among us touched life in so many and various ways. His zest for living was sharp and unquenchable, and his interest in the work and play, the hopes and accomplishments of his contemporaries was indefatigable. His life and interests were woven into the very fabric of the city, and in his loss we have lost something of ourselves. Fortunate in his heritage, fortunate in his character and fortunate in his happy life, he was prompted continuously by the spirit of "noblesse oblige," and took upon his willing shoulders the burdens and responsibilities of numberless good works. The list of his activities is endless, and his business and social contacts so

CHARLES PARSONS PETTUS

numerous that one wonders where or how he found time to cultivate so sure a taste in the finer arts and in books, or to follow so avidly the march of science. But the impelling curiosity of a fine mind lead him to explore in many fields.

He died in the full flush of health. A guest at the Rolling Rock Club, at Ligonier near Pittsburgh, he mounted a horse belonging to his brother-in-law, Mr. Thruston Wright, and left the Club for a ride through the neighboring countryside. After some hours the horse returned riderless. Pettus was found by passers by, lying in the road unconscious with a fractured skull. He never regained consciousness, and the nature of the accident must ever remain unexplained as he was an experienced horseman, thoroughly familiar with the animal he was riding. A sudden lurch or a faulty stirrup may have unseated him, or he may have been rendered dizzy by the intense heat and so lost his balance.

Charles Parsons Pettus was born in St. Louis on the 15th day of October 1876. He belonged peculiarly to St. Louis for the names which he bore and the families from whom he derived had been intimately and prominently associated with the city almost from the time of its founding. He received his early education in St. Louis at Smith Academy, and at Washington University from which institution he was graduated in 1899. After finishing his course at Smith Academy, and before entering the University, he made a tour of the world with his uncle, Mr. Charles Parsons, and his native instincts for beauty and its manifestations in art, were undoubtedly quickened by this experience. After his graduation from Washington University he entered the State Bank, of which Mr. Parsons was President, receiving there his early business training which was later to be supplemented in other important posts.

During the war he gave up all active business con-

nections to take charge of the department of Canteen Relief of the South Western Division of the Red Cross. His efficient and untiring work here as Director was characteristic of his general attitude of service. In 1920 he became Vice-President and Director of the American Trust Company which last occupation was perhaps the most active and congenial of his business career.

He was a member of the Noonday Club, the Racquet Club, the St. Louis Country Club, the City Club, the Sunset Club, the Round Table, the Academy of Science, the Chamber of Commerce and the Bankers Club.

His interest in public and philanthropic affairs was indicated by membership in many directorates. He acted for many years as Treasurer of the St. Louis Anti-Tuberculosis Society, Treasurer of the Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital, Trustee of the Martha Parsons Free Hospital for Children, Secretary and Treasurer of the St. Louis Country Day School, Member of the Charity Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Secretary of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association, Director of the St. Louis Chapter of the Archeological Institute, Vice-President of the St. Louis Association of Trust Officers, Treasurer of the Alumni Association of Washington University, and treasurer of the Round Table.

To all these posts he brought wise counsel and dependability of character, but perhaps his strongest personal enthusiams were shown in his long connection with the Missouri Historical Society and the City Art Museum. His connection with the Historical Society was almost traditional, and his loyalty and zeal for it were unswerving. His membership on the Board of Control of the City Art Museum dated from the time of its establishment as a Municipal Institution under the administration of the present board in June 1912, and he served as Treasurer of

the Board, during most of this period. His interest in the Museum was intense. His natural tastes, and the cultivation of them by foreign travel and by constantly refreshed familiarity with paintings and objects of art, fitted him exceptionally for this trust. His advice and judgment were invaluable, and his high standards were an inspiration to his fellow directors and to the community. To the large and interesting collections bequeathed by his uncle in his care to Washington University he had added with intelligent discrimination. He loved pictures and beautiful objects for their own sake, but never forgot his trust and its obligation to the community, realizing fully the great joy and the spiritual value inherent in beautiful things.

On June 11th, 1902 he married Miss Georgia Wright, and the home they made together became a focus of generous hospitality and social charm. His own vivid interest in life and people was matched by the enthusiasm of his wife, and many distinguished visitors to St. Louis owe some of their pleasantest memories of the city to the grace and tact of their hospitality.

His widow and their five children, Charles Parsons, Jr., Thomas Wright, Martha Ann, Thruston and Mary Saugrain will ever cherish the memory of his sweet nature, his high character, and his winning personality.

For three generations the name he bore has been conspicuous in the life of St. Louis, and Charles Parsons Pettus not only strove always to be worthy of it but added by his own inimitable personality a fresh lustre to it. His father, Mr. W. H. H. Pettus, well known for more than half a century in financial circles died on February 2, 1922, at the age of 81. William Henry Harrison Pettus was the son of William Grymes Pettus who came to St. Louis in June 1818, and was from that time until the day of his

death in December 1867, active in the affairs of the city and State. William G. Pettus served as Secretary of the first Constitutional Convention in 1820-1821, and as Secretary of State under the administration of Missouri's first Governor Alexander McNair. In 1824 he acted as Probate Judge of St. Charles County and was elected State Senator in the session of 1832. "In every situation occupied by him he acquitted himself in a manner which did credit to his ability. Frank, sincere and honorable he through life displayed an uprightness and integrity in which all who had relations with him, reposed entire confidence."

W. H. H. Pettus married Mary Amelia Saugrain and so were linked two families conspicuous in the upbuilding of the city.

Frederick Saugrain, the maternal grandfather of Charles Parsons Pettus, was a son of Dr. Antoine Francois Saugrain, the first Scientist of the Mississippi Valley who was born in Paris in 1763 and came first to Spanish America (Mexico) in 1783, to make an investigation of minerals. Four years later he returned to America with a letter of introduction to his fellow philosopher and savant Dr. Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia. On this second visit, young Saugrain was attached to the expedition of the botanist Piqué, organized to visit the Ohio River territory and study its natural history. The journal of this expedition kept by Dr. Saugrain himself and published by the American Antiquarian Society shows the enterprise to have been dangerous and difficult. The party set out from Pittsburgh March 19, 1788. They were attacked by Indians and Piqué was killed, but Saugrain arrived in Louisville March 29. He reached Pittsburgh again on the return voyage on June 17, and tarried some time in Philadelphia before returning to Paris.

He landed again on the shores of America in May

1790, and after some years spent in Gallipolis, Ohio and Lexington, Kentucky came to St. Louis in 1800, at the urgent request of Trudeau, Governor of the territory then under the sovereignty of France. Here he resided until his death in 1821 as the first physician in the Colony.

All of the fine qualities of this ancestry shone in the character of Charles Parsons Pettus. The dignity and probity of the Anglo Saxon strain, the vivacity, the curiosity and the zest for life of the French scientist whose researches in minerology, in chemistry and in medicine, were laid at the needs of his fellow men, were mingled in the subject of this sketch. That the French influence was strong was evident in the look and carriage of Charles Pettus. His eager, darting interest, his twinkling eyes, his clear cut features were Gallic, his gay and ardent bearing toward life was French. No picture of him would be complete or true which took no account of the whimsicality that made his manners so delightful. Nor of the ease and fine texture of those manners. Underneath his conscientious and punctilious regard for the rights and comforts of others there rippled a laughing sense of fun, and a quaint humour which flavored his seriousness to the delight of all who knew him. His sweet temper and gentle bearing were the sign of a natural amiability and kindliness. Even his scorn was mild, and consumed its object more by its quiet burning insistence than by its violence.

Tolerant of the differences in men, democratic and just as all fine natures are, he had no patience with the false, the sham, or the meretricious, either in life or business or Art. And he was never more charming than when his ire was aroused. A slight tendency to stammer gave piquancy to his indignation and produced a sizzling staccato effect not volcanic but animated and quite appropriate to his mood and temperament. I think that though he hated ugly

things, ugly traits and motives, he really hated no man and certainly none had other than respect and affection for him. As his life lengthened the widening circle of his acquaintance grew embracing men and women, young and old, rich and poor, talented and prosaic, and to all he was a shining example and a sincere friend. No young man enjoyed the march of progress more alertly, and no old man revelled more sympathetically in the story of the past. History as the record of man's personal relations fascinated him. Local history was to him a living thing, and he followed the ramifications of family ties to the third and fourth generation. This interest in his fellows, and in their interests, this real love of people as human beings, was the basis and the essence of his courtesy.

He is gone from among us, but the influence of a character and a life so vivid must survive for generations. Wherever high purpose, gentle manners, kindliness and urbane tolerance are to be met we will recall our friend and comrade, Charlie Pettus.

SOME LETTERS OF INTEREST.

The following are copies of some interesting letters in the Society's manuscript collections:

Fort Pickering, Chickesaw Bluffs.
September 22nd 1809.

Dear Majr.

I must acknowledge myself remiss in not writing you in answer to several friendly epistles which I have received from you since my return from the Pacific Ocean. -continued occupation in the immediate discharge of the duties of a public station will I trust in some measure plead my apology.—

I am now on my way to the City of Washington and had contemplated taking Fort Adams and Orlianes in my rout, but my indisposition has induced me to change my rout and shall now pass through Tennessee and Virginia, the protest of some bills which I have lately drawn on public account form the principal inducement for my going forward at this moment. an explanation is all that is necessary I am sensible to put all matters right, in the mean time the protest of a draught however just has drawn down upon me at one moment all my private debts which have excessively embarassed me. I hope you will therefore pardon me for asking you to remit as soon as is convenient the sum of $200 which you have informed me you hold for me— I calculated on having the pleasure to see you at Fort Adams as I passed, but am informed by Capt. Russel the commanding officer of this place that you are stationed on the West side of the Mississippi.—

You will direct to me at the City of Washington untill the last of December after which I expect I shall be on my return to St Louis.

Your sincere friend, &
Obt Servant
(Signed) Meriwether Lewis.

To Maj. Amos Stoddard.
Fort Adams.
forwarded to Washington City.

Nashville, Sept. 28, 1809.

Dr Sir

I arrived here two days ago on my way to Maryland—yesterday Majr Stoddart of the army arrived here from Fort Adams, and informs me that in his passage through the indian nation, in the vicinity of Chickasaw Bluffs he saw a person, immediately from the Bluffs who informed him, that Governor Lewis had arrived there (some time previous to his leaving it) in a state of mental derangement, that he had made several attempts to put an end to his own existence, which this person had prevented, and that Capt Russell the commandg officer at the Bluffs had taken him into his own quarters where he was obliged to keep a strict watch over him to prevent his committing violence on himself and had caused his boat to be unloaded and the key to be secured in his stores.*

I am in hopes this account will prove exaggerated tho' I fear there is too much truth in it— As the post leaves this tomorrow I have thought it would not be improper to communicate these circumstances as I have heard them, to you.

I have the Honor to be, Sir with much esteem & respect

Yr obt Serv.

(Signed) Jas. Howe.

Fredk. Bates Esq.

Secy. of the Territory U Louisiana.

*There have been many disputes concerning the manner of death of Meriwether Lewis. President Jefferson always believed that Lewis died by his own hand. Joshua Grinder, at whose house he died, has frequently been charged with his murder, as well as Gov. Lewis' valet.

River a Dubois January 15th, 1804

Dear Major:—

I have posponed writing to you untile this time with a view of haveing something worth informing you relative to this Country, but have been disaptd. and this hasty scrawl will do little more than inform you that I am in tolerable health. I have not been from my Camp to any house since my arrival here. It is hourly expected that the Americans will take possession of the other side of the Mississippi, all the

Inhabitants appear anxious except the people of St. Louis, who are engaged in the Indian Trade which they are doubtful will be divided amongst those whome will trade on the best terms. Capt. Amos Stoddard of the Corps of Artillerists, who is now stationed at Kaskaskia is appointed the Commandant of the Upper Louisiana, and to take possession of St. Louis with his Compy. as soon as orders arrive from New Orleans to the Spanish D. Gov. to give up possession which is hourly expectd. Capts. D. Bissell (at Mascau) & Carmeikle to receive possession of the two Posts & Settlements below the mouth of the Ohio.

From Sister Thruston's letter of the 30th Nov. which is the only one I have received, I find Nancy Croghan was unwell, I hope she has recovered. I wish much to hear whether she has or not.

My situation is as comfortable as could be expected in the woods, & on the frontiers; the Country back of me is butiful beyond description; a rush bottom well timbered, from one to three miles wide, from the river to a Prairie; which runs nearly parrilal to the river from about three miles above me, to Kaskaskia and is from three to 7 miles wide, with gradual rises and several streams of running water, and good mill seats; This Prairie has Settlements on its edges from Kahoka within three miles of this place.

The Missouri which mouths immediately opposite me is the river we intend ascending as soon as the weather will permit. This Great river which seems to dispute the preeminence with the Mississippi, comes in at right angles from the West, and its great sheets of muddy Ice (which is now running) against the Eastern bank—we are collecting what information we can of this river and its resources so as we may make just calculations before we set out. I shall be glad to here from you at all times—please present my best wishes to my sister Lucy & Fanny & the children, to them and your self I tender the assurances sincere esteem & friendship.

(Signed) Wm. Clark.

[To Major William Croghan, who married Lucy Clark, sister of William Clark.]

St. Charles May 21st, 1804

Dear Sir:—

By Capt. Lewis who arrived from St. Louis today I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 2nd instant and am happy to here of the recovery of your family & my Brother, whom I was much concerned about. I am sorry to here that the negrows of the estate of Mr. Thruston hired so low, perhaps they may hire for more the next year. My friend Capt. Lewis expressed some sorrow that you happened not to be at home at the time he passed down, but hopes to see you on his return to the U. States, as to my self; I *have, do* and *shall* always have that Brotherly affection for you which you are well assured I always possessed. and hope that in less than two years to see you & that family (yours) whome I have every affection for, at your own home. My rout is uncertain. I think it more than probable that Capt. Lewis or myself will return by sea, the other by the same rout we proceed, the time is uncertain—all the alterations which I did not inform you of has been made since I saw you, and the law authorising the president to explore the country &c. has just come to my knowledge.

I have been at the place five days waiting for Capt. Lewis who had been detained at St. Louis to fix off the Osage chiefs—he has just arrived and we shall leave this village immediately and proceed on our journey. We have had a great deal of rain thunder Lightening with wind for several days past, which discommodes me a little in setting out.

The politeness of the gentlemen of this place and about twelve or fifteen who came from St. Louis to see us set out and are constantly with us, prevents me giving you at this time, a description of the Country, river, or the occurrences which have or may happen.

Capt. Lewis joins me in the most sincere wish fore you my sister and the families health & happiness for many years.

With every Sentiment your
Sincere friend
(Signed) Wm. Clark.

Endorsement—Wm. Clark letter of May 21st 1804 to Maj. Croghan.

LETTER FROM THOMAS JEFFERSON TO NATHANIEL BURWELL, GREAT GRANDFATHER OF ARCHIBALD G. HUTCHINSON OF ST. LOUIS.

Monticello, March 14, 1818

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of Feb. 17th, found me suffering under an attack of rheumatism, which has but now left me at sufficient ease to attend to the letters I have received. A plan of female education has never been a subject of systematic contemplation with me. It has occupied my attention so far only as the education of my own daughters occasionally required. Considering that they would be placed in a country situation, where little aid could be obtained from abroad, I thought it essential to give them a solid education which might enable them, when become mothers, to educate their own daughters and even to direct the course for sons, should their fathers be lost, be incapable, or inattentive. My surviving daughter accordingly, the mother of many daughters as well as sons, has made their education the object of her life; and being a better judge of the practical part than myself, it is with her aid and that of one of her Elves that I shall subjoin a catalogue of the books for such a course of reading as we have practised.

A great obstacle to good education is the inordinate passion prevalent for novels, and the time lost in that reading which should be instructively employed, when this poison infects the mind, it destroys its tone, and revolts it against wholesome reading—reason and fact, plain and unadorned, are rejected. Nothing can engage attention unless dressed in the figments of fancy; and nothing so bedecked comes amiss. The result is a bloated imagination, sickly judgment, and disgust towards all the real business of life. This mass of trash however is not without some distinction; some few modelling their narratives, altho fictitious, on the incidents of real life, have been able to make them interesting and useful vehicles of a sound morality. Such I think, are Marmontel's new moral tales; but not his old ones, which are really

immoral such are the writings of Miss Edgeworth and some of those of Madam Genlis, for a like reason too much poetry should not be indulged. Some is useful for forming style and taste. Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Shakespeare, and the French Moliere, Racine, the Corneilles may be read with pleasure and improvement.

The French language, become that of the general intercourse of nations, and from their extraordinary advances, now the depository of all science, is an indispensable part of education for both sexes. In the subjoined catalogue therefore, I have placed the books of both languages indifferently, according as the one or the other offers what is best.

The ornaments too, and the amusements of life are entitled to their portion of attention, these for a female, are dancing, drawing and musick—the first is a healthy exercise, elegant, and very attractive for young people. Every affectionate parent would be pleased to see his daughter qualified to participate with her companions, and without awkwardness at least, in the circles of festivity, of which she occasionally becomes a part.

It is a necessary accomplishment therefore, altho' of short use; for the French rule is wise, that no lady dances after marriage. This is founded in solid physical reasons; gestation & nursing leaving little time to a married lady, when this exercise can be either safe or innocent. Drawing is thought less of in this country than in Europe. It is an innocent & engaging amusement, often useful, and a qualification not to be neglected in one who is to become a mother & an instructor. Musick is invaluable where a person has an ear. Where they have not it should not be attempted. It furnishes a delightful recreation for the hours of respite from the cares of the day, and lasts us through life. The taste of this country too calls for this accomplishment more strongly than for either of the others. I need say nothing of household economy, in which the mothers of our country are generally skilled and generally careful to instruct their daughters. We all know its value, and that diligence and dexterity in all its processes are inestimable treasures. The order and economy of a house

are as honorable to the mistress as those of the farm to the master and if either be neglected, ruin follows, and children destitute of the means of living.

This, sir, is offered as a summary sketch on the subject on which I have not thought much. It probably contains nothing but what has already occurred to yourself, and claims your acceptance on no other ground than as a testimony of my respect for your wishes, and of my great esteem and respect.

(Signed) TH. JEFFERSON.

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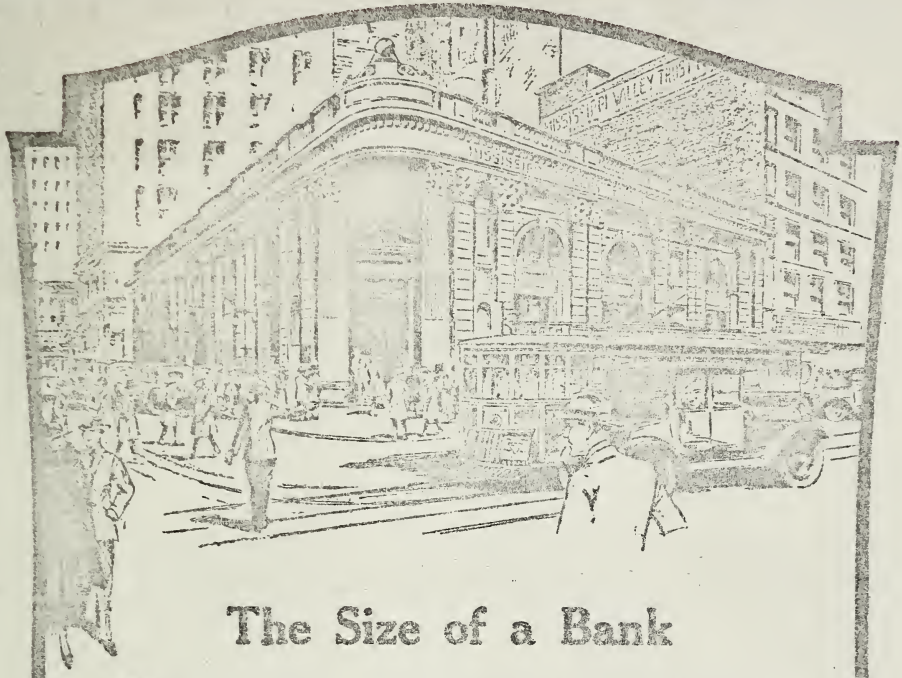

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